Vanity Fair

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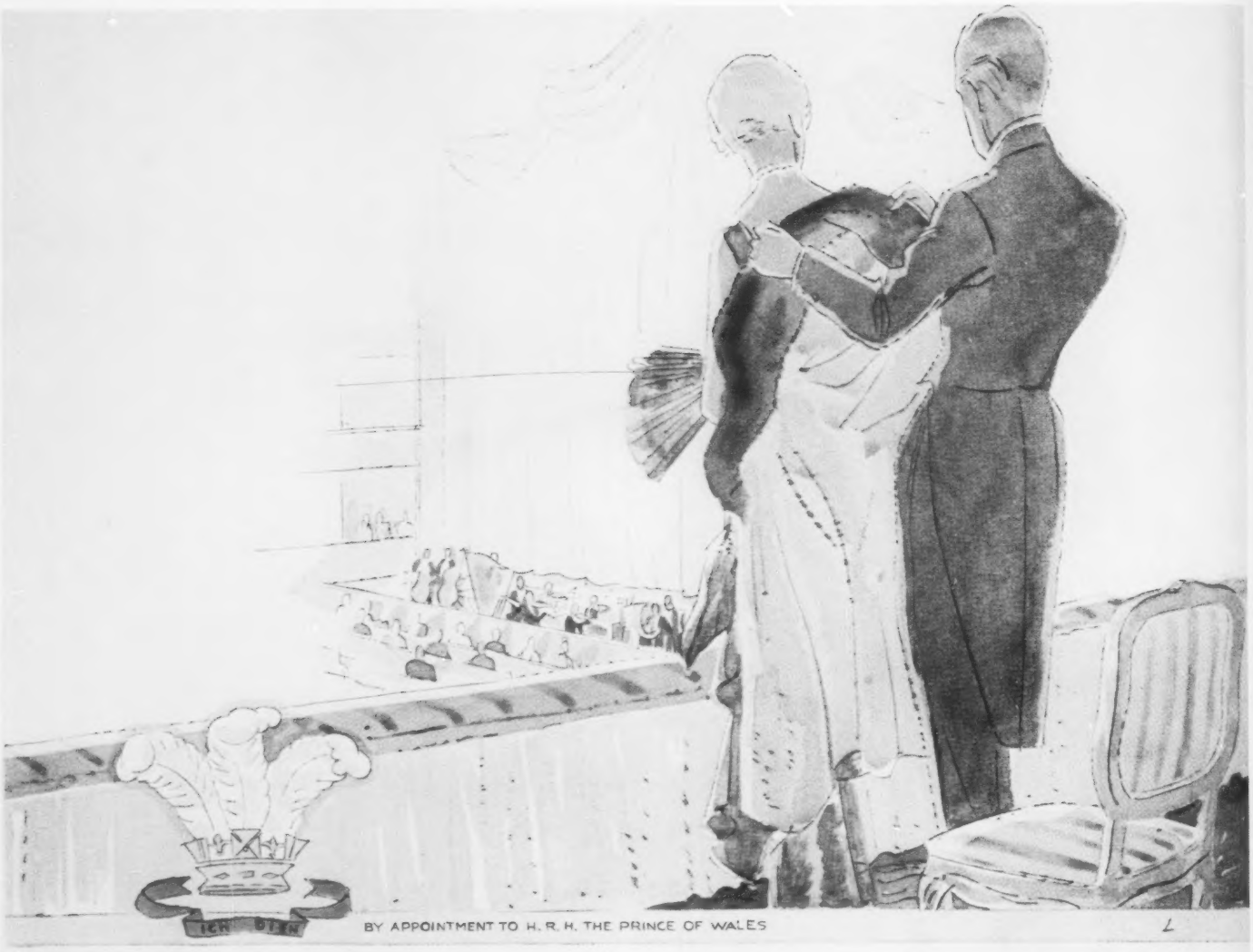


LONDON is again wearing its "season" smile . . . and gorgeous Covent Garden opens its doors for the first opera of the year. Lady Muriel Lance*, looking remarkably lovely, can be found in her box on the first tier. She wears a gown from Callot and exquisite jewels. Her appearance is enhanced, as always, with one priceless possession that is hers, a complexion as clear and fair as the summer sky. ✣ ✣ Lady Muriel knows but one toilet soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender. From the beginning this soap has proved so pure, so soothing and stimulating to her skin that it seemed needless to use another. Yardley's sheer face powder protects her complexion from all types of weather. ✣ ✣ Many English women, as Lady Muriel, use Yardley products exclusively. Many of these exquisite toiletries carry the cool fragrance of lavender. They are England's best, obtainable anywhere in America. "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; also Toronto and Paris. *Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Established 1770

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

The Range of Choice
Is Extensive

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
May, 1929

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 32, No. 3

Where all scores are perfect

ON the first tee every man is a par golfer mentally. The mistakes he makes come from translating his game from the mental to the actual—from his mind to the course.

Most of the game is played in the head. You must feel right and at ease to play well. Dress is important. So are clubs.

The A. & F. trademark on your golf clothes and your own taste are sufficient to give you the certain feeling that you are dressed right. A set of our matched woods and irons guarantees the faithfulness of clubs—and the rest is in your own mind and body.

Our best wishes go with you in your desire to lower your handicap and to do it gracefully and happily.

Golf Balls—every standard make . . . Large assortment of Leather and Canvas Golf Bags, hookless fasteners . . . Complete assortment of wooden Clubs and Irons with hickory and steel shafts . . . Sterling Silver Tees with Chain . . . Huntley Putters . . . Scorers • Markers • Tees • Golf Accessories • Golf Suits • Rain Coats • Golf Umbrellas • Golf Shoes . . . A & F Matched Irons, stainless steel . . . Crawford and MacGregor Matched Wood Clubs and Matched Irons . . . Schavolite Golf Clubs . . . Walter Hagen's Matched Irons . . . Johnny Farrell Drivers, Brassies and Spoons with aluminum heads . . . Miniature Golf • Clock Golf • Books on Golf.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

MADISON AVENUE A&F & 45 STREET, N.Y.C.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

DJEDI... Le parfum moderne

A century ago Pierre Francois Pascal Guerlain began to make perfumes in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe... Today, Gabriel Guerlain, his sons and his grandsons create perfumes for the smart international set who mirror the mode of 1929.

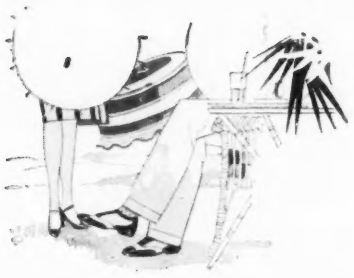
The sweetness of those flower odeurs the Empress Eugenie loved... the sorcery of the Orient that swept Europe with the advent of Jicky . . . a new era heralded in gorgeous Shalimar . . . thus Guerlain, supreme interpreter, poured the soul of each succeeding age into his crystal flacons.

Today and tomorrow... there is DJEDI, le parfum de l'esprit moderne. Disturbing as the new art. Subtle as the restless modern mind. Created by Guerlain for women who are essentially of the period.

GUERLAIN

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES



ON THE TERRACE

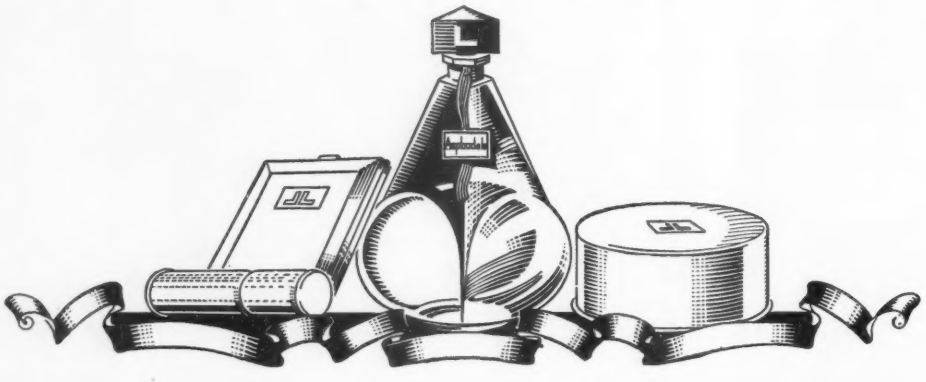
Country estate or country club — either will provide the perfect milieu for this well-turned sport oxford of White Buckskin combined with Black Kid, adroitly perforated. The 'Ardsley" is perfectly at home with any of the summer flannels. Other Walk-Overs built on varied lasts for other summer occasions. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN

The "Ardsley" — seen on many a country-club terrace. Comes in either black-and-white or tan-and-white. All-leather soles make it a perfect shoe for the informal summer dance. $12.

One's summer shoe-wardrobe should include not only black-and-white sport oxfords, but, as well, a pair of tan oxfords, a pair of black oxfords, and a pair of patent leathers for evening.



TOUCHED WITH A FLOWER'S SORCERY

Her luminous beauty is sheathed in a mist of fragrance. Her soft cheek is as delicately scented as a night moth's velvet wing. And the warm curve of her lips is a provocative perfumed mystery. *Lenthéric* has touched her loveliness with a flower's sweet allure . . . The misty clinging powder bestows a petal-texture . . . the lipstick endows her with its subtle glowing sorcery . . . the slim silvery compact is a ready hand-maiden to her beauty. In all the finer shops, as well as in the Lenthéric Salon, you will find a complete ensemble of fragrance in your favorite Lenthéric odeur, reflecting with rich fidelity the radiance of *Asphodèle, Miracle* or *le Pirate* . . . Soothing as scented pomade are the *Lenthéric* lipsticks in cases as gay as toys of pearl-and-gold . . . Each silver-misted powder box holds *its own matching puff!* . . . So slim and jewel-like is the silvery compact that you're surprised to discover it serves a double purpose—and each has its *extra powder refill.* At delightfully moderate prices.

Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET · NEW YORK

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS · FRANCE

DURO GLOSS COATS STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

THE man who wears rainwear appropriate to the day stands out from the crowd of sorry looking males who huddle up in top coats. For a top coat forced to play a dual role never makes a success at either. • Duro Gloss "Gray Day" Coats are styled for men who appreciate fine cut. They are finished to give the dull, rich look of soft leather, in tones to please the most conservative. In a driving rain and the gentlest shower, the wearer of a Duro Gloss goes equally assured of absolute protection. • It is the part of economy and the urgings of vanity to complete the spring wardrobe with a coat of Duro Gloss.

Duro Gloss

"GRAY DAY" COATS FOR MEN

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

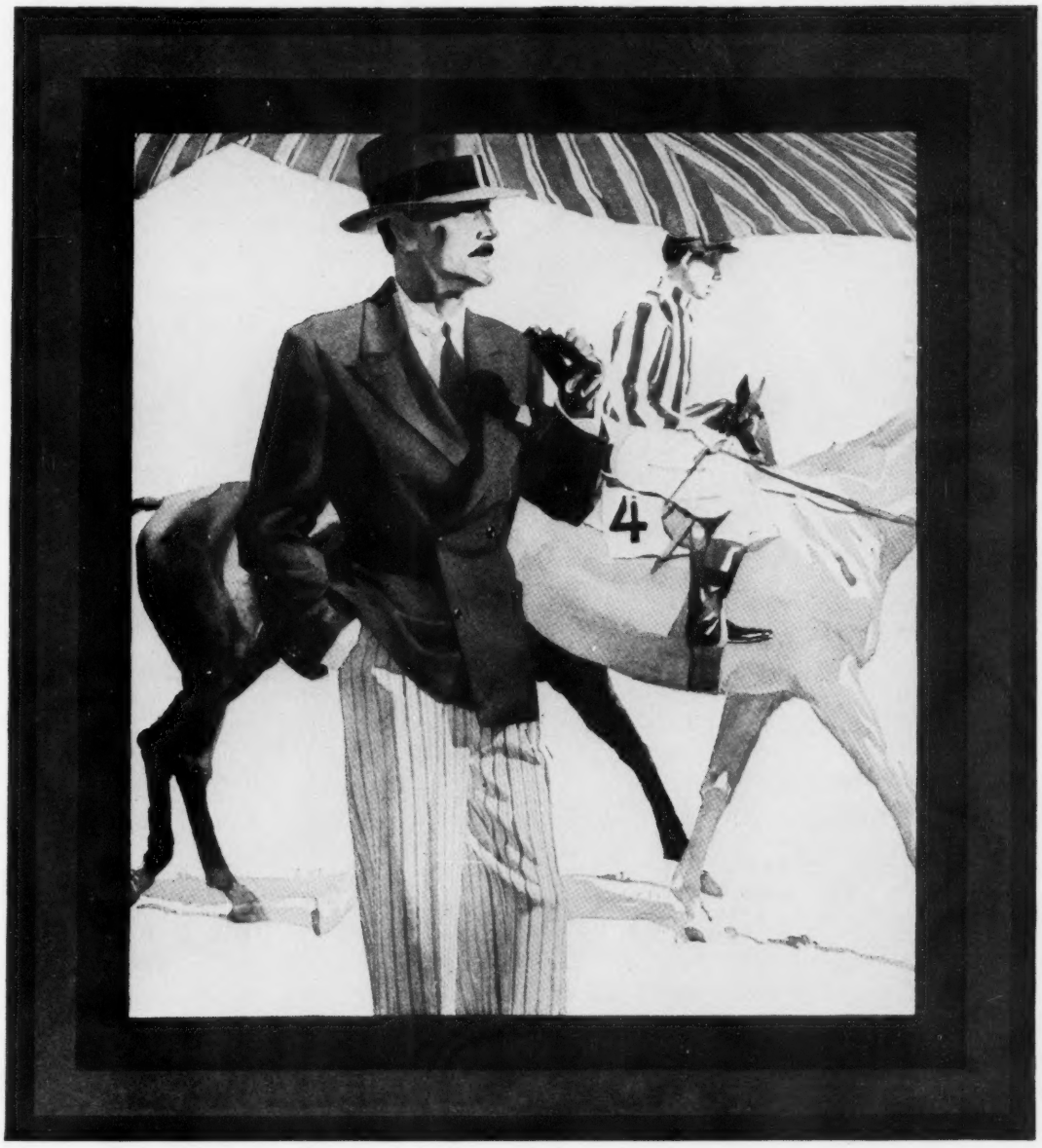
Artistic expressions of modern designing in silverware. Because of their simplicity, these designs will blend agreeably with any style of interior decoration.
The Caldwell collection of silver is all-inclusive, covering every period—antique and modern.

Height of bowl, five inches; of tall vase, including base, fourteen inches; of small vase, four and one-eighth inches.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS



THE new two-piece combination by Altman features sports jacket in solid colour—blue, brown or grey—and trousers, cut full and high, with waistline pleats, repeating in their stripe the tone of the jacket.
MEN'S CLOTHING — SIXTH FLOOR — $45

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Its Surprising Wins

THE TECH — The season offers no smarter style — a brilliant expression of the new trend toward the narrower toe, but with roominess and astonishing comfort. Finest quality imported calf, black or brown.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

LOOK for Trade-Mark. There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its exclusive features are protected by patents and cannot be duplicated. Made for men and boys only by E. T. Wright and Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass., and by Scott & McHale, Ltd., Licensee, London, Ontario, Canada; for women and girls, only by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

"Shoes . . . mark the man"

Comfort Life-Long Favor

NEVER before such amazing comfort in any shoe! You can have again the youthful foot happiness of bygone years. Freedom from all strain and pinching! Freedom that buoys up, inspires — even urges — smartly groomed feet into greater, more joyous activity.

No other shoe has the patented Arch Preserver walking base, with its concealed arch bridge, its metatarsal support and its flat inner sole, that eliminates every form of foot abuse so long suffered in ordinary shoes.

In addition, it combines brilliant style with its astonishing comfort. In models for every occasion, Wright designers have attained a smartness and youthful appearance that appeals to men of affairs.

Your feet deserve this shoe. Literally hundreds of thousands of men, today, will have no other. Healthy, vigorous feet are priceless. Step in at the nearest Arch Preserver Shoe dealer's today and step out in one of these smart new models.

Priced, $10 to $15

Name of your nearest dealer and free booklet will be gladly sent on request. Address Dept. V-90.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Rockland, Mass.

THE OHIO — A favorite with well-dressed men everywhere — in black for evening wear and brown for daytime. The softest and finest imported calf, superbly built.

THE PRINCETON "WING TIP" Smart and new, brown or black. Unbelievable comfort.

THE FORDHAM — Black imported calf. A new, dashing model.

THE GEORGETOWN — A new golf model; imported brown golf grain and calf. Rubber or spiked-leather sole.

THE PRINCETON "SPORT" — Ultra-smart. White buck with brown or black calf trim.

THE PRINCETON — Black or brown imported Scotch Moor calf. Very swagger — for active, vigorous men.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
STYLED BY WRIGHT

LUNDHA-DUAY

A SUIT OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER, EXECUTED WITH A PRECISE REGARD FOR THE MODERN TENDENCIES OF LINE AND TREATMENT WHICH APPEARED IN THE ITALIAN ORIGINAL. SHOULDERS OF CUSTOM BREADTH, AND PLIABLE LAPELS OF IMPRESSIVE OUTLINE. EXHIBITED IN SELECT, SINGLE-TONE, SELF-PATTERN WEAVES AND OTHERS OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

READY-TO-PUT-ON

THE

FINCHLEY *Establishments*

FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO

SHOWN a beautiful motor-car, before buying it, men make certain of its mechanical soundness. Attracted to Sulloway half-hose and golf stockings by colorful designs and authentic stylings, these same men are impressed by its comfort and long life. ♦ Women, too, like its full-length hosiery for evening, day or sports wear (chiffon-weight silk, silk and celanese, and pure Australian wool) and its original, cleverly patterned Footers. ♦ Sulloway hose is made of selected, fine yarns that assure long service, durability and smooth-knit comfort. The variety Sulloway offers is constantly freshened by stylists, who add to it creations brought from the fashion centers of the old world and the new.

Sulloway wool hosiery retails at a wide price range and includes men's half-hose and golf stockings, and women's full-length hose. ♦ *Sold direct to retailers, the line is on display at the Sulloway sales offices:* 389 *Fifth Ave., New York;* 52 *Chauncey St., Boston;* 1800 *North American Bldg., Chicago; Hotel Statler, Detroit.* ♦ *Also Sulloway "Footers"—so popular for sports—and for street wear as over-socks with lightweight, full-length hosiery.*

SULLOWAY
HOSIERY

CAPITAL

An untouched photograph showing the famous Lotus Veldtschoen which are emphatically guaranteed waterproof.

Some of
the Leading Retailers
who stock
LOTUS SHOES

★

New York
Abercrombie and Fitch Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.
A. H. Geuting Company

Baltimore, Md.
N. Hess' Sons, Inc.

Boston, Mass.
Jordan Marsh Company

Detroit, Michigan
R. H. Fyfe & Co.

Portland, Oregon
Armishaw's

Cincinnati, Ohio
The Smith-Kasson Co.

Buffalo, N. Y.
Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.

Rochester, N. Y.
Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.

Portland, Maine
A. H. Benoit & Co.

Berkeley, Calif.
Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.

Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

LOTUS

LOTUS SHOES FOR MEN ARE

I N V E S T M E N T

It's really quite a moment in your life when you have become the owner of a pair of Lotus Veldtschoen Shoes and you are carrying them home–or having them sent. These are no ordinary shoes which come and go and leave no more mark on your life than neckties. They're an endowment. The money you have given for them isn't after all a great deal, and you can look on it as capital investment which brings in dividends of health and wealth and well–being.

Sole Wholesale Distributors for U. S. A. Lotus Shoes, Inc.
Bush Building, 130 West 42nd Street, New York City.

SHOES

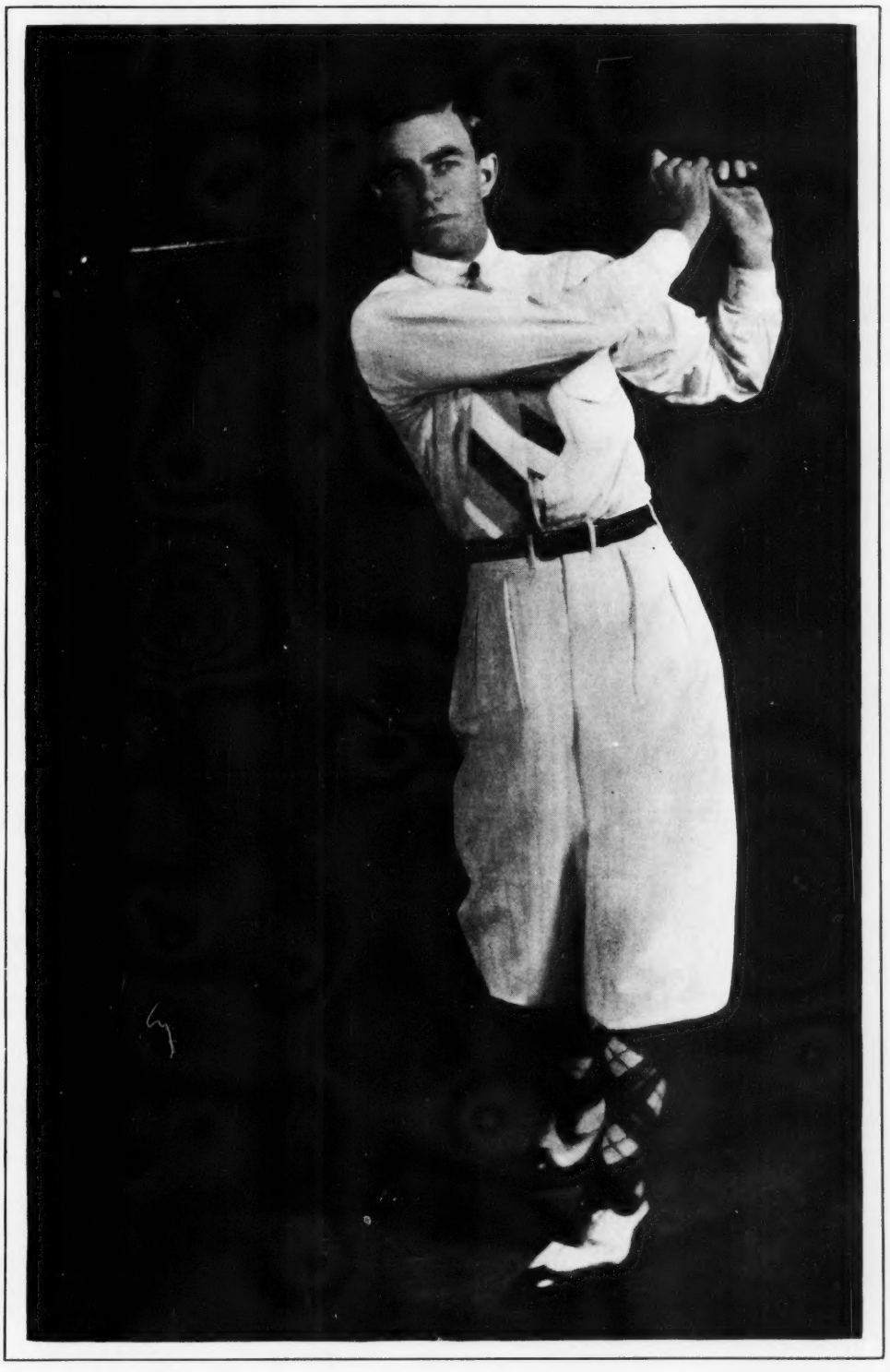
MADE IN NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

up to $5.50

The man who takes pride in his clothes has a wardrobe of at least 4 HICKOK BELT SETS

HICKOK

BELTS · BRACES · GARTERS



Palm Beach Knickers

The Wisest Buy Of Summertime — So says Johnny Farrell — and so say scores of the great golfers of today. Palm Beach Knickers are sanitary, because they repel the dirt and dust. Cool, because of their novel open weave. Smart-fitting, because shapeliness is the soul of *the fabric itself*. . . . Ideal in their comfort — sporting in their limitless variety of color and pattern. Astonishingly economical — readily washable — proof against the hardest kind of usage and daily wear. . . .

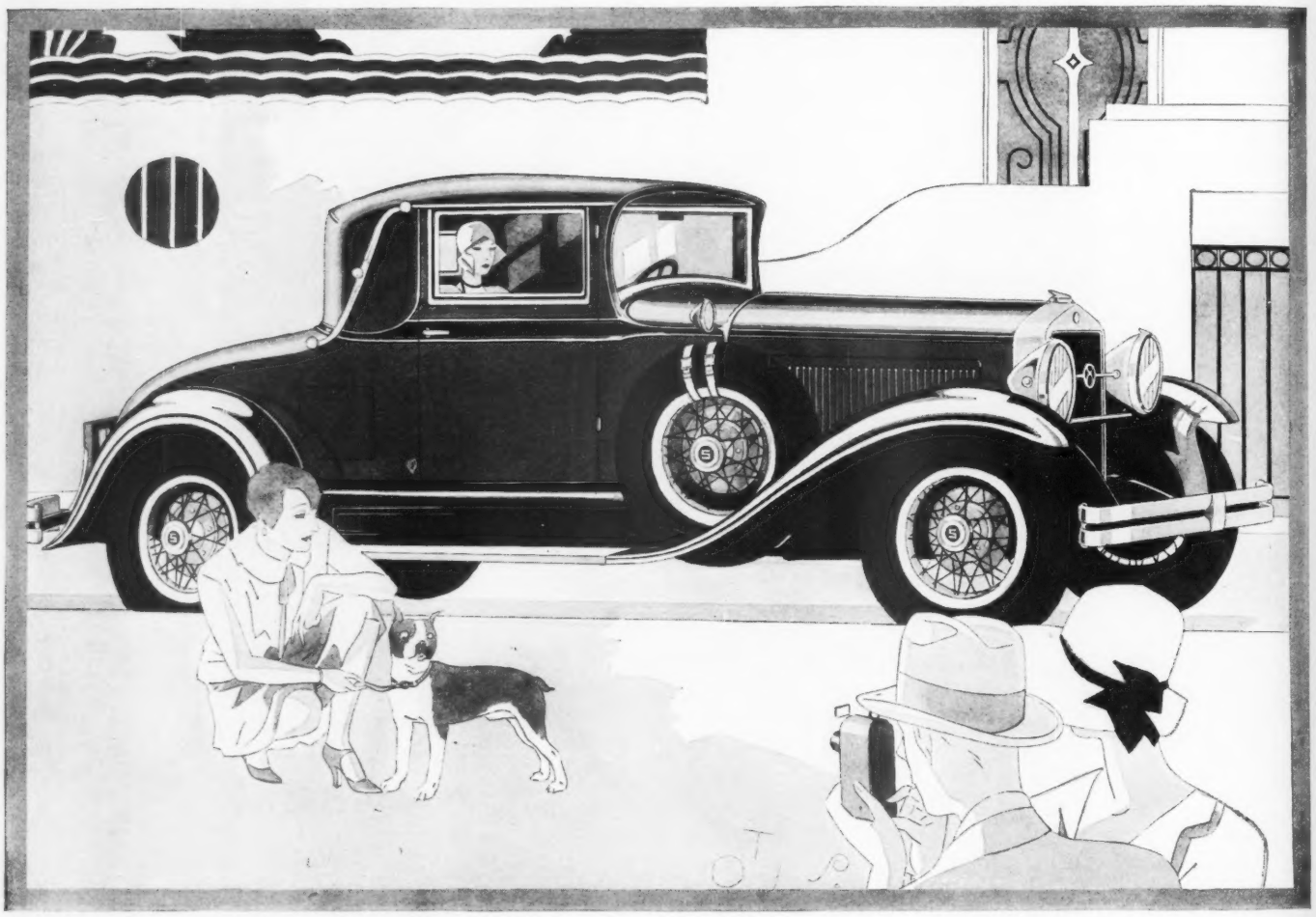
These are the things that invariably make Palm Beach Knickers (and Suits) the wisest buy of Summertime.

At your clothier's — Today! If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants — be sure to communicate with us.

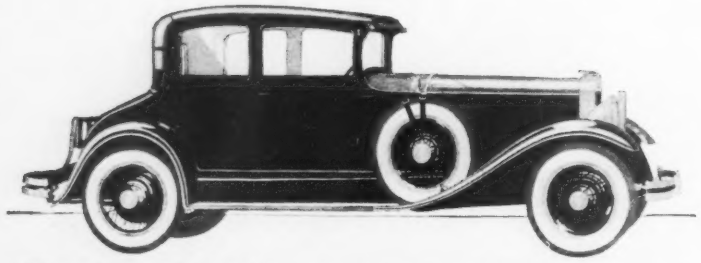
PALM BEACH MILLS, GOODALL WORSTED COMPANY, Sanford, Maine · Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., New York City

EVER HIGHER IN KEY···SWIFTER IN TEMPO

. . . mounts the style theme of today's motor cars, set afresh by the new Studebakers!



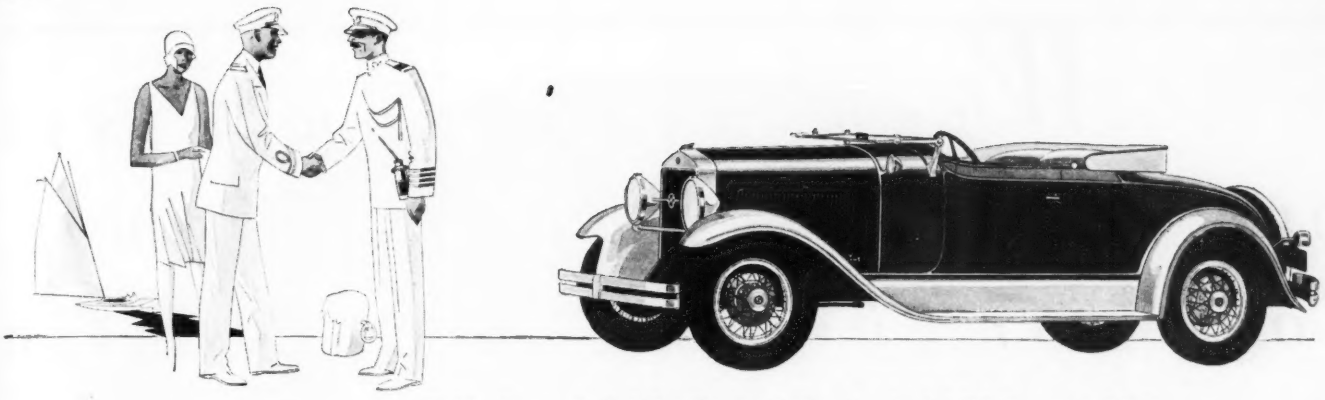
The new President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four beautifully combines on the 115-horsepower World-champion chassis, the roadster's racy lines with the all-weather comfort of an enclosed car. Windows raise and lower with top either up or down. $1895. Commander Eight Cabriolet $1645; Commander Six Cabriolet $1495. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard equipment.



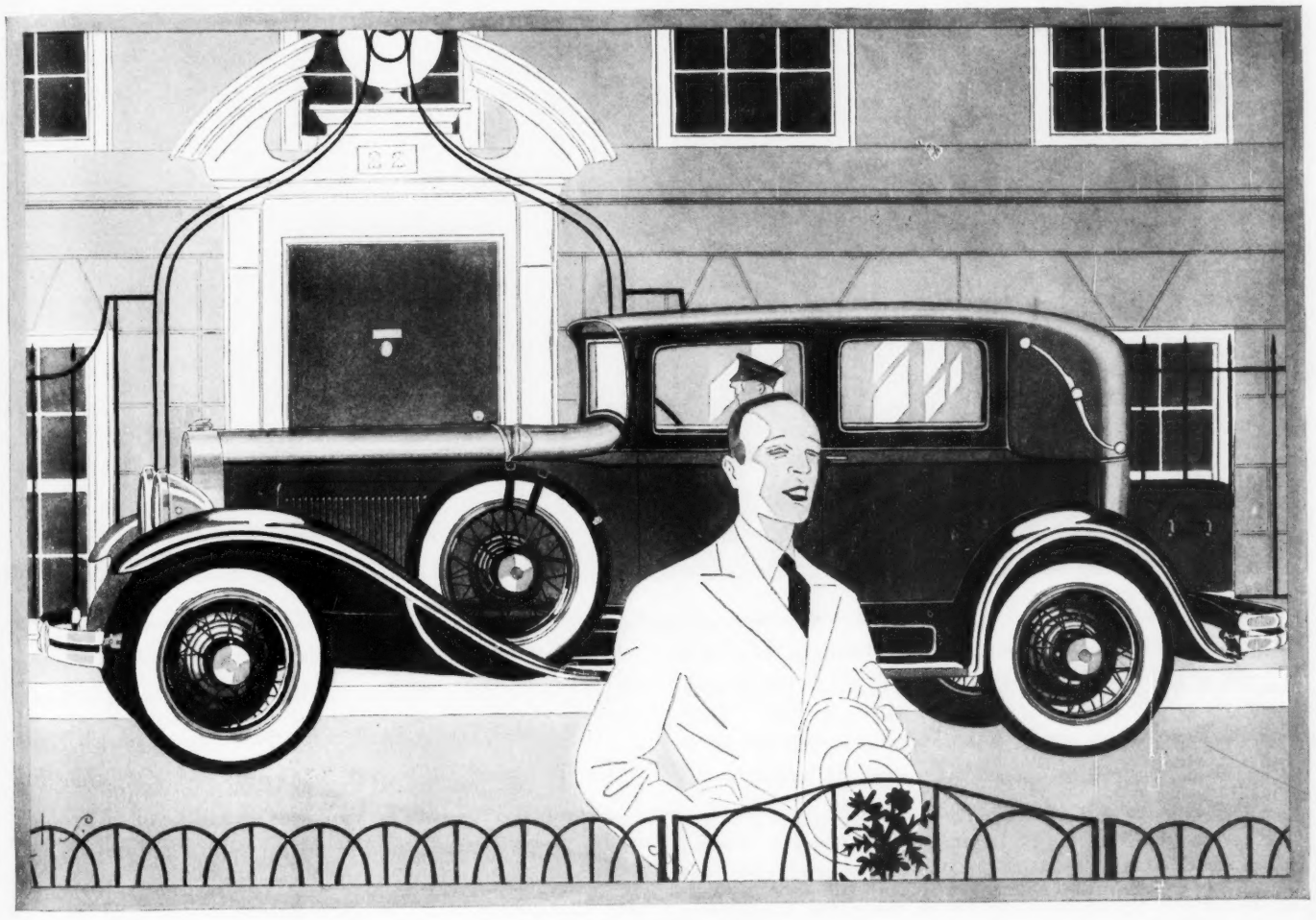
The new President Eight State Victoria provides the utmost in companionable comfort. Wider windows provide greater vision than is usual in this body type, which has become so popular for owner-driven social and business use. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced $1895 at the factory. Commander Victoria, as an Eight, $1525; as a Six $1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

SWIFTER, keener, higher, rises the vibrant theme of modern motor modes. And most fittingly, Studebaker, holder of *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, strikes the first fresh note of this new and finer motor car style.

Inspired by speed and stamina unmatched in all motordom, Studebaker's craftsmen have admirably interpreted these championship qualities in coachcraft of real distinction. Even in repose, these great new Studebaker eights and sixes proudly express their flashing fleetness and tireless energy.



The New Commander Eight Regal Roadster for Four abundantly fulfills the promise of thrilling speed and dauntless stamina. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. Five wire wheels. Commander Six Business Roadster, $1375.



Worthily matching this spirited performance is the quiet comfort which only Studebaker-built cars provide. Poised on ball bearings, friction-free —low swung and steady, due to costlier double-drop frames—gentle and restful because of new type hydraulic shock absorbers. Your Studebaker motor car is a Champion—yet its cost is not excessive, the result of Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

The New President Eight Brougham for Five, a magnificent interpretation of championship performance. Broadcloth upholstery in French pillow fashion. Folding center arm rest in rear. Upholstered hassocks replace conventional footrest. Priced $2350. Commander Eight Brougham, $1675; Commander Six Brougham, $1525. Six wire wheels and trunk standard all Broughams.

All prices at the factory, bumpers and spare tires extra

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

When next you visit one of the world's fine homes, look for the Mason & Hamlin

Because they are made slowly, carefully, lovingly, only a few Mason & Hamlin pianos can be given to the world each year.

Generally they find their way to the homes of people who know the world and its prizes—people with the taste to choose the finest things of life and the means to afford them.

And so, in the mansions of Fifth Avenue, the castles of Newport, the winter palaces of Palm Beach, the piano is usually a Mason & Hamlin.

People who own one, often point to it with the same proud wave of the hand with which they might indicate a Whistler hanging upon the walls or a statuette by Cellini.

And they are right. For the Mason & Hamlin is the finest (and also the costliest) piano in the world.

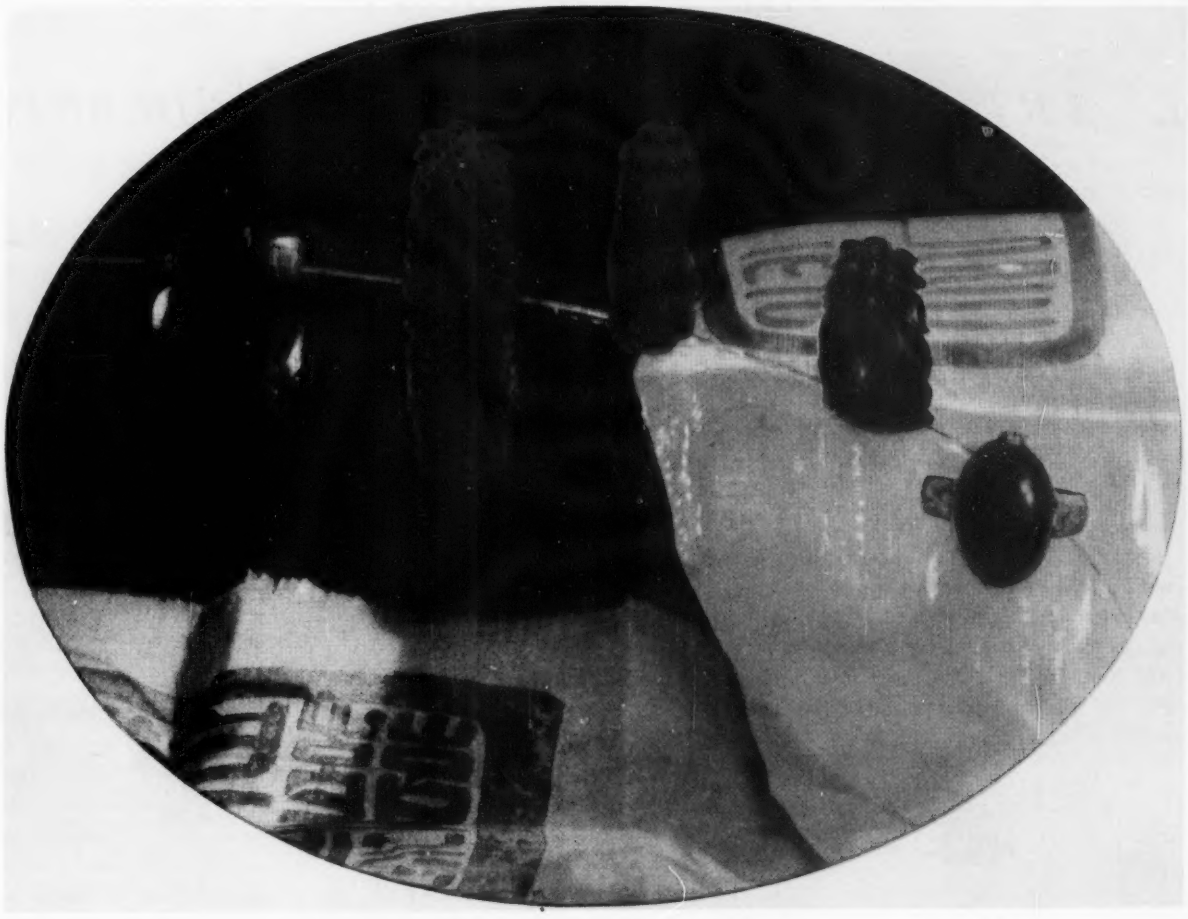
Its rich tone is synonymous with beauty. The stately sonority of its chords makes the listener keenly conscious of his nobler self. Upon such an instrument, piano music can provide hour after hour of sustained and lofty pleasure.

The magnificent tone and beautiful appearance of the Mason & Hamlin are quite without equal (the result of slow, careful hand craftsmanship); yet its cost is not prohibitive. A superb Mason & Hamlin Grand can be had for as little as $1,650. Only 10% need be paid immediately; two years to dispose of the balance. Catalogue of models may be had by writing to Mason & Hamlin Co., 18 Station Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

MASON & HAMLIN

THE FINEST (AND INCIDENTALLY THE COSTLIEST) PIANO IN THE WORLD. $1650 TO $25,000

The Mason & Hamlin with the Ampico allows the hostess to offer her guests entertainment so luxurious as concert solos by Rachmaninoff, Lhévinne, Brailowsky, and a hundred other great artists. Dance music by Lopez, Grofé, Carroll and Arden. Only the Ampico – by its exclusive patented devices – preserves all the feeling, all the expression, which a great pianist puts into his playing. The Mason & Hamlin with the Ampico is $3150, and up.



AN EMPRESS HELD THEM PRECIOUS

FIVE small bits of jade . . . yet their perfection made them the most favored of all the ornaments of an empress!

When, as the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, she ruled all China from "The Throne of Heaven," a slender finger on each hand bore one of these strangely impressive rings . . . the all-seeing eyes of the immemorial dragon . . . symbol of the omnipotence of the great dynasty of Ch'ing.

The exquisite bells formed ear-drops which fell just below her luxurious head-dress. But it was the pendant that held high place in her regard. Small and incredibly delicate, it is of that magnificent green gem jade which was worn by members of the imperial family. It is philosophically carved with the cricket and the melon vine, that its wearer may always possess both wisdom and riches.

In the creation of these ornaments the Chinese genius manifests its highest art. Their vigor and elegance of design, their linear beauty, place them among the museum pieces of all ages.

Marcus & Company take great pleasure in presenting these ornaments for the inspection of their friends and patrons.

There is always to be seen at this establishment a wide selection of jade articles and ornaments of superior quality and design.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

© 1929

AT THE RADNOR HUNT
THE ART OF WEARING HATS IS UNDERSTOOD

THE REAL SOURCE OF MEN'S FASHIONS IS TO BE FOUND WHERE MEN OF RECOGNIZED POSITION GATHER.

IF YOU were to drive out some fine spring morning among the hills back of Bryn Mawr, out to the picturesque old clubhouse of the Radnor Hunt Club, perhaps you would see a little group of men with clear skins and sunburned faces, looking at the hounds.

These men would not be noticeable for any eccentricity of dress. It would be impossible to point out a distinguishing characteristic in their appearance. Yet it would be at once obvious that these are persons of unquestionable position. There is something quietly authoritative about them. Their names are known to almost everyone.

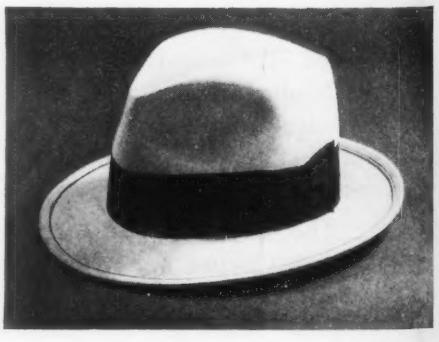
Well-known men, leaders in finance and society, are the real arbiters of masculine styles in this country. Their taste is respected, their manners copied. Their clothes are the best clothes, their hats the best hats. And in an astonishing number of cases those hats are Stetsons.

That is why Stetson is able to forecast with such certainty the trend of fashions that are still to come. Experience has shown that the shapes and colors selected by distinguished patrons will almost inevitably be tomorrow's vogue. As a consequence, Stetson is always first in the field with the most authoritative styles.

Since 1865 Stetson has been making hats of a quality unequaled anywhere . . . hats so long-wearing, so smart and good-looking that well-dressed men prefer them all over the world. . . . There is a Stetson style and model for every type, in a wide selection of smart colors. All the best stores have them. The prices are from $8.50 to $125. . . . John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

THE INFORMAL FELT

For country and sports wear an easy felt hat, either in gray or mixed brown, is correct. The Redner, illustrated below, is an excellent example. It should be worn not too stiffly, preferably with the brim turned down in front.



STETSON HATS

The **MOST BEAUTIFUL, LOW-PRICED**

WILLYS KNIGHT

LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL KNIGHT-ENGINED CAR EVER OFFERED AT SO LITTLE COST

NEW "FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

A single button, in the center of the steering wheel, starts the motor, operates the lights and sounds the horn.

COACH $1045

Coupe $1045; Sedan $1145; Touring $1045; Roadster $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

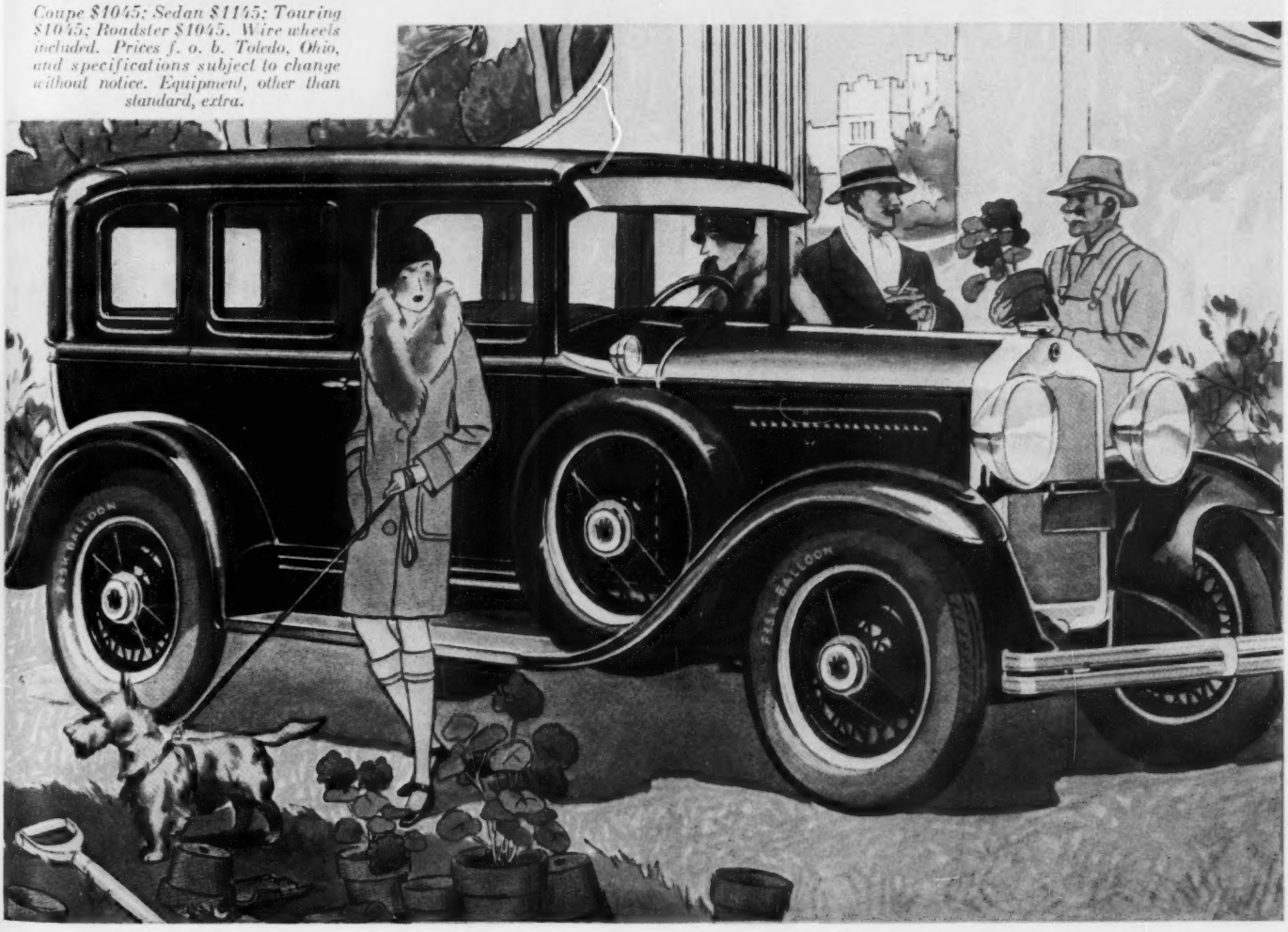
THE tastefully modern design, the beauty of line and color of the new style Willys-Knight Six distinguish this attractive car as the outstanding creation of the country's leading style specialists.

Only among the costliest custom-built cars can you find adequate comparison with the artistry of finish and perfection of appointment which characterize this inexpensive Willys-Knight.

There are thousands who have always desired a Knight-motored car but until now have been restrained by the necessarily higher cost of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine. By them, this distinctive new Six is welcomed as history's finest Willys-Knight value. By present Willys-Knight owners, the new car is acclaimed as still further proof of Willys-Overland's constant progress in engineering, body design and refinement of detail.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

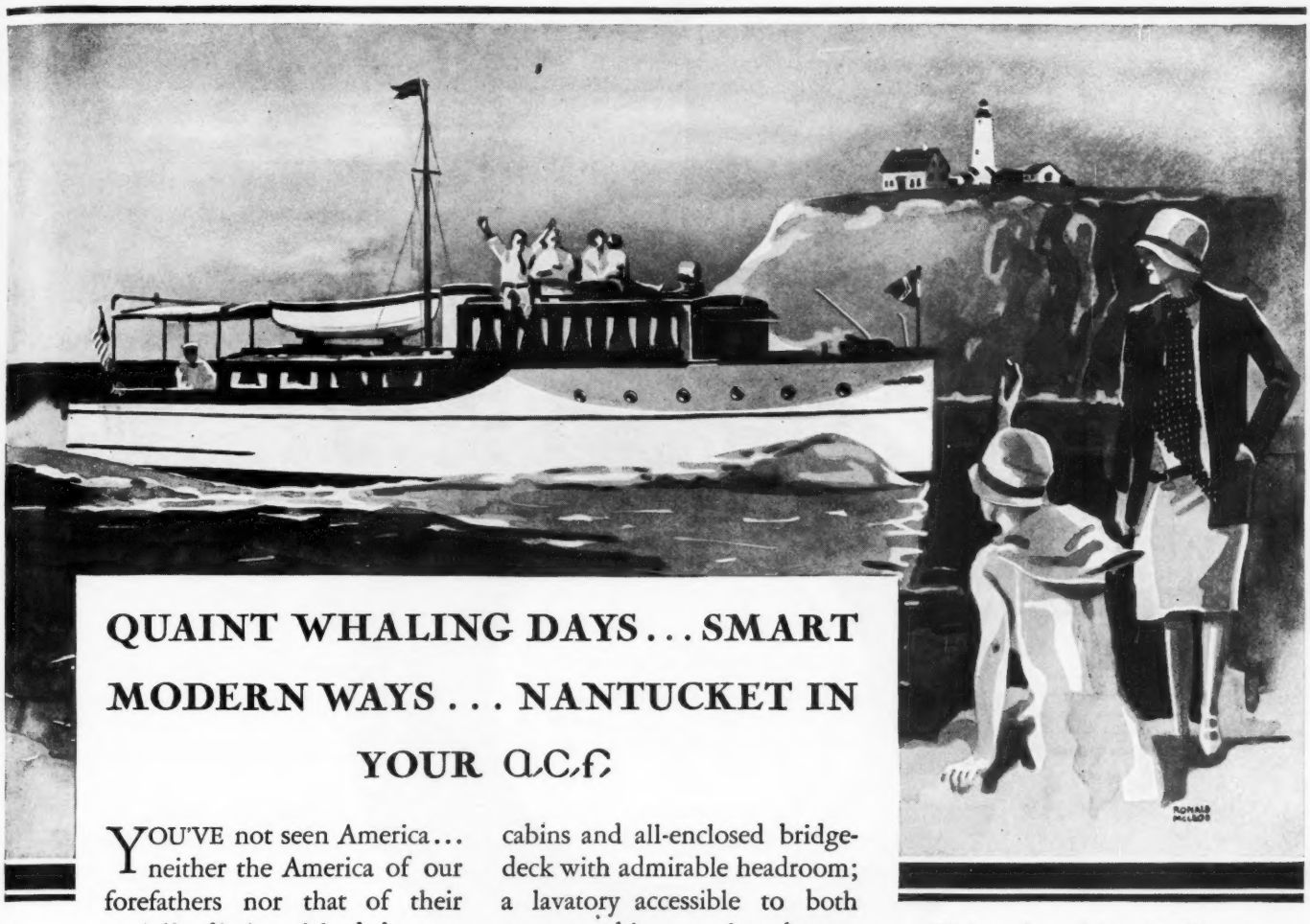
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



STILL STEPPING...STILL SMOKING...STILL COOI

Three o'clock in the morning . . . hours of dances and cigarettes . . . cigarettes and dances. Bless the hostess for providing Spuds Because Spud is the perfect inter-dance cigarette . . . a crisp, cool-mouthed smoke for those moments of cherished confidence, thos snatches of necessary on-the-wing banter. Smoke Spuds through the season's festive evenings. Keep a comfortably nimble tongu with which to pay your parting respects . . . not a woolen something-or-other which mumbles. Smoke Spud, the new freedo in unlimited old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, K

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



QUAINT WHALING DAYS . . . SMART MODERN WAYS . . . NANTUCKET IN YOUR a.c.f.

YOU'VE not seen America . . . neither the America of our forefathers nor that of their socially distinguished descendants . . . till you've seen Nantucket. Nowhere else has time laid so light a finger on Colonial days, nor retained so charming a reward for gentle breeding, as in the sea-circled land where quaint Sankaty light flings its warning beacon toward the home of Moby Dick.

Even though the sea were not your only highway, there could be no more delightful way to go than aboard the newly redesigned A. C. F. "47". To call it the most popular cruiser afloat is only justice.

Yet, it is really *in*justice to call it a cruiser, at all. For here is a vessel which, in speed, staunchness, and cruising comfort deserves the name of "yacht".

Picture — if you can, in a 47-footer—a luxurious rear cockpit that seats eight; sleeping accommodations for five and crew; forward and after cabins and all-enclosed bridge-deck with admirable headroom; a lavatory accessible to both master cabins; a three-burner galley complete with sink, ice-box, and cupboard; capacious crew's quarters; even a high-powered, built-in radio . . . these details must be seen to be appreciated.

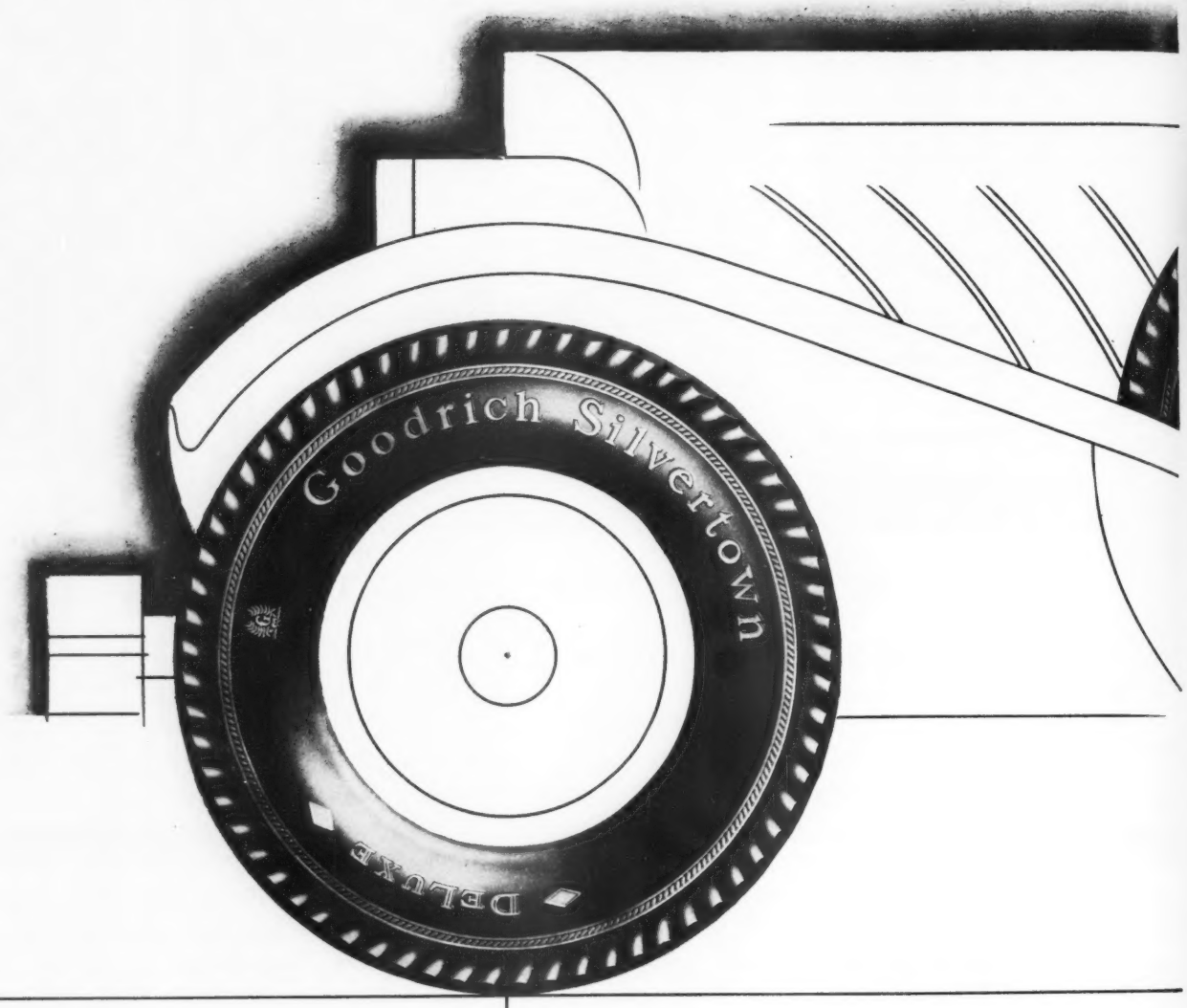
The smart, rakish funnel of the "47" allows you to recognize her from afar as readily as does the quality of its materials and fittings when aboard. Like all A. C. F. craft, she is completely equipped, even to linen, silver and china, ready to go. When shall it be?

Write for full details to American Car and Foundry Company, A. C. F. Marine Salon, 217 West 57th Street, New York. Other show rooms at: Boston—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue. Detroit—A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue. Cleveland—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Avenue, Lakewood. San Francisco—S.C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building. Chicago—Ward A. Robinson, 58 E. Washington St., Wilmington, Del.—American Car and Foundry Company.

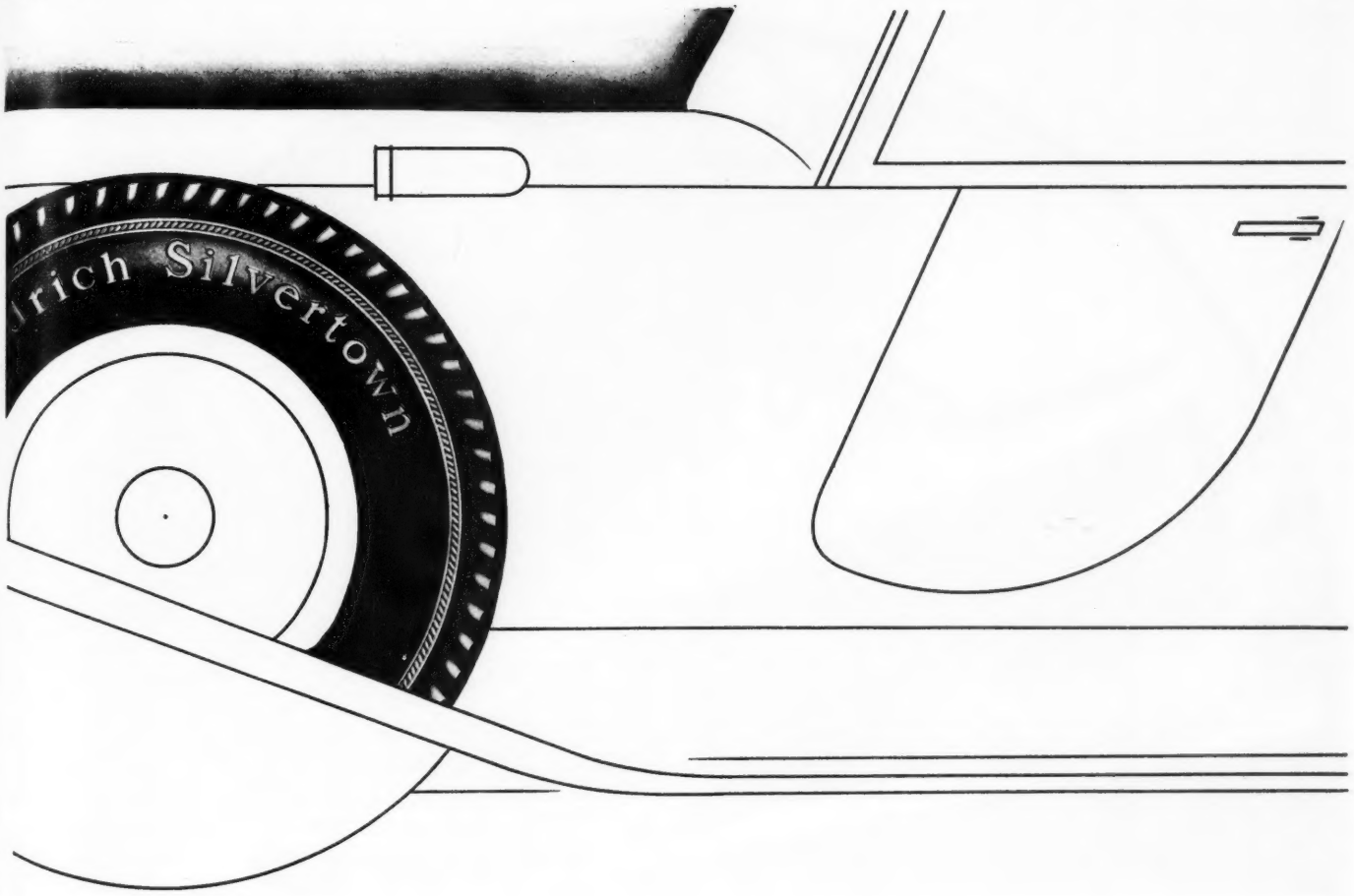
AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

a.c.f.

cruisers



Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns



MODERN

New as the Spring openings of Paris . . . smart as the races at Deauville . . . here's a tire attuned to the modern tempo. Smart . . . sturdy . . . rugged. A tire with tradition behind it . . . and a good family name. When equipping your car with tires it is customary to say "deluxe Silvertowns."

ABOVE—*The ALL-WEATHER Sportocasin. As resistant to water as any leather shoe made. Probably the most expensive golf shoe on the market. ALL-WEATHERS are genuine moccasins. This means soft, seamless leather under the foot. The only moccasins with built-in arch support. Because of these and other patented features, Sportocasins are the ideal shoes for golf.*

SPORTOCASINS for Golf

An Exclusive Abbott Shoe

In the 1928 Walker Cup Matches 5 members of the American team and one member of the British team wore Sportocasins. Before the British team sailed for home, two more members were wearing them. 5 out of 8 Americans — 3 out of 8 Britishers! At the National Amateur, 28% of the entire field, 47% of the qualifiers and the winner wore Sportocasins. 10 of the 20 ranking U. S. amateurs wear them regularly. Why low-handicap golfers prefer this unique shoe is told in an interesting booklet, "First-Hole Feet on the 18th Green," sent free.

Abbott Canoe Oxford

Made of Eisendrath-tanned, imported French veal. Genuine moccasin construction. Water shedding. For both men and women.

Abbott Wading Boot

Designed by men who know their fishing. Uppers of brown retan and extra heavy tan duck. Soles of leather or piano felt with Swiss hobnails.

WARNING: Sportocasins (Reg. U. S. Pat Off.) are sold only through a selected list of dealers. The popularity of these genuine moccasins for golf has induced other merchants to offer imitation moccasins which resemble Sportocasins only in appearance and are of cheaper construction. For your own protection insist upon genuine Sportocasins. You can always identify them by the Pine Tree Trademark.

THE

ABBOTT

COMPANY

Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

The AIRPLANE FEEL *of the Franklin opens the road to new motoring thrills*

You are driving the Franklin for the first time. "Incomparable," you say, as you start ahead in second speed, mounting to fifty-five miles an hour—as quietly as in high.

There's a short, easy shift to high and you are even more thrilled! Actually you feel as though you were piloting an airplane. Such a surge of power. The acceleration is amazingly fast. How smooth—like a gliding gull. Relax—you can be more relaxed in the Franklin than in any other car. The riding comfort is truly restful. *Effortlessly and confidently* you control the car.

Air-cooling has made all this possible. Franklin is first to introduce such a revolutionary and different motor car. Will you drive it? We promise you will not only enjoy it—but you will immediately become a life member of the large group of Franklin enthusiasts.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The One-Thirty, $2180 • • • *The One-Thirty-Five,* $2485 • • • *The One-Thirty-Seven,* $2775 • • • *Sedan prices at factory*

FRANKLIN

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

MANY a tailor has bowed his head in sorrow—possibly if the super-sensitive sort he may have wiped away a furtive tear—when he has witnessed the sorry spectacle of trousers he has cut with meticulous care drooping down to meet a customer's shoe-line at the wrong height and the wrong angle.

That's why distinguished custom tailors recommend the wearing of braces on all occasions. Wetzel, Stadler & Stadler, Whitaker & Co., Inc. and Bernard Weatherill, Inc., New York representatives of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of London, all advocate wearing braces to maintain the precise fit and hang of the trousers.

The Guards Line—distinguished braces by Pioneer—provides a color range and an originality of detail in keeping with the standards of these great custom tailors.

At your favorite shop, you can review the blithe, bright array attuned to the ensemble idea of today. Brighton Garters, too, for harmony in dress.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., Philadelphia

PIONEER SUSPENDERS · PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

The Guards Line

The Guards Line BRACES by PIONEER

Begorra!

REIS *brings* BURTON'S *Irish Poplin — Aristocrat of fabrics to the well dressed man*

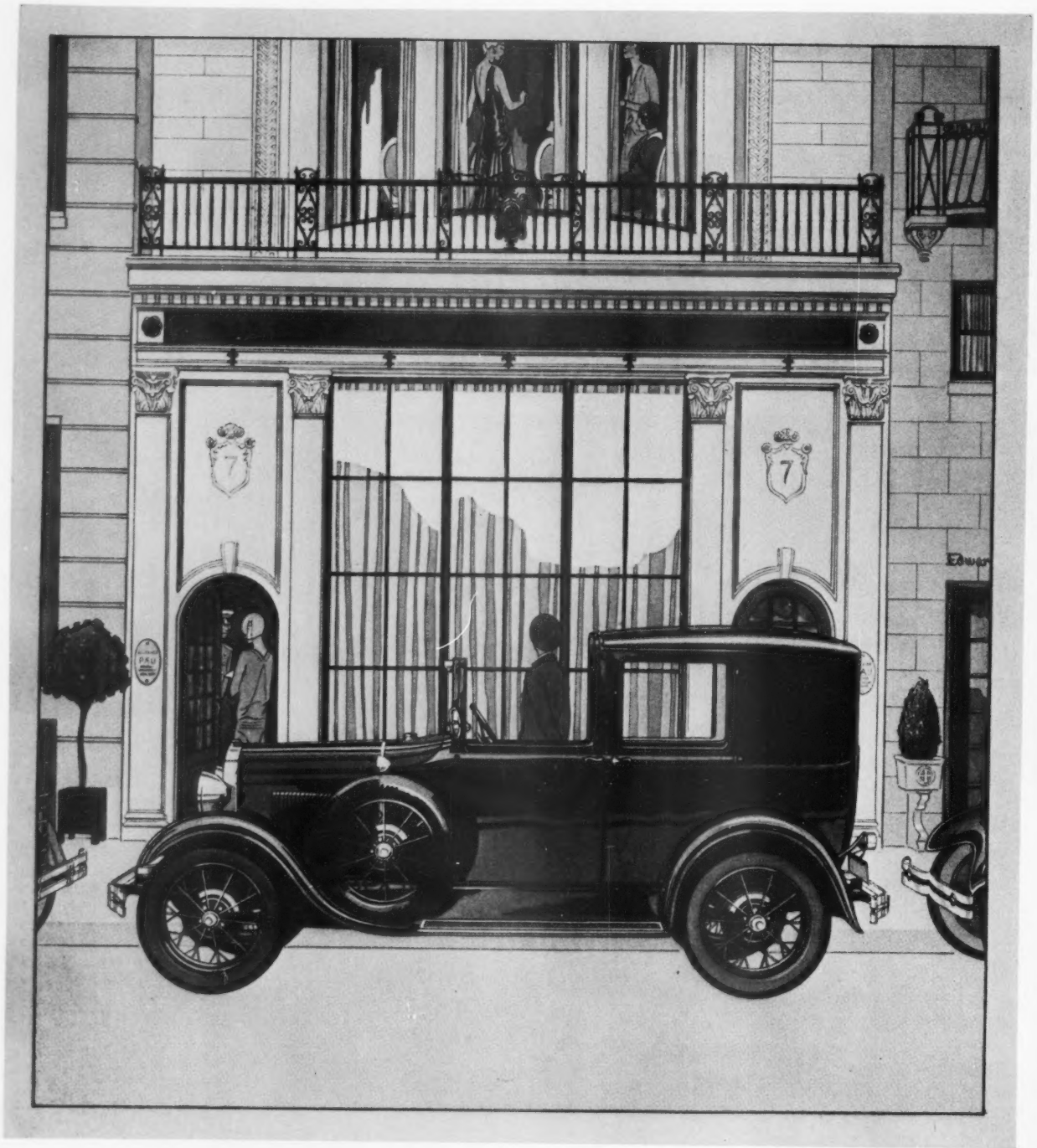
FOR the man who is really particular about his nether apparel, the smart shops now offer underwear that is bound to win approbation; Reis Jimpants, famed for their smart design and marvelous comfort, now cut from Burton's Irish Poplin!

Truly a wonderful fabric, it is world-famous for its rich texture, its smoothness and its stubborn resistance to wear. As masculine as a Dunhill pipe, it is a delight to the eye and a joy to the body.

For the last word in comfort and appearance, see this new men's underwear in this aristocratic material. Priced from $1.65 to $2.00 with Reis Jimshirts from 75¢ to $3.50. Robert Reis & Co., No. Two Park Avenue, New York.

Change to

REIS JIMPANTS *of Burton's Irish Poplin*



The New Ford Town Car

THE new Ford Town Car is formal in appearance, with extremely precise lines. It is a personal car of intimate size, delightful convenience and unquestioned taste.

The body is custom-designed and finished in a choice of colors—new, in the modern mode, yet quietly restrained in tone. The back is square-cornered, in the Continental manner, with French landau leather rear quarters and rear panel.

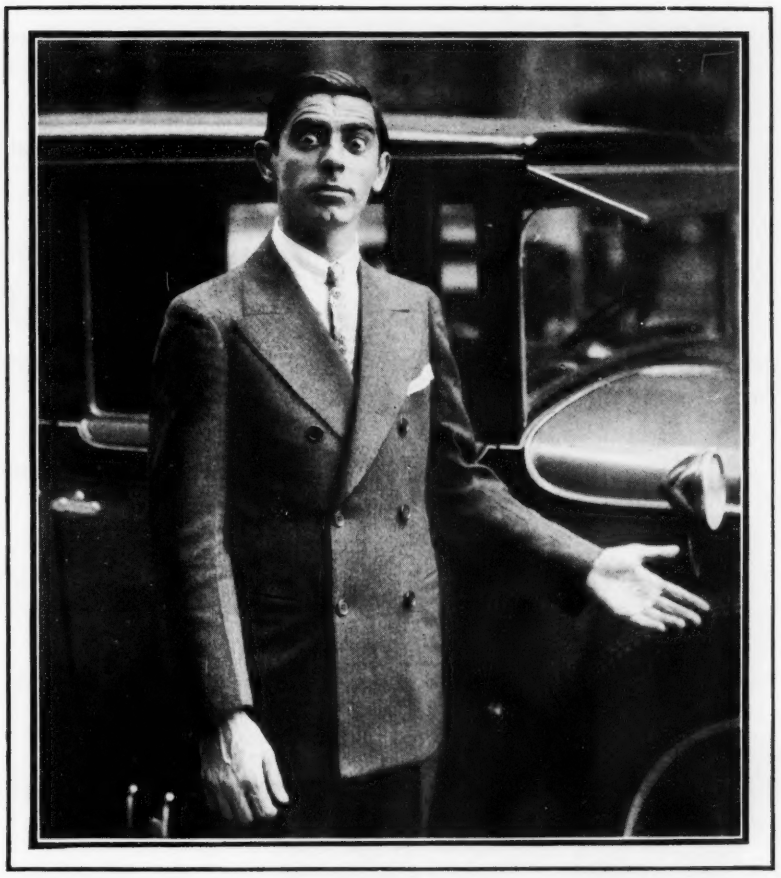
Interior trimming is of English Bedford cords or French broadcloths—optional with the purchaser. The seat in the rear compartment is upholstered in the fashionable plain panel style, deeply cushioned and comfortable. Hardware is of distinctive scroll design, enameled to match the lining cloth. Accoutrements of the rear compartment include a vanity case mirror and notebook, clock, electric cigarette lighter and ash tray, center bow light and silk robe rail. Arm rests and individual hassocks are other pleasing features.

The chauffeur's compartment is upholstered in black leather and is separated from the passenger compartment by a glass partition, with sliding center window.

Triplex shatter-proof glass is used throughout the new Ford Town Car—for the windows and front glass partition, as well as the windshield. The transverse springs and four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers give unusual riding comfort. The price is $1400, f.o.b. Detroit, Michigan

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



"Despite the fact that I am always supposed to be funny, it was not until recently that I could see the fun in driving a car. Bumps and holes in the road used to come from nowhere just to get a shot at me. But all that is over now. I have just equipped my car with Miller Tires. It's the greatest feeling in the world—I'm riding along on smiles, sunshine and music. I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires."

EDDIE CANTOR.

Miller

"I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires"

Eddie Cantor

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IF ever a tire was manufactured to justify the confidence of its users—Miller is such a tire.

If there is a tire of longer mileage on the market, the Miller Test Fleet has failed to find it. They drive year in and year out—not only Miller Tires, but *all* tires—in their relentless search for improvement.

If there is a tire that can better resist the hard usage common to the new-day driving conditions, they have not found it.

If there is a tire built that can give you greater safety of travel, they do not know about it. And their safety tests include non-skid effect, freedom from the puncture and blow-out hazard, strength to resist stiff jolts and blows from stones and rough roads.

And the engineers who build Miller Tires are just as searching in their efforts toward improvement. They know of no better materials than those employed in the making of Miller Tires. No richer, broader experience than theirs is available to any tire manufacturer.

Thus it is—that Millers are able to justify, during a longer period of service, the confidence and enthusiastic praise of all who use them.

Thus also—that Millers are conceded, by the vast majority of automobile owners, to be among the *very* few *best* tires manufactured today.

MILLER

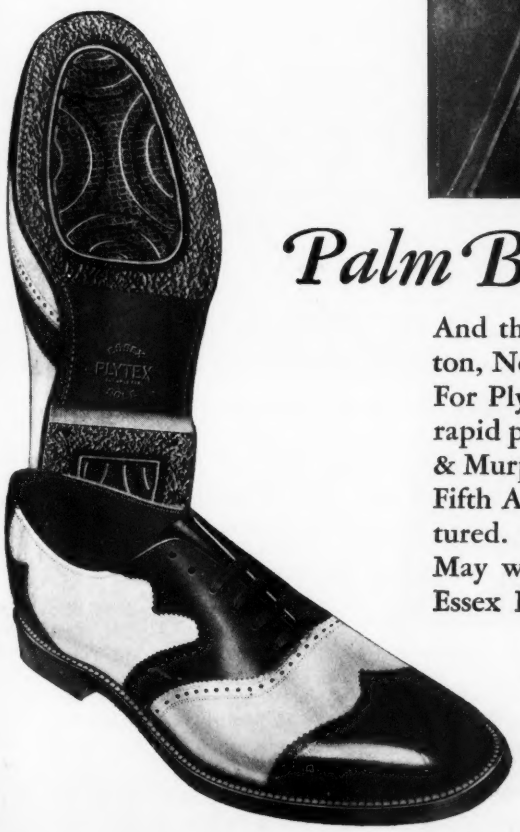
TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

Where did you get that — yes, he means the tie. ▪ ▪ ▪ We like to infer that it's a Cheney Cravat—one of the group appropriate for business wear. And there are other groups of Cheney Cravats, each particularly well suited for semi-formal daytime, and sportswear. ▪ ▪ ▪ When the tie is right—it tones up the rest of the outfit. And it's not hard to find the right Cheney Cravat. ▪ ▪ ▪ There is a Cheney label in every one

CHENEY CRAVATS

CHENEY CRAVATS MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS

IF YOU WERE THERE YOU SAW THEM



Palm Beach or any other mecca of the fashionable. Sport shoes with PLYTEX soles were there in goodly numbers. And they will be with you again this spring and summer at Southampton, Newport—and all the other playgrounds of the smart fraternity. For Plytex is the vogue! Its looks and color and quality beat with the rapid pulse of style. Such shops as those sponsoring the famous Johnston & Murphy Shoes for men; such style establishments for women as Saks-Fifth Avenue—everywhere—sport shoes PLYTEX soled are being featured. In attractive combinations of black, tan, white or natural shades. May we tell you the stores near you showing shoes PLYTEX soled? Essex Rubber Co., Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

PLYTEX
Sport Soles

THE HAMILTON WATCH IS AN AMERICAN WATCH

THE GRADUATE faces a new and uncompromising world. Yet success must be wrung from it.

Do you know that the world can tell a success — or a man on the road to success—by the time he carries?

So give the graduate a Hamilton.

Successful men and women carry watches that are accurate *to the dot*... and you'll find that a surprisingly large number of them have beautiful Hamiltons in their watch pockets — smart Hamiltons on their wrists.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Top — The "Chevy Chase" — one of the new 17-jewel women's ribbon models with silver dial and inlaid enamel numerals. Cased in 14k white gold, $75. Others at $80.

Center — The "Piping Rock" — An ultra-modern 19-jewel strap watch styled by designers of international prominence. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case, not the dial. Available only in solid 14k yellow or white gold, $125.

Below — The "Wheatland" — This Hamilton with its Gothic face and welcome simplicity of design is vested with a subtle charm all its own. In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved, $50.

© E.G.C. 1929

POWER . . . SPEED . . . PICK UP

A LOT of words might be used to compare the performance of an Ethyl-using motor with the silky power of the panther pictured above. And they would be true! Any automobile will do its best with Ethyl.

For Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline . . . *plus* Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound developed by General Motors' Research Laboratories to increase the efficiency of all automobiles.

Knocks out that "knock"

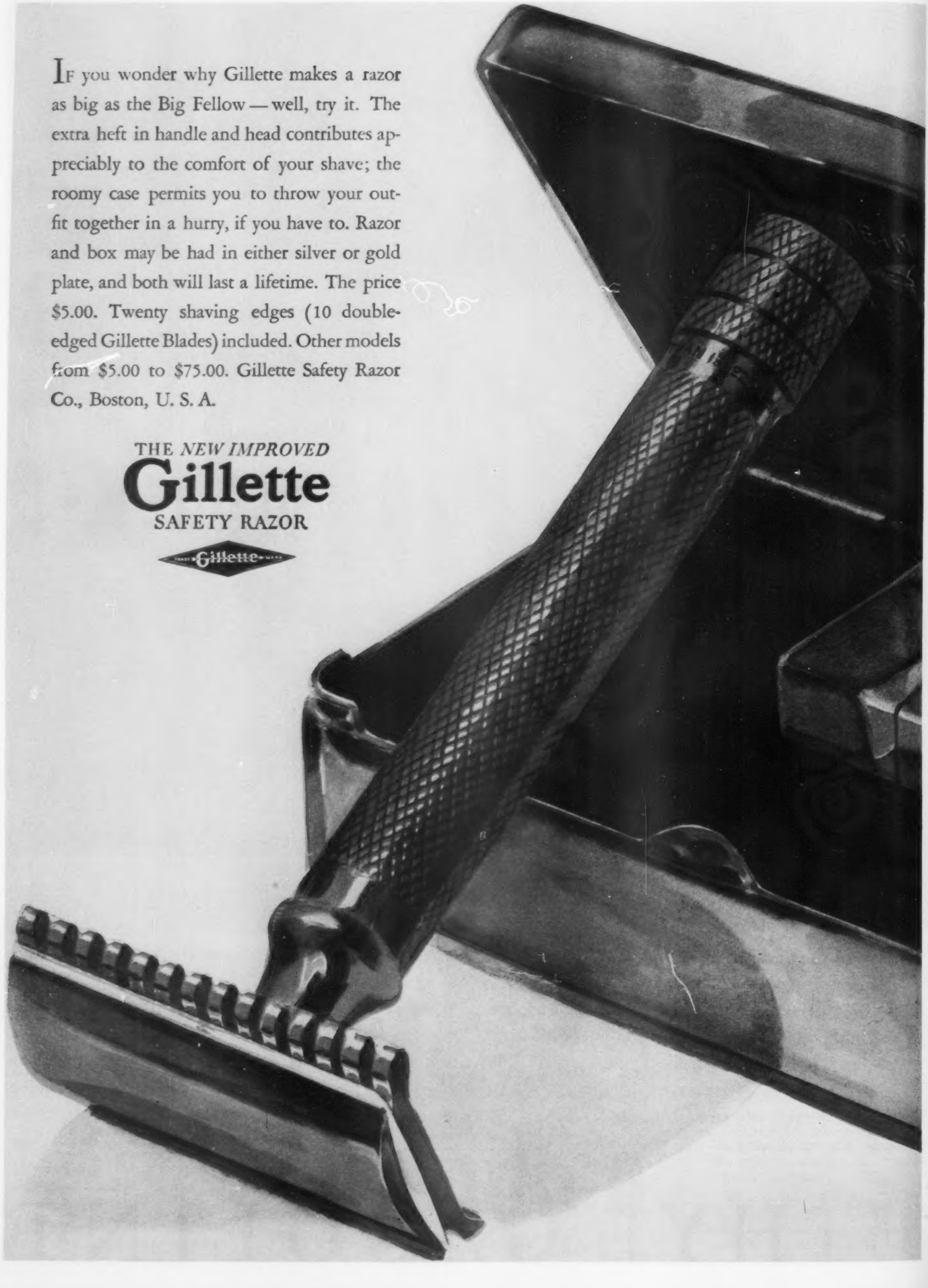
However well your car runs now, Ethyl will make it run still better. And if you have one of the new high compression cars . . . well, Ethyl Gasoline made them possible . . . insures their best performance.

Fill up at the next Ethyl pump and find out for yourself. You will notice a real difference.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, N.Y.—56 Church St., Toronto—36, Queen Anne's Gate, London

ETHYL GASOLINE



IF you wonder why Gillette makes a razor as big as the Big Fellow — well, try it. The extra heft in handle and head contributes appreciably to the comfort of your shave; the roomy case permits you to throw your outfit together in a hurry, if you have to. Razor and box may be had in either silver or gold plate, and both will last a lifetime. The price $5.00. Twenty shaving edges (10 double-edged Gillette Blades) included. Other models from $5.00 to $75.00. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE *NEW IMPROVED*

Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

Gillette

THAT COMFORTABLE LOOK —AN ESSENTIAL OF SMART APPEARANCE

THE well-dressed men of today appear unrestricted and at ease. To be considered well-groomed, a man must be tastefully neat, comfortably clothed, and appropriate in every detail. Notice especially in the illustrations how the shoes blend perfectly with the scheme of each smart turnout.

Conservative design, expert workmanship, the best materials—and the exclusive Glove-Grip feature makes each shoe fit with the pliant snugness of made-to-order shoes. The natural support to the instep muscles is fatigue-resisting even for the most active feet.

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes combine the latest styles and the greatest comfort. Judge for yourself just how well this has been done by calling on your Arnold dealer. Write us for his address. M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, Dept. C-5, North Abington, Mass.

THE OLYMPIC—*Felt hats for men continue small, slightly higher in the crown, and in both browns and grays. The mode still calls for comfort, though double-breasted suits are rather snug-fitting with a decided indication of shape at the waist-line. Shoes give a lighter, more refined appearance. The Arnold Glove-Grips, shown above, come in either bright or brown calf. All Arnold Shoes—due to the exclusive Glove-Grip feature—are comfortable from the very first.*

THE LIDO—*Grays retain their popularity in men's clothing. Trousers of both double and single breasted suits are cut slightly more full and must fall straight from the hips. Loose, pull-on gloves continue smart. Unusual shades of gray and brown will be seen in the informal felt hats. Shoes must be trim, with a well-tailored appearance. The perfect fit and the truly remarkable comfort of the Lido offer a perfect finish to any well-groomed turnout. Arnold Glove-Grips need no breaking-in.*

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP SHOES

BEAUTY *plus* DEPENDABILITY

Among people who are satisfied with none but the best, linings by Skinner are considered essential to good tailoring. There is luxury and softness incomparable in the Skinner fabrics of finest silk. There is *serviceability* that has given them world-wide fame.

For topcoats and suits, rich satins and long-wearing silk serges. For women's coats and wraps, crepes and satin crepes, in exquisite tones styled to the newest mode. The name Skinner woven in the selvage is your pledge of lining satisfaction.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, New York, Chicago, Boston, Phila., San Francisco—Mills: Holyoke, Mass. *Estab. 1848*

Skinner's Satins

Lining Satins, Shoe Satins and Millinery Satins

Crepes and Satin Crepes for Dress Wear

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

They Manifest Care, in Every Shoemaking Detail

INVARIABLY the refinements of detail identify the shoe of pre-eminent value. That's why Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets are never neglected by quality shoemakers . . . When you see them on a shoe you may safely assume that all parts of the shoe are correspondingly good.

Visible Eyelets

Recognized by the two

slightly raised diamonds

FASHION THOROUGHFARES
Washington Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

GOODYEAR WELT shoes are the only shoes on which new soles can be easily and practically sewn without injury to the shape of the upper. If you can feel any tacks or seams inside a shoe, it is *not* a Goodyear Welt, for the innersole of a Goodyear Welt is absolutely smooth. In order that you might distinguish a Goodyear Welt shoe at a glance, most manufacturers using this process now stamp their shoes with the Welt symbol.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

The Preferred Hats
Of Men Who Answer To
"Who's Who?" In Fashion—

MALLORY STRAWS

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York

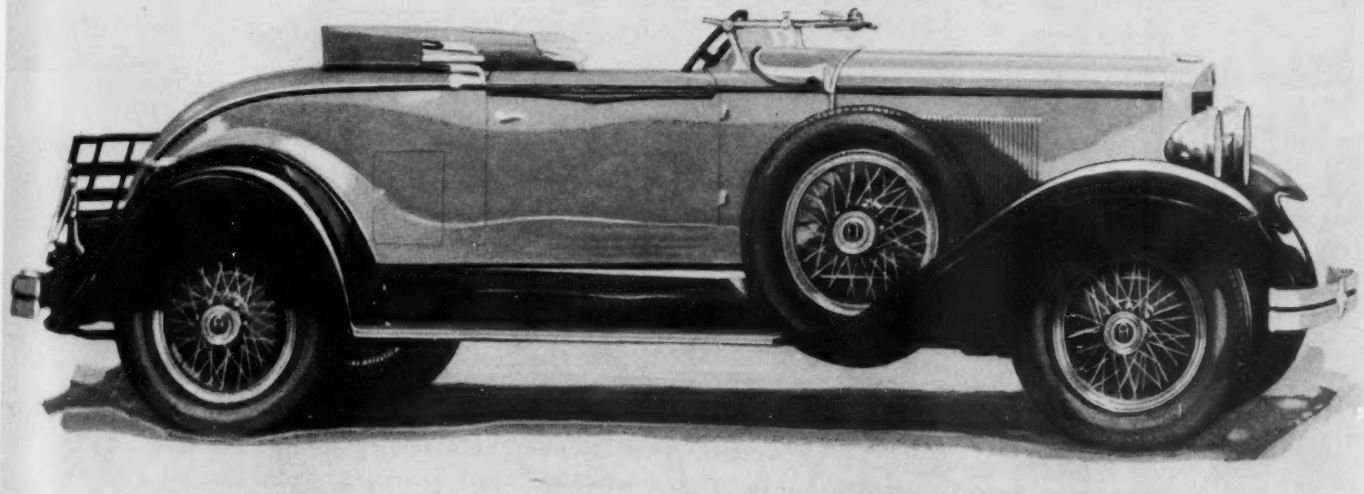
The *New* Thrill in Motoring

Four Speeds Forward
Standard Gear Shift

OWNERS say that the only new motoring thrill they have enjoyed in recent years is the distinguished performance of the Graham-Paige four speed transmission, with its *two* high speeds and *standard* gear shift. The smoothness and swiftness of *fourth*, and the rapid acceleration of *third*, can only be appreciated by personal experience. There is nothing new to learn—you start in second; first, in reserve, is instantly available, but seldom used. We invite *you* to enjoy a demonstration of this new thrill in motoring.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $885 to $2495. Car illustrated is Model 615, six cylinder Roadster with rumble seat, $1195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.

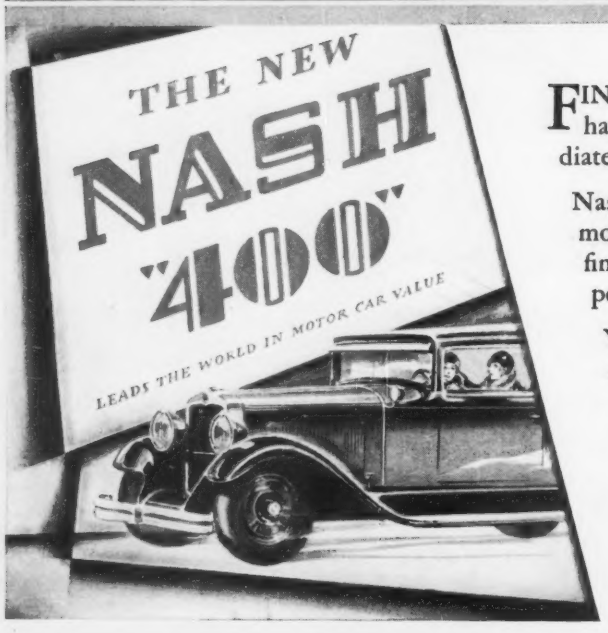
Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



GRAHAM-PAIGE

THE FINEST TYPE OF CENTRALIZED CHASSIS LUBRICATION

THE NEW
NASH
"400"
LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE



FINALLY, a system of centralized chassis lubrication has been perfected which operates easily, immediately, and invariably.

Nash now offers it on every Advanced and Special model of the new "400" series . . . Nash-Bijur . . . the finest device ever produced to supply chassis bearing points with necessary lubrication.

You simply press a convenient pedal (a child can do it), and twenty nine chassis points, spring shackles, steering knuckles, clutch bearing and the like . . . are bathed in fresh, clean, wear-resisting oil.

Nash-Bijur centralized lubrication does away with all the bother and expense of old-fashioned chassis greasing. Press the pedal once a day, lubrication follows. Chassis squeaks are avoided, chassis wear is prevented . . . when you drive the new and finer Nash "400."

Sportswear Incorporated makes authentic fashion available from coast to coast

TO the young man of action there is no style so important as the style of his sports apparel. And in choosing sports clothes tailored by Sportswear, Incorporated he is assured of correct and authentic fashion beyond shadow of doubt. That comfortable assurance of being properly turned out adds to the enjoyment of your favorite sport. For golf, tennis, riding, country club and resort wear, you can confidently select from the showing sponsored by Sportswear, Incorporated.

Every Sportswear fashion bears the stamp of approval of this Board of Directors

Champions all—Stylists all!

Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell and Walter Hagen are shown wearing the suits tailored by Sportswear, Incorporated which they will wear in the Ryder Cup matches at Muirfield, Scotland.

Vincent Richards, American professional tennis champion is wearing the "Vinney" Tennis Coat as developed by Sportswear, Incorporated. William Haines, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Cinema Star is shown wearing riding breeches of polo linen, tailored by Sportswear, Incorporated.

SPORTSWEAR INCORPORATED

This label marks

Sports apparel of warranted authenticity. Smart styles worn by fashion leaders at Belmont Park are shown in our booklet: "Sketched at the United Hunts Meet". *Write for your copy. Sportswear, Incorporated, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York*

In a fine store in every city!

SPORTSWEAR

New York **INCORPORATED** London

Men like good style . . . when combined with ease and comfort. Men like Jantzen . . . smart in appearance . . . providing utmost freedom for swimming. Tightly knitted from the strongest, long-fibred wool, a Jantzen fits your body lightly, smoothly, perfectly . . . *without a wrinkle!* Due to the extraordinary elasticity of Jantzen-stitch, it retains its shape permanently.

If you are in and out of the water often during the vacation days, you'll find «color harmony sets» indispensable. . . two Jantzens of different styles or colors. See the new Jantzen models at leading stores . . . the *Twosome* and the *Speed-suit.* Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 40; unbreakable rubber button on larger sizes. Consult the «Jantzen Guide» for harmonizing colors best suited to your type . . . blond or brunet. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

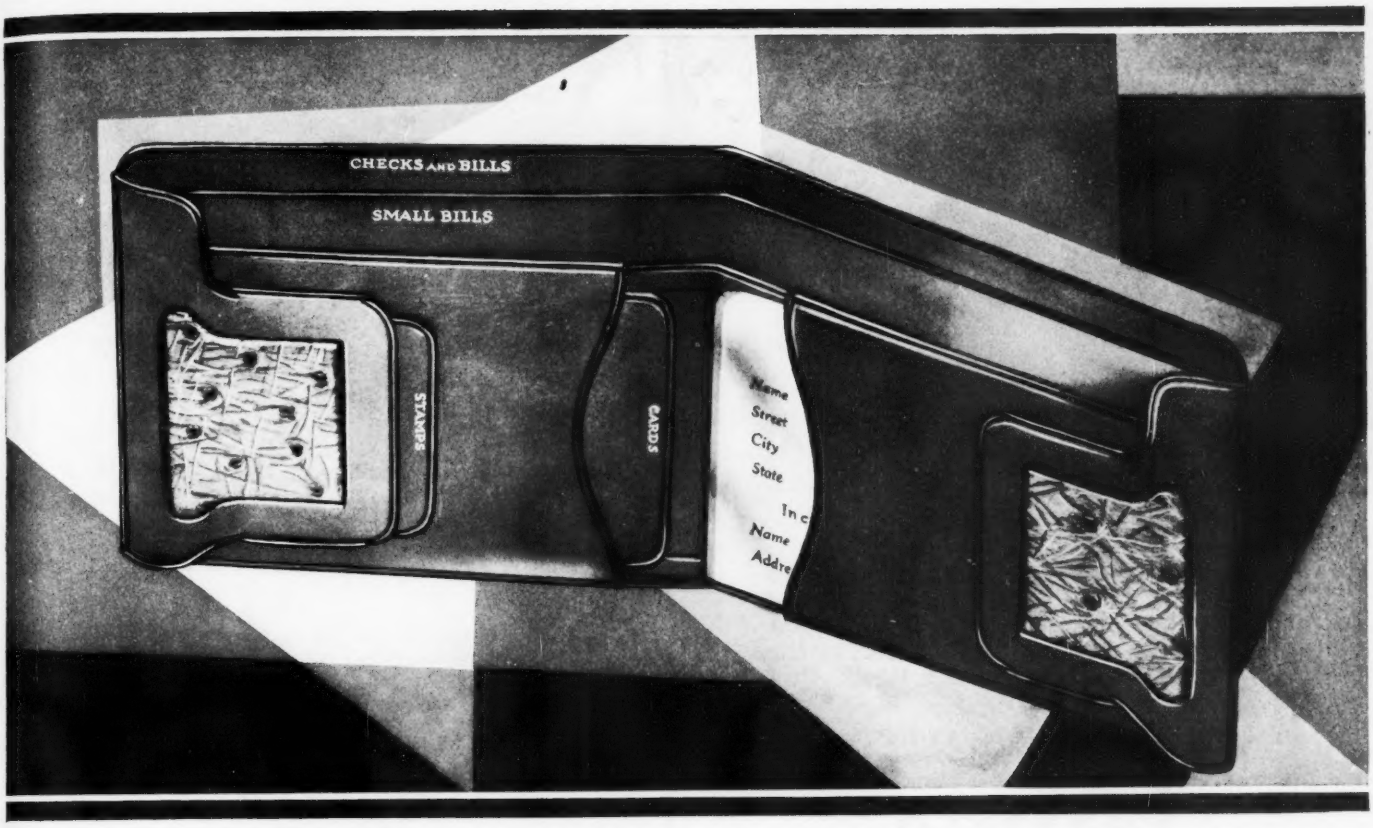
Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS. DEPT 51, PORTLAND, OREGON

Send me free 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide' showing new Jantzen styles and colors.

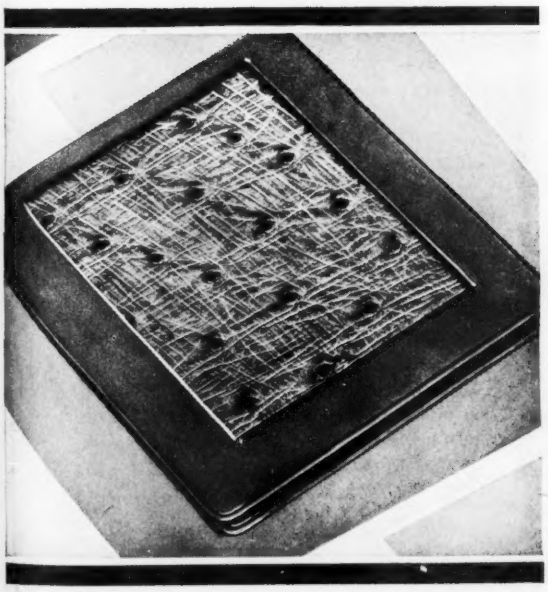
Name _____ Address _____



SOON • • NEW SIZE BILLS • •

NOW • • A SMART NEW WAY TO CARRY THEM!

The Buxton Bill-Tainer keeps the new size bills apart . . . folds flat and compact even when full



SOON you'll be carrying the new size bills—along with the present size. You'll want to keep them separate. Here's the smart, practical way. The new Buxton Bill-Tainer has a conveniently divided money pocket—also pockets for cards, notes, checks, stamps—yet even when very full it folds flat and compact. *It is the only billfold that can't buckle or bulge*—due to its patented sliding and stitchless construction.

Guaranteed not to rip or tear—Ingeniously folded together, instead of sewed, the Bill-Tainer can't rip or tear. Not a stitch or seam in it. Definitely guaranteed to last as long as the leather. If it gives out at any point it is replaced free.

Buxton hand workmanship throughout. Illustrations above and at left show the Bill-Tainer finished in handsome Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin, for double strength. Priced at $10.00. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up. If your dealer does not yet carry the new Bill-Tainer, write to Buxton, Inc., 504 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE FAMOUS KEY-TAINER, originated by Buxton, now carries the keys of millions of people — more conveniently and more safely.

Only the owners of Buxton Key-Tainers are protected by the Buxton Free Key Return Service, through which thousands have recovered lost keys.

BUXTON

what a whale of a difference just a few *stripes* make

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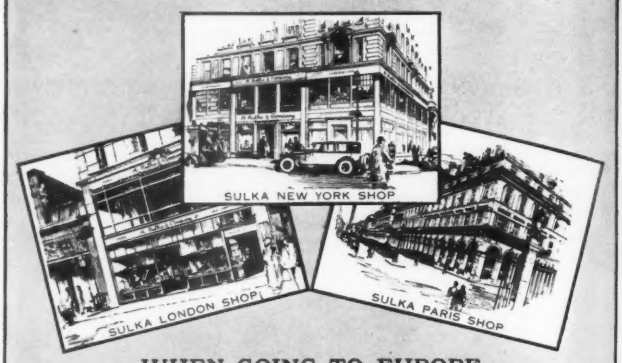

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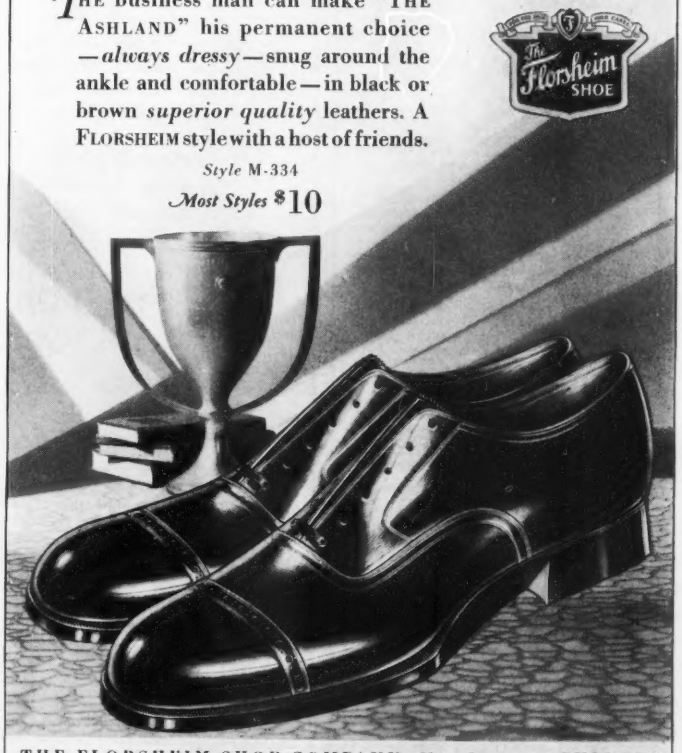

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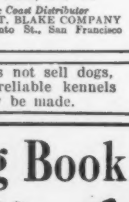

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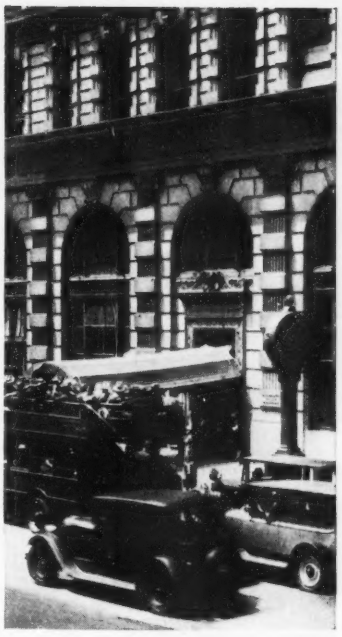

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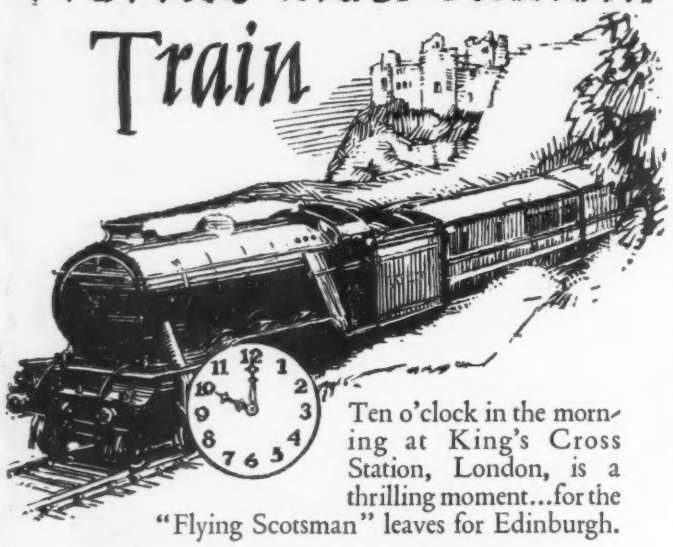

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Harry A. Franck

* WORLD TRAVELER AND AUTHOR OF "A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD," "WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA," "EAST OF SIAM."

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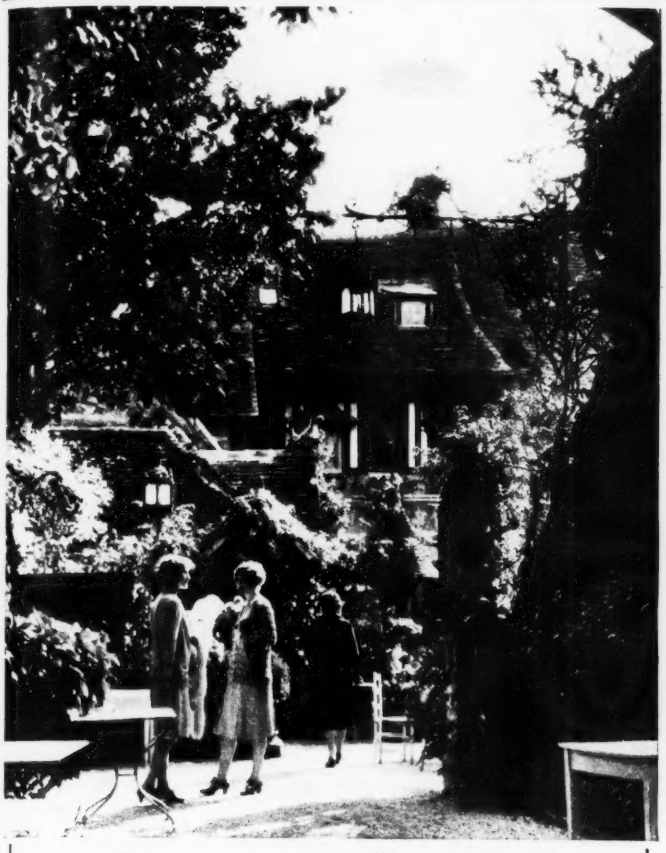

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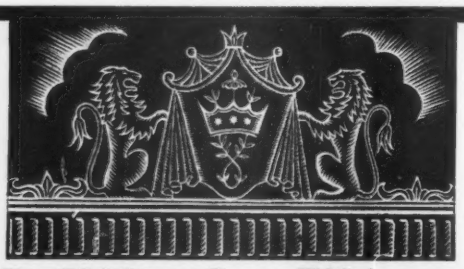

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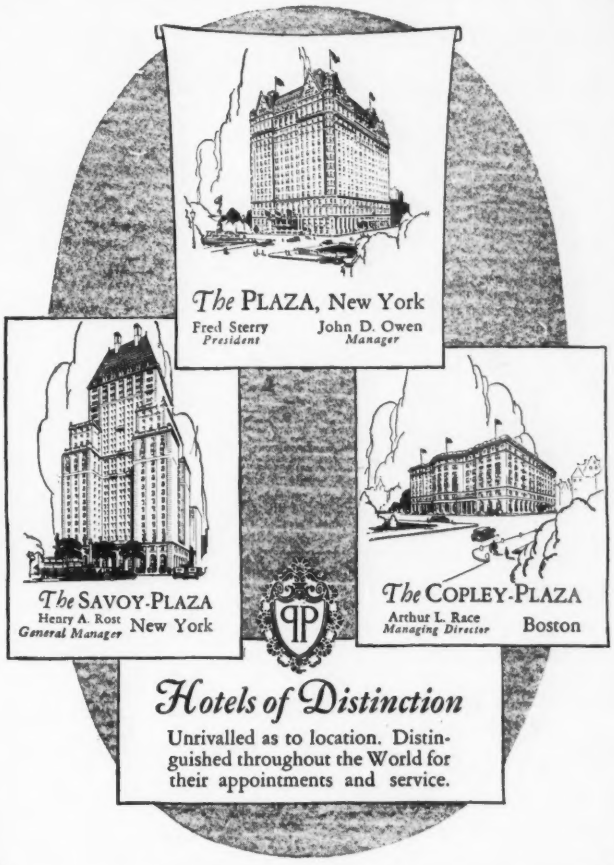

The PLAZA, New York
Fred Sterry, *President* — John D. Owen, *Manager*

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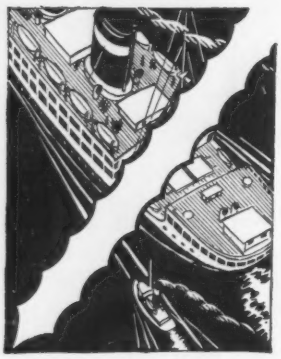

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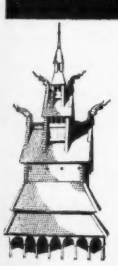

The Northern Wonderlands—Greenland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, Norway, Sweden—present something truly new to satisfy the wanderlust of travelers from lack-lustre temperate climes.

Majestic mountain peaks encircling quaint fishing and sealing villages, glacier-born cataracts plunging down steep slopes into verdant valleys below, shining ice pinnacles blazing multi-colored in the brilliant sunlight—these are but a few of the canvases here painted by Nature in sublimely riotous mood.

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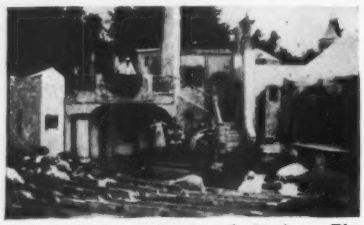

A rehearsal being conducted at the Manhattan Theatre Camp and receiving the critical attention of the Faculty and the balance of the student body.

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This is the easiest way to learn Contract Bridge, *quickly* and *inexpensively.* Send today for FREE booklet which gives sample instruction and tells how you may become an excellent Contract player at once through the easy Whitehead *conversational* method.

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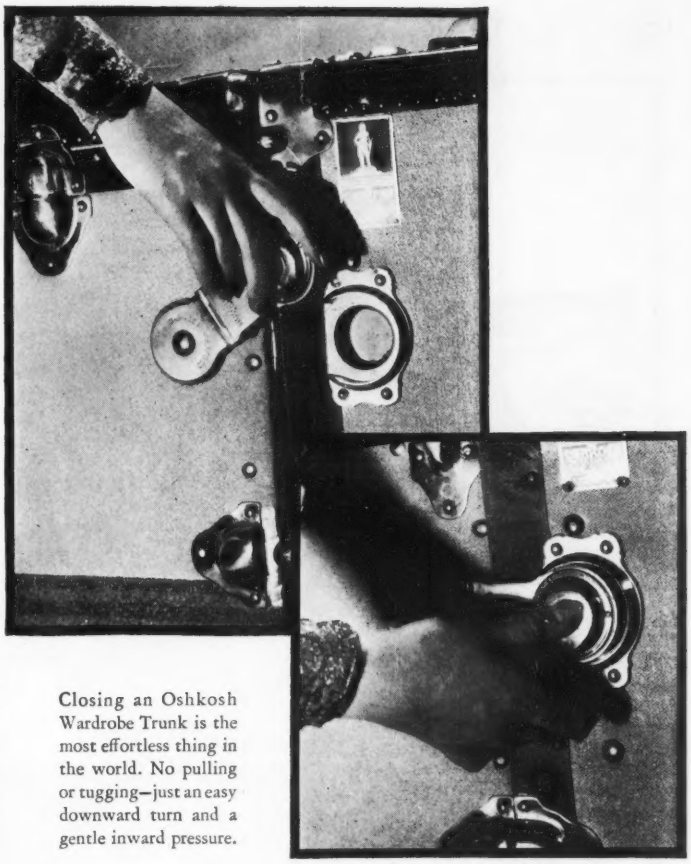


Closing an Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunk is the most effortless thing in the world. No pulling or tugging—just an easy downward turn and a gentle inward pressure.

Only a safe could be safer

PRESS DOWN gently on the lock of your Oshkosh Wardrobe, and as if by magic the two halves of the trunk glide noiselessly together.

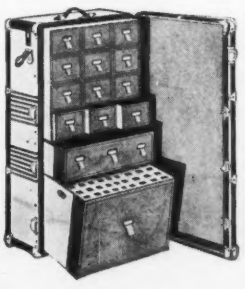
Snap the lock, and you know from that moment that your possessions are as safe as mortal possessions can be. There is as much chance of anyone getting into your trunk without your key as of getting into the Piping Rock Country Club without an introduction.

Oshkosh Trunks are designed and built in the belief that the best possible trunk is none too good for the clothes you are going to put into it. They are made to keep good clothes good. Conscientiously, almost religiously made, these trunks do what they were designed to do, and keep on doing it year after year after year.

We should like to send you a booklet called "Your Home Away from Home." It gives you just a few of the reasons why Oshkosh Trunks are so extraordinarily efficient in the performance of their duties, and suggests special models for special needs. Address 499 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



This Oshkosh Shoe and Hat Cabinet comes in two models, covered with fibre or Oshkosh-Cord duck. It has twelve small drawers, or four drawers with three compartments each, accommodating twelve pairs of shoes. There is a removable Hat Cage in the bottom drawer, accommodating six or more women's hats. Paneled drawer fronts and index card holders on each compartment.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

CHRYSLER "75" ROYAL SEDAN, $1535 (*wire wheels extra*)

Many a Roman aqueduct still stands, after 2000 years, the epitome of strength and beauty. That same charm of line and that same trustworthiness of construction are reflected in the "arched-window" silhouette of the Chrysler today.

A Wealth of Strength Beneath Its Classic Beauty

WHEN the first Chrysler overthrew traditions of motor car beauty and behavior, there was a twofold reason for devising those new practices in design and construction which it introduced.

Chrysler engineers determined to replace awkward bulk with lithe grace, stodginess with alert and zestful performance. Guided by the canons of classic art, they translated authentic principles of beauty into automotive terms.

The second reason for Chrysler's new design was to enhance the utility and dependability of the Chrysler car.

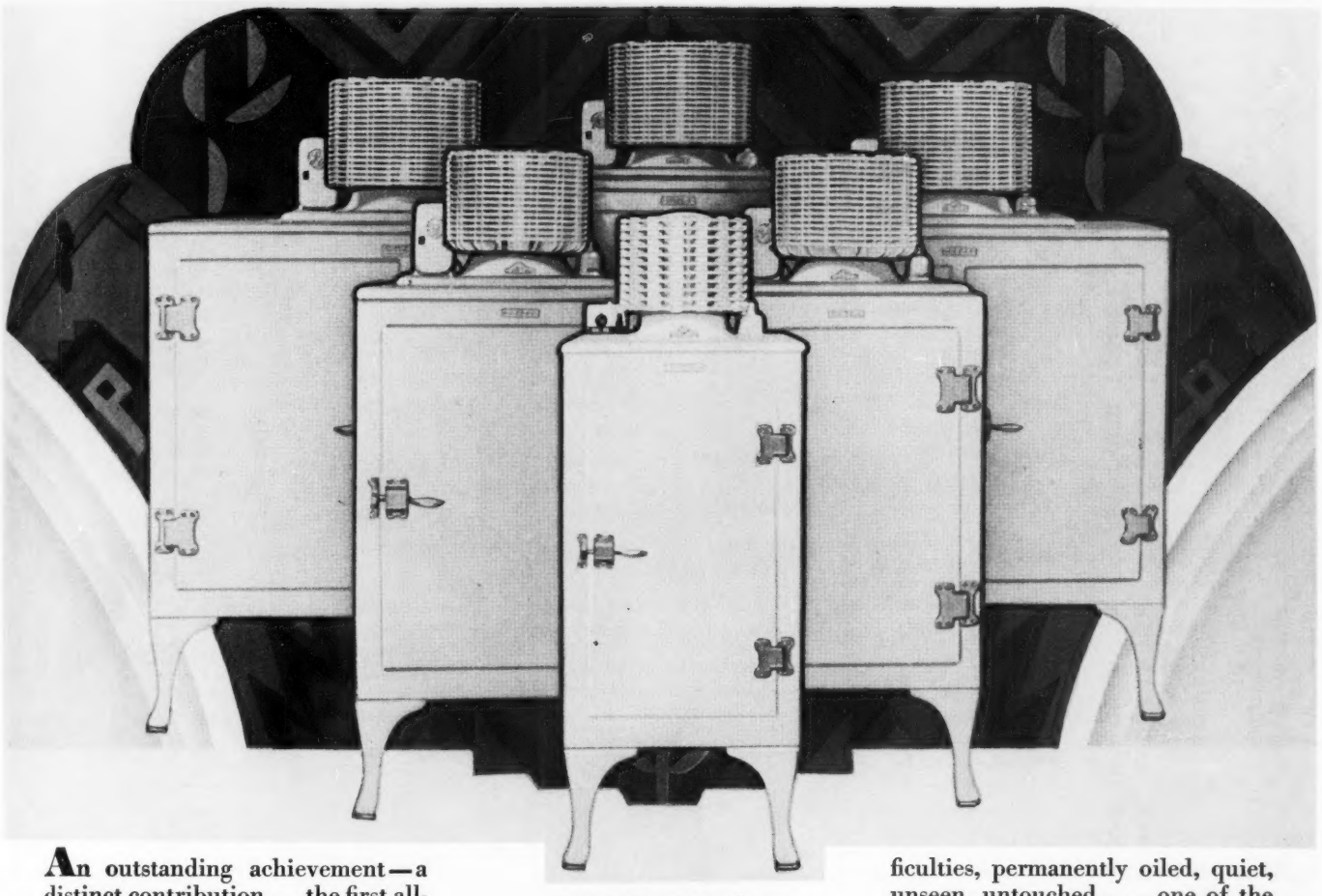
The sturdy arches of the Roman aqueducts which have stood for 2000 years have been recognized as among the finest achievements of man's handiwork.

Not appearance alone directed Chrysler engineers to the aqueduct. The true arch is the acme of strength and rigidity, and so it was the Roman arch that served as a model for Chrysler windows and doors. Thus, solidity and trustworthiness were concentrated at an important point, masked by classic curve and flowing line.

It was not haphazard experiment and accidental achievement that developed Chrysler cars into symbols of grace in motion. They give greater value in performance as well as appearance because Chrysler engineers have never relinquished that twofold purpose of combining beauty with utility, swiftness with sturdiness, and luxury with dependability, in the proved integrity of Chrysler cars.

* * *

New Chrysler "75" — *Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345.* * * * New Chrysler "65" — *Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145.* * * * New Chrysler Imperial — *Nine custom body styles priced from $2675 to $3855. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. factory.*



An outstanding achievement—a distinct contribution . . . the first all-steel refrigerators. Revolutionary designs—new low prices. The greatest values ever offered by General Electric.

This all-steel refrigerator development marks the climax of years of painstaking work. It is another contribution to better living—made by the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. This is the same group that perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism which, by reason of its simplicity, its quietness and its efficiency, has already made the General Electric Refrigerator an outstanding success.

CAN'T WARP
STRONGER, STURDIER
COST LESS TO OPERATE

Now you can buy a refrigerator with a cabinet built like a safe. One with doors that will always fit perfectly. One which will operate with the least amount of current.

The hermetically sealed mechanism remains just as it has always been . . . sealed away from dust and difficulties, permanently oiled, quiet, unseen, untouched . . . one of the miracles of modern science. This mechanism and the all-steel cabinets combine to make what we believe to be the most perfect refrigerator ever built.

Mass production has made possible many important economies. Prices now start at only $215, at the factory, and there are six sizes of the all-steel models to choose from. Investigate them thoroughly and drop a card for a descriptive booklet to Section Z-5, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

A Loving Thought for Mother

Back of the gift is the giver.

It's the loving thought that mother craves, whether it be expressed in a diamond or a box of chocolates.

If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

The symbolism of the package expresses the beauty of Mother's Day. Starting with a quaint and quiet sentiment, the Sampler has acquired a particular and special niche in the regard of candy-lovers.

It is not merely "a box of candy," it is a message, a token, a fit symbol of "a loving thought for mother."

Order it early from the Whitman agent near you—usually the leading drug store. He gets his supplies *direct* from Whitman's.

An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day illustrating—*"A Loving Thought for Mother."*

Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

HAL **Started in 1842** W28

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Astrological Interlude

In Which It Is Shown That an Old Wrinkle Is Often the Antidote for New Wrinkles

NO one—not that they ever tried—could convince Mrs. Bulwanger Finn that there wasn't *something* in zodiacology. Ever since that black and dreary Thursday when she had visited Professor Zodae, she had been a firm believer and a still firmer practitioner.

"Madam," the professor purred to her, while bending over the equivalent of an inverted fish bowl, "you were born under Aquarius—and it is water; water, Madam, whence cometh thy greatest thoughts."

She had left him, her mind in a tumult. Water! Oh, dear, and she did so love a cocktail at dinner time. And yet, the professor had been proved right. Take that nasty little imbroglio with Dennison Flagg, wherein her social security had momentarily tottered. On that occasion water had been, so to speak, her Wellington. The ruse and the rehabilitation of her social position had come to her while she lay in the embrace of her own bath-tub.

But now she was faced with a sterner reality. Monty Finn, her husband, was tiring of her.

MONTY, it will be remembered, had found her in Ring's End, Iowa. Upon her insistence, they had come East, and settled in New York. With his money and her adaptability, society was soon dismissing its chauffeurs at her door. Her parties were the talk of the "399", not to speak of the other 601 who hoped to make it an even thousand.

The Bulwanger Finns were referred to as that "charming and devoted couple", and seven years of marital bliss found *The Tattletale* still prying in vain for one hypothetical infidelity of which to make copy. But *The Tattletale* for seven volumes was forced to content itself solely with columnar speculations as to just how long it *could* last.

But *The Tattletale's* day came at last: that day when it paragraphed the irrefutable fact that Monty Finn, Esquire, was seen at the *Follies* on three successive evenings, alone.

The following week the Finn car waited at the *Follies* stage door. And the third week, so *The Tattletale* informed its now palpitant public, "a limousine of expensive make, that has made its nightly vigil at the *Follies* door, finally carried away two passengers, on Friday evening. We understand that the owner returned it to its garage at seven o'clock, Saturday A. M."

Yes, reflected Mrs. Bulwanger Finn, Monty was tiring of her. And she did get such unattractive wrinkles when she let herself worry over anything. The three weeks' strain was already beginning to reflect itself in the areas around her eyes and mouth. Clarice's cajoling hands failed again to remove the traces. And she refused to have her face elevated again.

Then of a sudden she remembered Professor Zodae. Water. Water might again solve her problems.

With Mercury-like haste she flew to her mauve bathroom. Its interior really baffled her. So many shiny gadgets, unlabelled—which did one turn on?

BENITO

WATER NYMPH, 1929

With Mercury-like haste she flew to her mauve bathroom. Water might again solve her problems. Again like a figure of epic tragedy, she descended the steps leading to the miniature pool

She was forced to call Clarice, after she had unsuccessfully turned on three of them and found that they controlled (1) the reading light over the tub, (2) the gramophone and (3) the lavender scent.

When Clarice had finally filled the tub Mrs. Bulwanger Finn donned her mauve rubber cap and lowered herself into the enveloping warmth of her chosen element at a temperature of 85° Fahrenheit.

As the water caressed her shoulders, she closed her eyes in meditation. When, she asked herself, had Monty started tiring of her? *The Tattletale* had been telling about his dramatic interest for three weeks. That would be—she counted backwards—about the first of the current month.

Could it have been bills, that had annoyed him? She dismissed the idea with a "hardly". Monty had never quibbled over any of her expenses. And anyway, hadn't he done well with his Radio stock?

Her friends? They were all Monty's. She had been careful of that detail when she left Ring's End behind her. One couldn't take a chance of having someone from the home town remind New York that she had once been Aggie Johnson.

No, it was neither bills nor friends.

Possibly husbands tired of their wives at regular intervals. Never having been married before, Mrs. Bulwanger Finn really didn't know.

Ah well, she thought resignedly, let him have his little fling. He may come back. And yet—

Well, in the meantime, there were other things to attend to.

MRS. Bulwanger Finn's shoulder hastily protruded eight inches from the water. And for the second time within the month she leapt from her tub and, again failing to cry "Eureka", rushed to her boudoir telephone.

"Lexington 7500, operator."

"Hello, Lexington 7500? This is Mrs. Bulwanger Finn. Yes, F-I-N-N. About three weeks ago I received your note. Yes, I don't see how it ever happened, really. Most unusual of me to overlook such a thing. Don't ever do that again. No, just let it run on after this, please. Yes. Now, I wonder if you will do me a favour. Oh, thank you. Can you send a boy up immediately? Lovely. And you mustn't ever send a note like that again. Thank you. Goodbye."

Mrs. Bulwanger Finn sank back on her bed. Of course, she reflected, no wonder Monty was tiring of her. How had she ever come to overlook that note?

She rose, the yellow bedspread clinging to her still damp body. She must finish her tubbing. And send a box of cigars—that would be nice—to Professor Zodae.

And so it came to pass that the following week's issue of *The Tattletale* contained no reference to Monty and his dramatic interest. Instead, it mentioned that the Finns, Mr. and Mrs., were taking a second honeymoon on the Riviera.

Just before closing her home, when the last trunk had been shipped to the boat, Mrs. Bulwanger Finn again reached for her telephone.

"Lexington 7500."

"Lexington 7500? This is Mrs. Bulwanger Finn. Yes, F-I-N-N. I telephoned you about a week ago, you remember. Well, I'm leaving for the Riviera today and I wonder if you will do me a favour? Thank you. I shall be staying at the *Maison Blanc* and I want you to change my address. And—I am sending you a check for $80. That will take care of me for twenty years, I believe. You see, I never want to get another note announcing the expiration of my subscription to VANITY FAIR."

—LOUIS GOODENOUGH

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IN THIS NUMBER

A Disagreement With Mr. Shaw . . . . . ALDOUS HUXLEY
The Twain Shall Meet . . . . . PAUL VALÉRY
The Exclusive Managers . . . . . ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
More Notes on Love . . . . . CLAUDE ANET
Easy Divorces . . . . . WILLIAM BOLITHO
The Three Immortals of Church History . . . . DEEMS TAYLOR
On the Riviera . . . . . PAUL MORAND
Woman in Man's Image . . . . . D. H. LAWRENCE
The Triple Tyranny . . . . . COMPTON MACKENZIE
Housekeeping in Manhattan and Morocco . . . . LOUIS GOLDING
Reviews of the New Plays—By Gilbert W. Gabriel

WHARTON ESHERICK

COMPLETE CONTENTS *of This Issue*—MAY 1929

Cover Design by Marie Laurencin

In and About the Theatre

Grimm's—and Grimmer—By Gilbert W. Gabriel 56
"Let Us Be Gay"—Francine Larrimore—Photograph . . . 57
The Exclusive Managers—By Alexander Woollcott 58
An Impersonator of Queen Victoria—Photograph 62
Maurice Chevalier Chez Nous—Photograph 67
"Les Noces"—Photograph 77
Six Little Directors in a Terrible Wax—By Luis Hidalgo . . 78
Conférencier at the Keys—Phil Baker—Photograph . . . 80
The Raising of Helen Kane—Photograph 86

Concerning the Cinema

"Hallelujah"—Photographs 70
A Fair Muscovite—Baclanova—Photograph 91

The World of Art

Head of a Little Girl—By André Derain 59
Sculptures by Numa Patlagean 61
New York Scenes by Martin Lewis 64

The World of Ideas

A Disagreement With Mr. Shaw—By Aldous Huxley 53
Easy Divorces—By William Bolitho 66
On the Riviera—By Paul Morand 73
The Twain Shall Meet—By Paul Valéry 81
The Triple Tyranny—By Compton Mackenzie 87

Poetry and Verse

Paradise Portrait—By Jacqueline Embry 66

Literary Hors d'Œuvres

Three Legends—By Ferenc Molnár 60
Country Town Notes—By Sherwood Anderson 63
More Notes on Love—By Claude Anet 65
Mrs. Wharton's House-Party—By Edmund Pearson 68
The Three Immortals of Church History—By Deems Taylor . 71
Jealousies—By Frédéric Boutet 76
Woman in Man's Image—By D. H. Lawrence 79
The Refugee—By David Cort 84
Housekeeping in Manhattan and Morocco—By Louis Golding 90

Satirical Sketches

Pity the Struggling Artist—By Raymond de Lavererie . . . 55
A Collection of Collectors—By Alan Odle 69
One of Those Famous World Cruises—By Covarrubias . . 82

Miscellaneous

Thomas Mann—A "Responsible" Genius—Photograph . . . 52
Their Year of Grace—Photographs 72
A New Gastronomic Chart of Paris—By Ralph Barton . . . 74
The Hall of Fame—Photographs 85
Estimating a Trump Hand at Contract—By Lelia Hattersley 88
The Master Minds of Contract—Photographs 89
The Reformer and the Proposed New Golf Ball—By Bernard Darwin 92
The Well-Dressed Woman Arrives in Paris 93
Planes for the Private Owner 94
For the Well-Dressed Man 96
Our London Letter on Men's Fashions 98

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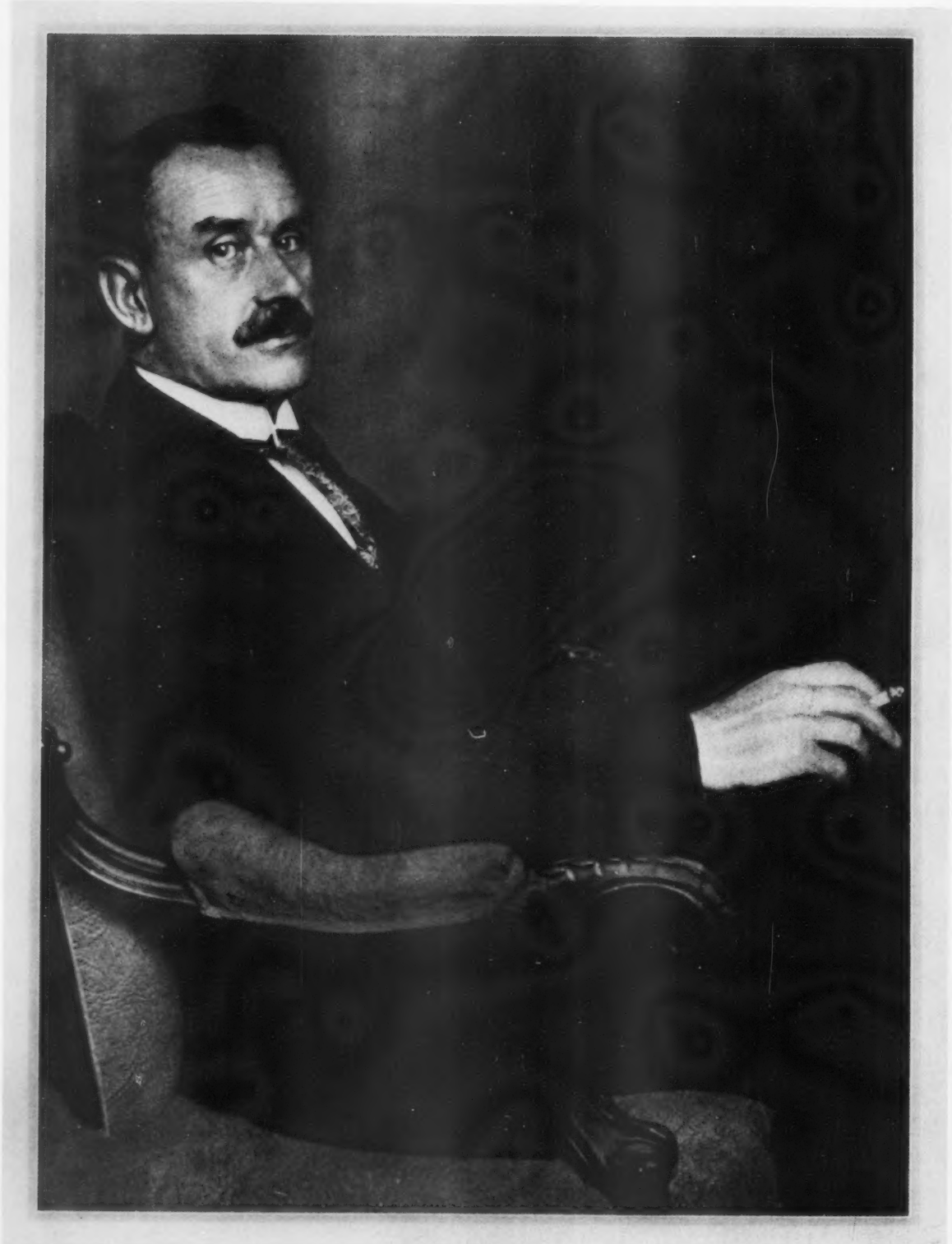
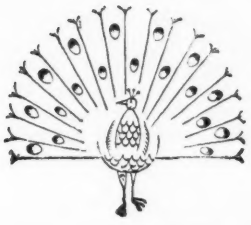


Thomas Mann—A "Responsible" Genius

A Portrait of the Great German Novelist, a Model for the Artist in His Relation to Society

THE clue to the temper of Thomas Mann, who is considered by many the greatest living writer of the Western World, is that he considers himself not as an artist but as a good bourgeois who chanced to fall into the writing profession. Intensely moral, responsible and conscious of his obligation to his fellow-men, during the chaotic years in Germany after the war he turned his genius to political pamphleteering, asserting in dangerous times the wisdom of an intellectual man and a humanist. The range of his work is bounded at both ends by master-works: *Buddenbrooks*, the supreme story of the decline of a family, published when its author was 27, and *The Magic Mountain*, a vast synthesis of modern thought, published in America in the autumn of 1927. His genius lies, as in the beautiful *Death in Venice*, in his almost gloating capacity for conveying the inward, unhastening processes of feeling of his subjects. In his youth an editor of *Simplicissimus*, Herr Mann now lives quietly in a suburb of Munich. His other American publications are: *Royal Highness* (1916), and *Children and Fools* (1928)

Vanity Fair



A Disagreement With Mr. Shaw

A Quarrel with the "Guide to Socialism", Proving That Man Does Not Live by Bread Alone

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

IT was Karl Marx who enriched the dead and ugly gibbering of politicians and journalists and Thoughtful People with that most useful word, "The Proletariat." For Marx those five syllables connoted something extremely unpleasant, something very discreditable to humanity at large and the bourgeoisie in particular. Pronouncing them, he thought of life in the English manufacturing towns in the first half of the nineteenth century. He thought of children working a two hundred and sixteen hour week for a shilling. Of women being used, instead of the more costly horses, for pulling trucks of coal along the galleries of mines. Of men performing endless tasks in filthy, degrading and unwholesome surroundings in order to earn enough for themselves and their families just not to starve on. He thought of all the iniquitous things that had been done in the name of Progress and National Prosperity. Of all the atrocious wickednesses which piously Christian ladies and gentlemen complacently accepted and even personally participated in, because they were supposed to be inevitable, like sunrise and sunset, because they were supposed to happen in accordance with the changeless, the positively divine laws of Political Economy.

THE wage-slaves of the early and middle nineteenth century were treated a good deal worse than most of the chattel slaves of antiquity and modern times. Naturally; for a chattel slave was a valuable possession and nobody wantonly destroys valuable possessions. It was only when conquest had made slaves enormously plentiful and cheap that the owner class permitted itself to be extravagant with its labour resources. Thus, the Spaniards wiped out the whole of the aboriginal population of the West Indies in a few generations. The average life of an Indian slave in a mine was about a year. When he had been worked to death, the mine-owner bought another slave, for practically nothing. Slaves were a natural product of the soil, which the Spaniards felt themselves at liberty to waste, as the Americans now feel themselves at liberty to waste petroleum. But in normal times, when the supply of slaves was limited, owners were more careful of their possessions. The slave was then treated with at least as much consideration as a mule or a donkey. Nineteenth-century industrialists were in the position of conquerors having a suddenly dilated supply of slave labour on which to draw. Machinery had increased production, hitherto empty lands were supplying cheap food, while imported nitrates were increasing the home supply: It was therefore possible for the population to increase and, when it is possible for the population to increase, it generally does increase, rapidly at first and then, as a certain density is approached, with diminishing acceleration. The industrialists of the last century were living at the time of the population's most rapid increase. There was an endless supply of slaves. They could afford to be extravagant and, anæsthetizing their consciences with the consoling thought that it was all in accordance with those Iron Laws that were so popular in scientific circles at the period, and trusting with truly Christian faith that the wage-slaves would get their compensation in a Better World, they *were* extravagant—with a vengeance!

Wage-slaves were worked to death at high speed; but there were always new ones coming in to take their places, fairly begging the capitalists to work *them* to death too. The efficiency of these slaves while being worked to death on starvation wages was, of course, very low; but there were so many of them and they cost so little, that the owners could rely on quantity to make up for any defect in quality.

SUCH was the position in the industrial world when Marx wrote his celebrated and almost universally unread work. The Proletariat, as he knew it, was exploited and victimized as only, in the slave-holding past, the conquered had been exploited and victimized. Marx's whole theory of contemporary history and future industrial development depended on the continued existence of precisely that particular Proletariat with which he was familiar. He did not foresee the possibility of that Proletariat's ceasing to exist. For him it was to be forever and inevitably victimized and exploited—that is, until revolution had founded the communist state.

The facts have proved him wrong. The Proletariat as he knew it has ceased—or, if that is too sweeping a statement, let us say, "is ceasing"—to exist in America and, to a less extent, in industrialized Europe. The higher the degree of industrial development and material civilization (which is not at all the same thing, incidentally, as civilization *tout court)*, the more complete has been the transformation of the Proletariat. In the most fully industrialized countries the Proletariat is no longer abject; it is prosperous, its way of life approximates to that of the bourgeoisie. No longer the victim, it is actually, in some places, coming to be the victimizer.

THE causes of this change are many and diverse. In the depths of the human soul lies something which we rationalize as a demand for justice. It is an obscure perception of the necessity for balance in the affairs of life; we are conscious of it as a passion for equity, a hungering after righteousness. An obvious lack of balance in the outside world outrages this feeling for equity within us, gradually and cumulatively outrages it, until we are driven to react, often extravagantly, against the forces of disequilibrium. Just as the aristocratic power-holders of eighteenth-century France were driven, by their outraged sentiment of equity, to preach humanitarianism and equality, to give away their hereditary privileges and yield without a struggle to the demands of the revolutionaries, so the industrial-bourgeois power-holders of the nineteenth century passed laws to restrain their own cupidity, handed over more and more of their power to the Proletariat they had so outrageously exploited and even, in individual cases, took a strange masochistic pleasure in sacrificing themselves to the victims, serving the servants and being humiliated by the oppressed.

If they had chosen to use their power ruthlessly, they could have gone on exploiting the wage-slaves as they exploited them in the earlier part of the century. But they simply could not make such a choice; for the unbalanced world of the early industrial epoch was felt by the deepest self as an outrage. Hence, in the later nineteenth century, that "craven fear of being great" which afflicted and still afflicts the class of masters. Here, then, is one cause of the change. It is a cause which historical materialists, who deal not with real human beings but with abstract "Economic Men," do not consider. It is none

the less potent. In the world where historical materialists are at home there was also a good store of causes. Organization of the Proletariat. Revolutionary propaganda culminating in more or less revolutionary violence. And above all the momentous discovery that it pays the capitalist to have a prosperous Proletariat about him. It pays him to pay well, because those who are paid well buy well, particularly when hypnotized by the incessant suggestions of modern advertising.

The policy of modern capitalism is to teach the monied Proletariat to be wasteful, to organize and facilitate its extravagance and at the same time to make that extravagance possible by paying high wages in return for high production. The newly enriched Proletariat is suggested into spending what it earns and even into mortgaging its future earnings in the purchase of objects which the advertisers persuasively affirm to be necessities or at least indispensable luxuries. The money circulates and the prosperity of the modern industrial state is assured—until such time, at any rate, as the now extravagantly squandered resources of the planet begin to run low. But this eventuality is still, by the standards of an individual life, though not by those of history and infinitely less by those of geology, remote.

MEANWHILE, what is happening, or likely to happen in the future, to Karl Marx's Proletariat? Briefly, this is happening. It is becoming a branch of the *bourgeoisie*—a *bourgeoisie* that happens to work in factories and not in offices; a *bourgeoisie* with oily instead of inky fingers. Out of working hours the way of life of these two branches of the modern *bourgeoisie* is the same. Inevitably, since they earn the same wages. For in highly industrialized states, like America, there is a tendency towards equalization of income. There is a tendency for the unskilled workman to be paid as much as the skilled—or rather, since the machine tool is abolishing the difference between them, for skilled and unskilled to fuse into a single semi-skilled type with a given standard of wages—and for the manual worker to be paid as much as the professional man. (As things stand, he is often paid more than the professional. A constructional engineer overseeing the building of an American skyscraper may actually be paid less than a plasterer at work on the interior walls of the building. Bricklayers earn more than many doctors, draughtsmen, analytical chemists, teachers and the like. This is partly due to the fact that the manual workers are more numerous and better organized than the brain workers and are therefore in a better position to bargain with the capitalists; partly to the overcrowding of the professions with the finished products of an educational system that turns out more would-be brain workers than there are places to fill—or for that matter than there are brains to work!)

But to return to our transmogrified Proletariat. The equalization of income—that happy consummation from which Mr. Bernard Shaw expects all blessings automatically to flow—is in process of being realized under the capitalist system in America. What the immediate future promises is a vast plateau of standardized income—the plateau being composed of manual labourers and the bulk of the class of clerks and small professional men—with a relatively small number of peaks rising from it to more or less giddy heights of opulence. On these peaks will be perched the hereditary owners of property, the directors of industry and finance and the exceptionally able and successful professional men. Given this transformation of the Proletariat into a branch of the *bourgeoisie*, given this equalization—at an unprecedentedly high level and over an area unprecedentedly wide—of standard income, the doctrines of socialism lose most of their charm and the communist revolution becomes rather pointless.

THOSE who inhabit paradise do not dream of yet remoter heavens (though it seems to me more than likely that they yearn rather wistfully sometimes for hell). The socialist paradise is a world where all share equally and the fullness of every man's stomach is guaranteed by the state. For the ordinary man the important items of this programme will be the equality of sharing and the fullness of the stomach; he will not care who guarantees him these blessings, so long as guaranteed they are. If capitalism guarantees them, he will not dream of violently overthrowing capitalism for the sake of receiving precisely the same advantage from the socialist state. So that, if the present tendency continues, it would seem that the danger of a strictly communistic revolution in the highly developed industrial countries, like America, will disappear. What may happen, however, is a more gradual change in the present organization of capitalist society. A change for which capitalism itself will have been largely responsible. For by levelling up incomes at present low, in order that all may buy its productions, American capitalism is doing more for the democratization of society than any number of idealistic preachers of the Rights of Man. Indeed, it has transformed these famous rights and the claim that all men are equal from a polite fiction into the beginnings of a fact. In so doing, it seems to me, capitalism is preparing its own downfall—or rather the downfall of the extremely rich people who are now at the head of capitalist enterprise. For it is obvious that you cannot preach democracy—and not merely preach it but actually give it practical realization throughout large tracts of society—without arousing in men the desire to be consistent and carry through the practical democratization of society to the end. We shall see, I believe, the realization of what seems at first sight a paradox—the imposition of complete democratic equality as the result, not of monstrous injustice, poverty, discontent and consequent bloody revolution, but of partial equalization and universal prosperity.

PAST revolutions failed to produce the perfect democracy in whose name they were always made, because the great masses of the down-trodden were too abjectly poor to be able even to imagine the possibility of being the equals of their oppressors. Only those who were already well on the road towards economic equality with their masters ever profited by these revolutions. Revolutions have always benefited the already prosperous and well organized. In America under modern capitalism the whole Proletariat is prosperous and well organized; it is therefore in a position to feel its essential equality with its masters. It stands in the same relation to the rich industrial overlords as did the English industrial and professional *bourgeoisie* to the territorial magnates in 1832, or the lawyers, the merchants, the financiers to the French crown and its nobles in 1789. Incomes have been levelled up; automatically there will arise a demand that they shall also be levelled down. If a plasterer is worth as much as a constructional engineer, an oil driller as much as a geologist (and according to modern capitalist-democratic theory they deserve the same wage inasmuch as each is a man or, in economic language, a consumer)—if this equality is considered just in theory and consecrated in practice by the payment of equal wages, then, it is obvious, there can be no justifiable inequality between the incomes of plasterer and engineer on the one hand and company director and stock-holder on the other. Either violently or, more probably, by a gradual and more or less painless process of propaganda, pressure of public opinion and finally legislation, incomes will be levelled down as they are now being levelled up; vast fortunes will be broken up; ownership of joint-stock companies will be more and more widely distributed and the directors of these enterprises will be paid as much as the most unskilled workman or the most learned scientific expert in their employ, as much and no more. For why should one consumer receive more than another? No man has more than one stomach to fill with food, one back to put clothes on, one posterior to sit in a motor car with. A century should see the more or less complete realization in America and the industrial West of Mr. Shaw's dream of equal incomes for all.

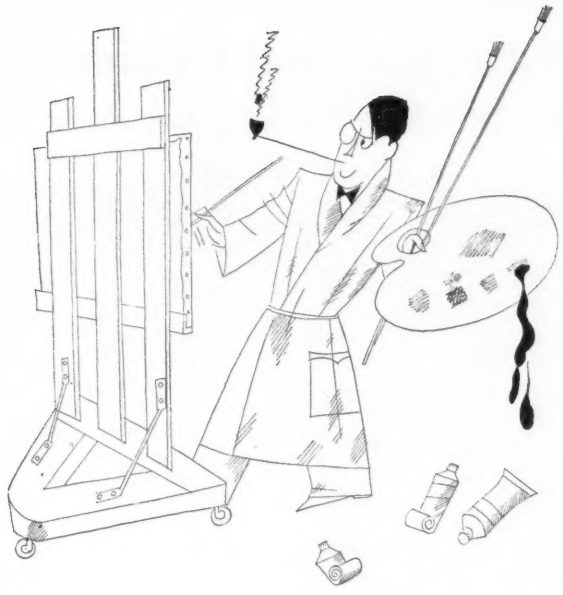
AND when the dream has been actualized, what then? Will all be for the best in the best of possible worlds? Will the spectre of revolution be definitely laid and humanity live happily for ever afterwards? Mr. Shaw, at any rate, seems to imagine so. Only once, if I remember, in the whole length of his *Guide to Socialism* does he even suggest that man does not live by equal incomes alone; and then suggests it so slightly, so passingly that the reader is still left with the impression that in equality of income lies the solution of every problem life has to offer. Fantastic doctrine, all the more absurd for being so eminently positive, practical, business-like! For nothing could be more chimerical than the notion that Man is the same thing as the Economic Man and that the problems of life, Man's life, can be solved by any arrangement in the merely economic sphere. To suppose that the equalization of income could solve these problems is only slightly less absurd than to suppose that they could be solved by the universal installation of sanitary plumbing or the distribution of Ford cars to every member of the human species. That the equalization of income might in some ways be a good thing is obvious. (It might also, in others, be bad; it would mean, for example, the complete practical realization of the democratic ideal and this in its turn would mean, almost inevitably, the apotheosis of the lowest human values and the rule, spiritual and material, of the worst men.) But good or bad, the equalization of

(Continued on page 104)

Pity the Struggling Artist

Heartrending Glimpses of the Professional Woes and Worries We Have So Often Heard About

Drawings by
DE LAVERERIE



A PAINTER'S PAIN

Although an eminently successful painter, Albert's life is fraught with trying moments, as now for instance when, to earn a paltry $9,000, he must paint a pet pekinese, surrounded by an enormous lady. Could anything be more ignoble!

DANSE TRISTE

Rigo, famous fandangoist, is rehearsing in his apartment at the Ritz-Carlton. But his heart is bitter. He has just heard that Rodriguez, his rival, has embarked from Barcelona for Broadway, and if there is one thing Rigo despises it is competition

A STAR'S SORROWS

Even leading ladies have their sorrows. Angela, reading her new play, discovers another feminine rôle, meatier than her own. But wait until she has another Diamond Fizz and calls up her manager. Maybe there won't be a shifting of lines then!

AN AFFLICTED AUTHOR

One would take Enrico Van Dusen, who writes nothing but best sellers, to be a mere machine, a soulless robot. But no,—he is subject to frightful nerve crises, particularly when he finds that his publishers have short-counted the words of one of his new manuscripts

A DIVA IN DISTRESS

Madame Favolle is experiencing a singer's most tragic moment, when she realizes that the high C she used to take so easily is just out of range. Under such distressing circumstances, we ask, what is a diva to do before such a very expensive accompanist?

Grimm's—and Grimmer

Being Much Ado About a Little Stark Realism in the Current New York Theatre Fare

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THE ghost of Zola walks again. Realism has come to roost—and to rule.

Street Scene is the most interesting, and incidentally the most successful play of this season; and *Street Scene* is completely realistic. *Harlem*, a bad drama but a pretty good show of black-and-tan complexion, roars away towards another grade of realism. Extravaganzas like *Mima*, wonderlandish satires like *Serena Blandish*, have an equally definite ambition to get away from realism. Parlour comedies like *Let Us Be Gay* try to find that compromise between the blunt truth and the glossy fiction which parlour comedies always try for. Realism demands, realism forbids. All of these new pieces say either yea or nay to realism—or else just a coy, "well, perhaps". But, this way or that way, realism will be served.

Elmer Rice has written many plays in many ways. His past experiments have carried him through quite all the moods and methods. Credit him with that artistic unrest which is the bride of extreme versatility. The author of *The Adding Machine* was also the author of *On Trial*. The man who could indulge in the embittered expressionism of *The Subway* (a play whose only fault seems to have been that it arrived here too late to put its successors to shame) has also spent profitable time collaborating (with Philip Barry) on such light, trim exercises as *Cock Robin*. Now, of a sudden, he returns in *Street Scene* to a realism that is tricky, a realism that is almost pageant, but a realism absolute and utterly unsymbolical and unshamed.

TIMES SQUARE reverberates with the merry news that *Street Scene* was rejected by eleven of the town's canniest producers before William A. Brady opened his ancient arms to give it hospice. All of which proves nothing —not even the fallibility of the eleven canniest producers. But it does hint of the unusualness of *Street Scene*, and perhaps of the terrific aid its script must demand of an even more unusual production.

Somewhere in New York—25 West 65th Street, to be exact—is an old-fashioned flat-house which teems with the humanity of its kind, the clamour of everyday living, the vagrant odours and echoes and muddy heel-tracks of congested city existence. Mr. Rice's play shows you the exterior of this house, a fearfully exact replica, glass windows, stone steps, genuine concrete pavement and all. It shows you the herd which lives therein . . . until you feel like a Mahomet towards whom whole slums are coming.

With something of the fury of hungry maggots on a slab of old cheese the humans overrun this building. Horribly casual and intimate things happen to them in their jostlings. Young love picks its course across clumps of wrangling elders, gossips who watch obscenely, adulterers who ply their lust and grief behind shabby window shades pulled down in the midday.

Murder, carousal, a baby born in the restless, sweaty night, a frustrated idyll of young lovers, the boozy racket of bullies and cheap sports and jabbering neighbors . . . an orchestral *mêlée* playing in concerto against the solo instrument of the street itself: a street which is, of its own accord, the chief actor, the fatalist, the God of the Machine-Age, the villain in the lives of all its gasping, aspiring, plodding inhabitants.

Nothing has been left out. Mr. Rice has collected his details with infinite enthusiasm. The more the realler. The janitor and his ash-can, the old harridan parading her poodle, the incessant stream of passersby whose faces are strange with pallor and wens and bandages and whose mouths leak meaningless but provocative fragments of talk across the foreground of the stage . . . they are all there, sprayed upon the project in a thick, profuse stream. There is not the faintest glow of symbolism about it. There is not the least hesitance for the sake of subtlety or second meaning. This is simply realism's holiday, something as inclusive and exciting and as matter-of-fact-and-feat as one of those huge, solid fire-fighting exhibitions in old-time Coney Island.

AGAINST such massy veristics—and such semi-veristics as *Harlem*, a crude, black-faced barbecue which seems to have been written with the earnest but uncertain fluid made by spitting in an inkwell—against such as these, two fantasies stand. There have been a few other fantasies, but wretched ones, apologetic ones, fleeing too soon for present recalling. *Mima* and *Serena Blandish* alone stand firm. Well, fairly firm.

Mima was manufactured to do just that. Fantasy it may be, but fantasy concocted of brutishly heavy hardware, embossed sheet-iron, rivets and cogs and an even heavier humour. *Mima* is a play by Molnár. I have great love for Molnár at his best, and I would acknowledge the superiority of his second-best, too; but *Mima* is Molnár at his worst. This English version of him, all encased in resounding metal and solemn, graceless spectacle, is an amazing Mecca for the curious hordes who still hanker for Hippodramatic entertainment—but it is certainly the worst of Molnár's worst, if Molnár at all.

Those who saw the play abroad say it was a middling-good satire. It was frankly vulgar, they say, but it was merry; it had some point and pith and plenty of Grade-B imagination about it. It was a rough and rowdy lot of foolery against a corrupt European society. It appealed to the Offenbachfisch. But here, all boiler-plated and bumptious and oxidized to make a background for the furnished sex-appeal of Lenore Ulrich, it appeals to a ten times larger and a twenty times dumber crowd. It is all set in Hell . . . and, if all fantasies were as dull, I wish they would take the same direction.

Both *Mima* and *Serena*, please note, were produced by gentlemen who have made their fames in a theatre of intense realism. Jed Harris's swift supremacy has come from his ability to turn such mean places as a Broadway cabaret and a Chicago press-room into whirlwinds of dramatic detail and accumulative thrill. One can well imagine with what new feelings Mr. Harris turned to the presentation of such a fanciful, gleefully unearthly project as Samuel Behrmann's fugue on the theme of that one-time novel, *Serena Blandish*.

Author and producer foresaw *Serena*, I've no doubt, as a *Cinderella* for sophisticates, a fable for the jaded, a Grimm's fairy tale turned exquisitely topsy-turvy for the benefit of those who can no longer believe in that kind of fairies. They'd keep the good Grimm's trimmings: there'd be an air of enchantment and silvery believe-it-or-not insouciance about all their saucy scheme. There'd be much stylish acting. There'd be dreamy music behind quite all the scenes. There'd be settings of sly grandeur and transparency. But the heart of the tale, once they'd cut it open, would spurt only golf-ball acid.

So *Serena*, for all her orchidaceous old godmother and her modern equivalent for a coach-and-six, would never find a prince with honourable intentions. A nobleman might take her slipper off, but with no thought of replacing it with a glass one of matrimony. In the book, if you remember, she did finally couple up with a gorgeous blackamoor. The play takes her off on a less ticklish but even more negatious tangent. It is a world-weary fantasy.

THE parlour comedy is a rare bird, long since despaired of in our American haunts. We like characters in overalls, dialogues in olive-drab. We have so seldom inveigled our audiences into an enjoyment of the upper classes. We seem to insist that there should be dress clothes on only our side of the footlights. This is a priggish crochet. By snubbing high comedy we lose the most gracious of all mediums between fact and fiction. Which is why Rachel Crothers' *Let Us Be Gay*, a parlour comedy, and a successful one, is doubly welcome.

This isn't, of course, the same sort of parlour comedy that Clyde Fitch played pat-a-cake with. It isn't at all the lustred wittiness of Wilde. It is something faintly real and ruddy. Its people indulge in tart epithets, not smart epigrams. They tell each other to go to hell—and they are merry about it. That may be the Lonsdale influence. It may be a proof that, when we must have a comedy of manners, we prefer them to be bad ones . . . even as yours and mine.

But it is a good, playful situation which Miss Crothers has built up: an ex-wife and a divorced husband meeting after three years at a house-party where none of the other guests have any idea of their former relationship, and where it is their hostess's pet hope that they will be attracted to each other. Sometimes this conspiracy grazes the romantic prettily, sometimes it crashes straight on into

(Continued on page 106)

DEIICHEN

"Let Us Be Gay"—Francine Larrimore

In a Sparkling Rôle, the Comédienne Lends Added Zest to Rachel Crothers' New Play of Divorce

The Exclusive Managers

Being Some Reflections on Walter Winchell's Feat in Passing Through the Eye of a Needle

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WHEN a half-witted extravaganza called *Animal Crackers* was brought to Broadway last October as a means of restoring the four Marx Brothers to the devoted bosom of their New York public, the chief journalistic interest in the *première* turned not so much on the excellence of the piece (which proved, I think, to be somewhat less meritorious than *The Mikado*) as on the question whether one Walter Winchell would be suffered to attend it.

Master Winchell is the quondam song-and-dance man from the two-a-day who, as the playboy of the *Evening Graphic*, has been more hungrily read and more frequently quoted than any other columnist of his era in New York. But his efficiency as a dramatic critic was being somewhat impaired, or at least limited, by the circumstance that the Messrs. Shubert, who either own or control a vast majority of what (with a perfectly straight face, mind you) are called "the legitimate theatres" along Broadway, would not allow him to enter their playhouses if they could help it. And they usually can.

It seems that the fellow had offended the highly sensitive magnates. When, largely at the expense of her admiring husband, a certain Hope Hampton was momentarily starred at the Shubert Theatre in a costly disaster called *My Princess*, the rough-shod Winchell, in contemplating the spendthrift waste of that endeavour, was so *gauche* as to think that some general observations on the usual fate of suckers in the show business would be timely. Then, when one Edna Leedom was exposed to view in another harlequinade, the management was grieved because Winchell's notice of that production was headed "Leedom and Weep." Finally the Shuberts became so annoyed with him that his name was put upon their black list, and the detectives ever stationed at their doors on opening nights were instructed to bar his entrance, no matter with whom he might arrive nor how he had obtained the ticket proffered.

AGAINST this edict all concerned with the production of *Animal Crackers* showed rather more of a disposition to struggle than is usually manifested during such altercations by the timid, weak-kneed gentry of the theatre. This time the producer, the author, and even the chief comedians, all insisted so angrily on Winchell's admission that the *première* of their entertainment became a kind of test case. The Shuberts redoubled their guards at every door, and even, I suspect, put a barbed wire entanglement around the coal-hole in 44th Street. But Winchell attended the *première* just the same.

He attended it because, in the final afternoon hours before the curtain rose, when the great people of the theatre are supposed to be engaged in that contemplative solitude which will induce just the right mood whereby they can give their best to their art, Harpo Marx was running breathless about the city, collecting the whiskers, wen, spectacles, false nose, false stomach, ulster, tippet and umbrella by which he could transform the gratified Winchell into a long-lost uncle of the Marxes, who should accompany them through the stage door to the dressing-rooms.

If, during the ensuing performance, the mobile countenance of that matchless comedian wore a rather more complacent expression than is either becoming to it or, indeed, characteristic of it, the explanation lay in the fact that out of the corner of his eye he could see the bone of contention was watching all their antics from the wings. This was none other than their old uncle Winchell, who was up to his neck in chorus girls, and also further imperilled by falling scenery, but who was, as Louisa Alcott used to say, "enjoying it all immensely." Harpo's face, his valet tells me, was even more interesting to study next day as he cast his eye down the column of Winchell's review, only to note that the show was no great shakes, and that the Marxes had been a bit off too. "Harpo," said Mr. Winchell, "was simply terrible."

WHENEVER such internecine strife shakes the theatre, the excluded critic is additionally harried by on-looking laymen who afflict him with well-meant counsel. "Why," they ask, "don't you *buy* your tickets?" just as though the troubled scribes were battling to save not the freedom of the press but rather the price of a seat on the aisle. Or they plague him further by saying: "Why, old man, the managers have no *right* to keep you out." With this heartening dictum, the recorded opinion of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York does not, as it happens, coincide. The right to exclude Mr. Winchell was decided some thirteen years ago, when these same managers laid a similar ban on the reviewer then reporting the state of the drama for the New York *Times*. He was a young (in this perspective the age of 27 seems adolescent) and (at least in his critical capacity) inoffensive newspaper man, an erstwhile reporter who had held the critic's post for only a year, when the ill-advised Shuberts trained their guns upon him. After first hinting broadly that he was distasteful to them, after next sending his usual seats (which were promptly returned) to the managing editor with the request that someone else, anyone else, on the *Times* staff be assigned to occupy them, they finally met him at the stage door of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where a new play was scheduled for performance, with the polite but resolute announcement that he could not come in. Fifteen minutes later the publisher of the *Times* (apparently loath to delegate, even to Lee Shubert, the decision as to what should and what should not appear in his newspaper) was telephoning the advertising agency involved a fair warning that, beginning with next morning's breakfast, the advertisements of the Shubert enterprises would, as a matter of reprisal, be excluded from the *Times*.

Thereafter, for more than a year, the readers of that newspaper insofar as they depended upon it for their information about the theatre, were kept in often beneficial ignorance of all entertainment even faintly affiliated with the Shuberts. No play or players managed by them, no play or player appearing on any one of their stages, was ever mentioned in one of its columns. Among other consequences, Lee Shubert would have some rather trying half-hours with an actor like E. H. Sothern, then appearing at the Booth in what he solemnly promised was his farewell engagement, who would report the painful experience of having dined out during the sixth month of his engagement only to have his hostess complain fretfully because he was not acting in New York that season. Up and down Broadway the wiseacres, who always enjoy nothing so much as a good, bloody shindig, chuckled contentedly, and spread the news that it was a boycott over at the *Times*.

Then, in the name of their reviewer, who was sometimes quite unfeelingly referred to as the bonehead of contention, the *Times*' legal department asked for an injunction restraining the Shuberts from halting the ink-stained wretch in his nightly quest of the truth about the drama. Such procedure meant not only that the legal aspect of the question would, for once-in-a-way, be clarified, but that by reporting the court proceedings the *Times* could let its readers know **all about the fine, truculent** independence of its advertisers, a genuine, far-sighted, courageous independence which even then was making that newspaper more sinewy every year, but to which the *Times* itself could seldom call attention, just as a woman finds few opportunities at dinner to refer in casual conversation to her own chastity.

WHEN *Trilby* was revived at the Shubert that winter, with the galumphing Phyllis Neilsen-Terry in the title rôle, the *Times* reviewer came through a blizzard to attend it, flanked on either side by lawyers in silk hats, process servers in bowlers, reporters in simple fedoras and the like, and himself buoyed up by the hope that whatever guard was on the door that evening would be sufficiently literate to spell out the court order forbidding him to bar the way. For this was, I think, the first instance anywhere in the world of a play being reviewed under an injunction. And, since it was necessary to demonstrate to the readers that it was indeed the barred critic who was writing the review of *Trilby*, the review was signed. This was the first time that a *Times* critic was suffered to emerge from that obscuring, inexpensive anonymity which had previously kept the paltry fellows in their places. Indeed, all that I am I owe to Lee Shubert, God bless him.

The first specimen exclusion was then reinforced by twenty-one other instances of the reviewer being stopped at a Shubert threshold. These skirmishes, conducted only for the sake of the record, were carried out with great good humour by both sides, and added considerably to the gayety of an otherwise uneventful dramatic season. The case went through the courts

(Continued on page 124)

REINHARDT GALLERY

Head of a Little Girl—By André Derain

A New Portrait Now on View in New York by a French Painter, the Peer of Matisse and Picasso

THE painting, *Head of a Little Girl*, reproduced above and on exhibition in New York, is the work of the French master, André Derain. But the illusion of the pale, childish flesh and the firm, delicate head, the immediacy of the portrait as an experience, are withheld from those who have not seen the original. Derain is in art the prototype *par excellence* of the Natural Man, he disdains the mathematics and the theory of painting, and approaches his subjects with a joy and assurance that cannot be rebuffed. Thus, his subjects yield to him their secret life and convey themselves with undiminished freshness to his two-dimensional canvas. Derain paints with a spontaneity that is like a superb carelessness. He draws his composition with his brush with a facility that is never guilty of the sin of preciosity and, at its best, reveals—as in this portrait, now at the Reinhardt Gallery—an infinite charm. Last year Derain won the ten-thousand-dollar Carnegie Prize at Pittsburgh, pointing America's responsiveness to his work. Over fifty canvases of his have been bought in the United States during the past year

Three Legends

Wherein an Employee, a Husband and a Restaurateur, Are Subjected to Embarrassment

By FERENC MOLNÁR

§1

SCENE: the corner of a *café* frequented by artists. (They always arrive in the late afternoon, a few minutes after dusk. Their table is the noisiest of all. They talk with much gusto and temperament, several of them at the same time. I am convinced that the reason for their strange behaviour may be found in the fact that painters do not stop working when they want to, but when sunset compels them to do so. Consequently, the artist, still full of inspiration, cannot possibly put brakes on his excited nerves from one minute to another. He hurries to his *café*, to his colleagues, and there he continues to paint pictures, word pictures until he gets tired of it.)

As I was saying, the painters' table. But—this time they are not talking of art. Their arguments are as old as humanity itself. "He is a bad man!" "He isn't really bad. He is only an egotist!" Then: a vehement discussion about the difference between the good man and the bad man. Very feeble examples of an occasional good man. Brilliant examples of bad men. Finally: a contest. Who committed the greatest, most perfect mischief? Prize: a big cigar. I shall relate here only the prize-winning mischief.

"I WAS sixteen years old," begins one of them, "and, with my schoolmates, we gave a New Year's Eve party. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when we started to go home in the snow. We drank a great deal and were all recklessly good-humoured. Passing by a letter-box I noticed that the corner of a letter peeked out from the slit through which one drops letters into the box. The box was full of belated New Year's greetings and there was no room for some of the letters. I took the envelope out of the box. As we all know, some people do not seal letters because postage rates are smaller when they are unsealed. There was a namecard in the envelope, the card of some Second Assistant Manager in one of the government offices. The text wished the honourable Mr. So-and-So a very happy and prosperous New Year. Mr. So-and-So's name and title were on the envelope and we observed that Mr. So-and-So was the Second Assistant Manager's immediate superior.

"'Come,' I told my friends. 'This will be a great joke.'

"We went to the next *café* and asked for pen and ink. I was fairly adept in imitating anybody's handwriting so I took the pen and, after a few attempts on a piece of paper, changed the period at the end of the Second Assistant Manager's sentence to a comma and added the following to it: 'and takes the liberty to warn him that if he continues to treat his inferiors in the same stupid and unjust manner in the New Year as he did in the past, he will soon come to grief.'

"The forgery was perfect. I put the card back into its envelope, dropped the envelope in the letter-box, laughed, and went home to sleep. That's all."

The jury adjudged him the prize on the following grounds:

1. The mischief done was totally unselfish.

2. The consequences of the mischief were well-nigh infinite. Consider the chief's first surprise when he received the card. Or, the first meeting between the chief and his well-wisher. Did the chief tell him anything about it or did he merely let him feel the power of his anger throughout the remainder of his official life? What did the well-wisher say when the chief actually showed him the card? Did the chief believe the well-wisher when he swore that he had not written the second half of the sentence? Who else had written it? Who else could have possibly written it? Then the well-wisher's sleepless nights during which he tried to figure out this infernal puzzle for himself. How *did* the new lines get into the letter? The chief's thoughts: had this man gone crazy? Or, supposing that he did believe that someone else had written the second part, who was interested in the insult? Had the forgery occurred in the well-wisher's or in the chief's house? Or perhaps there was no forgery at all, the well-wisher merely made a bet that he would "tell the boss where to get off."

Then the possible psychological effects of the affair on the chief: did he actually begin to contemplate whether he had treated his inferiors in a stupid and unjust manner or did he not? The two men must have thought of a thousand possibilities, but never once of the true one: namely, that a perfect stranger had taken the card out of the mail-box, hastily added a few words to it, and had then thrown it back again.

§2

SCENE: the terrace of the *café* of a *grand hôtel de luxe*, the most expensive of them all, at Carlsbad, at the height of the season, in Summer. Time: three o'clock in the afternoon.

The terrace is crowded to overflowing. The windows of the rooms on the second floor are directly above it. Suddenly, a lady appears in the window on the corner and calls out to her husband who is quietly sipping his after-lunch coffee on the crowded terrace:

"Leo, I want to read the paper and I can't find it. Where have you put it?"

All the patrons on the terrace crane their necks in the general direction of the pretty woman in the window.

"I think it's on the night-table," answers, somewhat embarrassed, Leo.

The woman disappears from the window. Leo is visibly annoyed because of the attention she has created. A second later, she appears again, but this time in the window next to the corner-window.

"It isn't there."

"Then I don't know where I've put it," answers Leo.

The woman disappears from the second window, only to reappear a moment later in the third one:

"Haven't you taken it with you?"

"No, I haven't."

She withdraws from the third window and reappears in the fourth one:

"Isn't it in your pocket?"

"No, it isn't."

She retreats from the fourth window and shows herself in a fifth one:

"I can't find it anywhere."

Leo is utterly embarrassed, for every time his wife comes into view, the attention of the entire terrace is aroused and everybody looks up at her. He is already blushing.

"Just look for it," he says.

She disappears again, but soon she springs up in the sixth window, then in the seventh, and, finally, in the eighth one, reporting every time that she cannot find the newspaper.

Leo is a good husband. He rises, goes to the newsstand in the lobby, buys the paper, and takes it up to his wife. When he enters the room, his wife is sitting in an armchair reading the paper.

"What's this? Have you found it?"

"I have never even lost it," says she.

The answer renders Leo speechless.

"What are you staring at me for?" asks she. "We've been here only since this morning and I simply had to find a way to let the *hoi polloi* know that we occupy a four room apartment on the second floor which has eight windows."

§3

THE late Wampetics told me this story on a Summer's day, at lunch, beneath the shadowy trees of the garden of his restaurant, dear old Wampetics, dean of Budapest's *restaurateurs*. I remember it, because it had a *Biedermeyer* flavour and because it characterized a refined and tactful old gentleman. This refined and tactful old gentleman was Baron Frederick Podmaniczky, ex-speaker of the Hungarian House of Representatives who ate his lunch, day after day, year after year, from early Spring until late Autumn, in complete solitude at his accustomed and regular table in Wampetics's garden.

Wampetics's was an amazing place: superb cuisine, much clatter, overwhelming temperament. One day, they took the soup to Baron Podmaniczky and there were two flies in it. And this was not the first time.

The Baron put down his spoon and called the waiter:

"I should like to speak to Wampetics."

Wampetics arrived breathlessly and bowed deeply:

"My dear *M.* Wampetics," began Baron Podmaniczky in a gentle, charming, barely audible voice, "it is very praiseworthy of you to try and please me at all costs, but who told you that I like my soup with two flies in it? Now, if you want to do me a really great favour, please, be kind enough to give me my soup clear, and serve the flies on a separate plate. I shall then put just so many of them in my soup as I fancy most at the moment."

(Right)
LE SOURIRE INTIME

This balanced and provocative study in wood by Numa Patlagean, whose sculptures are now on exhibition at the Bourgeois Gallery, shows the astonishing command that *M.* Patlagean has won over his medium, his ingenious use of decorative head-dress, and his ability to evoke authentically an ironically mocking, equivocal personality

JEUNE FILLE

The simple and charming head, *Jeune Fille,* is an excellent instance of Numa Patlagean's experiments in the medium of bronze. *M.* Patlagean studied at the *Ecole d'Art* in Geneva and the *Academie Nationale des Beaux Arts* of Paris, and has regularly exhibited at the *Salon d'Automne* as well as at the *Salon National des Beaux Arts*

(Below)
CLOWN

This sculpture in wood, entitled *Clown,* is far more than a jest, it is an acute study of a complex type of man. It reminds one that *M.* Patlagean began with Rodin (and has continued) his studies of the morphology of human forms in its relation to art, and has lectured widely on the subject during his several visits to this country

L'AMIE INCONNUE

This head in wood, *L'Amie Inconnue,* exhibits admirably the most apparent characteristics of Patlagean's work, the elimination of fussy detail, the highly individual feeling for spiritual essences, and the perennial flexibility and elusiveness of the artist's method. The Bourgeois Gallery show presents the full range and definition of his work

Sculptures by Numa Patlagean

Presenting Some Examples in Wood and Bronze of the Work of the Versatile French Sculptor

NUMA PATLAGEAN, some examples of whose sculpture in wood and bronze are shown on this page, is a Frenchman, born in Russia but reared from the age of twelve in French Provence. His current exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York, though he has exhibited here before, is his first "one-man" show in America. Working in wood, bronze and terra-cotta and producing now an explicit portrait-study, now a stylized irony, and again a frank buffoonery or a beautiful and sensitive head with a hint of the archaic, *M.* Patlagean's force does not seem to be diminished by the dispersal of his genius. For he shows an almost sensuous pleasure in the psychological mysteries of humanity whence he logically derives a delicate and demi-godlike humour

STEICHEN

An Impersonator of Queen Victoria

Willard Joray in His Remarkable Imitations of Britain's Ruler and Preceptress (1837-1901)

TAKE heart, O ye little ones! This is no clarion-call to a Back-to-the-Parlour Movement. It is merely an imposture: If the twentieth century wants Queen Victoria back, it can have her. For now there has arisen a young man with Royalist sympathies and the blood, through a female cousin, of John of Gaunt, who offers on the stage or off a faithful facsimile of Queen Victoria, conceived in reverence and dedicated to the proposition that there never was an infallible Queen nor a bad actor. Mr. Willard Joray (for that is the name of this exceptionally clever impersonator) has been doing his imitations of the Queen only since January of this year and is already a household word from here to Ultima Thule. Soon he is to appear in a revue, in a sketch to be written around the ruler who sat for sixty-four years on the throne of the British Empire. Mr. Joray was discovered by Beatrice Lillie who now imitates his imitation. He had previously acted in *What Price Glory, Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra* and with Jane Cowl in *The Road to Rome*. He has based his impersonation so soundly on research that old servants of Queen Victoria have testified to the fidelity of his interpretation. Some of his scenes are *At a Brahms Concert After Eating a Grouse Dinner, At the Unveiling of the Albert Memorial, Riding Through Hyde Park Behind Frisky Horses* and *Listening to Alfred Lord Tennyson Reading "In Memoriam"*

Country Town Notes

Reminiscences and Opinions as Engendered in the Atmosphere of a Small Town Print Shop

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

IT seems Mayor Maxwell of Marion, Virginia, and the town council of this fair town recently went Bolshevik on roller skating. Roller skating became for the time and in the minds of the city fathers almost a capital offense. The Watkins boys had a roller skating rink here. Where they came from, we don't know. They were tall young fellows who looked like mountain men to us. Had they confined themselves to roller skating and raking in the shekels, everything might have been all right.

But it seems they were up to other things—poker playing, for example. One of the Watkins boys got caught engaged in such a game.

This is said to have been the first poker game ever played in the history of Smyth County, Virginia.

So Mr. Watkins was up before His Honour. "So-and-so many dollars and sixty days in jail," His Honour said—"and you don't need to go to jail if you close the skating rink, get out of town and take your rink out with you."

WHICH was all right and might have been justice. Justice is a thing we know little or nothing about. Often at night we awaken out of a deep sleep, trembling from head to foot for fear justice may be done us.

But to return to our tale. Having soaked the Watkins boys, His Honour and the town council did not stop there. There was a called meeting of the council. They had all become afraid the Watkins boys might transfer their license to run a skating rink to someone else.

You see there had been a slip-up when the Watkins boys got this license. They had got it too cheap. Who knew they were going to rake in all those shekels—who knew that our young blades and ladies were going to flit, night after night, through the mazes of joy—enticed by that tall Watkins, who, Heaven knows, could surely skate—who knew that nickels, dimes, quarters and halves were to fall like gentle snowflakes into the Watkins till? Of course no one knew.

The town, it seems, had gone skate mad. It was a disease, an epidemic. Much good silver was being diverted into these strange coffers—as one might say. Why we even felt this bitterly ourselves. People who might well have been sitting at home, reading our papers and absorbing wisdom, light and mental grace, were up there twining and intertwining themselves around that hall back of that long Watkins.

And to about the worst music we ever heard—we will say that.

We will say more. The town council said more. The special meeting was called by His Honour, but His Honour was not there.

He was at home; he was sick, but his spirit reigned. The council said that the Watkins skating rink license could not be transferred to anyone on the earth, above the sea, or to anyone in the waters under the sea.

But was justice thereby done?

Ah!

Let us pause now and consider this matter. Let us walk under the night skies and think. We are strong for justice for everyone but ourselves. We do not want any justice in our own dish.

We don't want to roller skate either. We never learned. We hate to fall down. We hate to have a certain part of our anatomy bruised. We hate to lose that grace people are accustomed to see in us.

But was justice thereby done?

There are people involved in this whole matter who, by the action of our town council, are hurt, bruised, the joy of their lives taken away—their young hopes crushed.

For example, there is Colonel Stardust Collins.

Here is an exemplary young man, a bachelor—handsome, young, of unimpeachable character. He works in a bank and sleeps upstairs over the bank.

As anyone ought to know, working in a bank is confining, sleeping upstairs over a bank is confining.

A man needs exercise, he needs joy, association with his fellows, both male and female.

And so, for Colonel Stardust, the coming of the Watkins brothers was a joy. Who has not seen the Colonel, in the waning light of a summer evening, walking through the Rialto, his skates in his hand; who has not seen him also in the stress and storm—as one might say—of winter evenings?

IT is said that the Colonel bought himself skates of silver; that he bought himself a season ticket. As a matter of fact by this action of the town council and an irate Mayor he is out $23 and no cents.

But that is not all he is out. Colonel Stardust says—and we think he speaks with sage wisdom—that roller skating never did bring a moral blight upon the souls thus engaged, least of all upon himself. He says that, as a matter of fact, it kept away sinful thoughts. "While skating," says the Colonel, "my mind was full, not of sinful thoughts but of pure ones."

"I thought of birds mating in the spring, of sea gulls on lonely rocks in ocean, of lambs gamboling on the green."

"Not gambling, you understand, with dice or cards, but with their legs—just as I skated."

And so the cry for justice goes up. We think the town council ought to give Jerry Collins his $23 and no cents. We think they ought to take the last, slightest insinuation of sinfulness, by thought or deed, off his name. We think they ought to backtrack this much.

The town thinks so, Wolfe's boarding house—where we eat—thinks so, the Rialto thinks so.

Will the town council act?

If it is not done we think a mass meeting should be held.

* * *

II.—It is the man who knows nothing at all of writing who gives most advice to writers; the woman who has never had a child is most likely to speak, or write, about child raising; I think, in all fairness to them, that it will be admitted that 'most all the bitterness—well, say against the old saloons—came from men and women who were never in a saloon.

Whether they were right or wrong, is another matter. I am thinking of myself writing to farmers, trying to give them advice. The whole thing is a bit absurd.

I was born and raised in a small town, just such a town as Marion, Virginia. My father half ruined himself with drink. He had been born what is called "a gentleman," but had no head for business. Like myself he liked to take life with a certain flourish. I mean, to put the hat on the side, rather than the top of the head, wear a brightly-coloured tie, carry a walking stick.

Poor man, he never did get over loving women, and I dare say I never shall. When a woman makes herself beautiful I am grateful to her. I like to see her walking, beautifully gowned, through the streets. Really, I do not want her to pay any special attention to me.

I AM grateful to her as I am to the man who saves a lovely old building in a town, rather than tear it down to build an ugly, although perhaps more efficient one.

I like men who are manly and frank, women who carry themselves with grace and beauty. My conception of what is nice in life is my own. I stand on it.

Only last Sunday I was walking in Marion with Mr. Funk, the prosecuting attorney. We passed two negro children. They had nice faces and skins that would have made a painter mad with joy. O, the loveliness of the coppery browns and reds in the negro children's faces! I had no way of knowing whether or not Mr. Funk saw what I saw. Probably not. I have thought about painting all my life. I wanted to be a painter but did not make it, so became a scribbler.

My father's drinking made our family poor, often we suffered extreme poverty, but afterward, a long time afterward, I did not blame him. Life was dull to him. Drink, I think, inflamed his imagination. He used to sing and tell marvelous stories to us children when he was drinking. Sober, he was often dull, sad and heavy. In his cups he gathered us about his knees. He would read some old tale and expound it. He read us *Robinson Crusoe* and some of the Shakespearean comedies. He imagined himself *Falstaff*, although he was a lean, not a fat man. He walked up and down the floor. There was no butter in the house. For weeks sometimes we lived on corn meal mush. "Man does not live by bread alone," he said. It was hard on mother to be sure. We were, however, a family of boys. "Women do not understand the needs of us men," he said, with a flourish of his hand.

How many charming memories I have of the man. One night we went swimming in a pond. It was called "Fenn's Pond" and

(Continued on page 112)

ON THE RAMP

As shown in the drypoint above which was included in the recent exhibition of the artist's etchings, drypoints, paintings and water colours at the Kennedy Galleries, Martin Lewis has supremely the gift for converting the meanest elements of modern life into a dramatic revelation of beauty and meaning, clothing the common man with an individual importance

A BRIDGE

Although his exhibition included also sea and Japanese scenes, Martin Lewis' sympathetic realism finds its most natural exercise in such New York compositions as that reproduced at the left. He has observed these unglamorous scenes with vision and fidelity and he pictures the citizens who inhabit them, in their life-size stature, but overcast by their own portentous shadows

New York Scenes by Martin Lewis

Work of an American Artist Who Has Mastered a Synthesis in Art of Commonplace Materials

More Notes on Love

Being Some Thoughts by a Frenchman Who Knows a Great Deal About His Subject

By CLAUDE ANET

§1

WHEN a beautiful woman is being courted by an intelligent man, less beautiful women are always astonished. "What does he see in that little fool?" they ask one another.

Rarely do intellectual women realize what a man is seeking. By addressing themselves to his mind, they may interest him, but they do not charm him. It is not his intelligence that is to be conquered.

A man does not wish to traffic in abstract ideas with a woman. What he hopes to find in her is a fresh and vibrant sensibility, and the naturalness he himself has lost by dealing solely with mental concepts. The more his intellectual powers are developed—the more his tastes are cultured, refined, and bookish—the more he will enjoy the deep, unique, incomparable charm of the instinct, and the resources of a sensibility as rich as his own, but different.

He is repelled by intellectual pretensions of every sort; he dislikes the so-called culture that is paraded by so many pedantic women; and he will not let himself be fooled by a thin, glossy varnish of ideas which covers, in nine cases out of ten, the most absolute disorder and ignorance.

Doubtless some women are beautiful and stupid. We know of a few, alas! who are silly beyond all comparison. But are intellectual women prepared to admit that they are necessarily ugly because they have brains?

The intelligence, moreover, reveals only one aspect of the world. It introduces us to a spectacle which, though logically arranged and artfully composed, is still a mere spectacle. It affords us the joy of finding an explanation, of imposing a clear and coherent meaning on something that perhaps, in the last analysis, is only an obscure chaos.

§2

One feels a delightful sensation on suddenly perceiving that one is about to fall in love.

Even men of the widest experience are not exempt from this feeling. Recognizing the agitation with which they are seized, they do nothing to overcome it. They taste the unaccustomed joy of being embarrassed in the presence of the woman they admire; they either fall silent or talk too much, and they feel the same excitement as when setting out on a long journey. Regarding this agitation as a first sign of their new passion, they wait for it with impatience and salute its coming with joy.

§3

If you stopped, before taking a woman into your life, to picture all the troubles she might bring about, you would never take her. You would realize how many latent calamities are inherent in love, and you would be filled with terror.

Indeed, if we wished to act *reasonably*, we should never act at all. From the standpoint of our reason, nothing is possible. Neither society nor the universe as a whole can be explained to its satisfaction, and each man's life is a crime against logic, since there is no man whose existence does not imply essential contradictions. And yet we live. Life has more resources than our reason, and sometimes, in addition, it has a smile.

§4

Are you in love? Be warned in advance that your affection has one chance in ten thousand of enduring till death, and yet act as if it were fated to be eternal—for everything is possible in the realm of love, and those who set out for a month's voyage will sometimes discover that they have embarked for a lifetime.

When you take a mistress, it is useless to worry about how you will finally separate. Life, which has more than one trick up its sleeve, will take charge of the matter.

§5

A smile, a look, or a moving inflection of the voice is sometimes enough to win our hearts.

At other times, the most regular features, the highest beauty, will leave us quite indifferent.

§6

Many young men talk slightingly of love, but this is a mistake they make. Have no fear of speaking gravely and with conviction. Even the most frivolous women are grateful for being taken seriously.

§7

Your typical *Lovelace* soon perceives, if he has any powers of observation, that his easiest conquests are made in his own little circle of acquaintances.

As soon as he has conquered one woman, the future of his amorous career is assured.

§8

As a preliminary to love, a woman demands positive assurances of eternal affection. She cannot forgive the frank and far-sighted man who insists on being guarded in his statements. She prefers to be deceived.—May she have her way!

§9

"To steal another man's wife." This expression would lead us to suppose that a woman does not belong to herself. At heart we are still Orientals.

§10

The women who have had more than two men belong in a class by themselves. After the second lover, it is difficult and perhaps useless to keep a list of the others. The passage from the first to the second often involves a struggle; that from the second to the third is impossible for many women. But after three, why not four? Those who have freed themselves, who lead their own lives, can do as they choose, and they choose to follow their passions.

§11

A great number of women prolong their reign by terror. They do not hesitate to employ the most violent methods; they practise moral blackmail, and threaten either to kill their lover or to commit suicide. . . . It would be interesting to know how many love affairs are continued at the point of a revolver.

§12

There is, in our days, a charming society composed of women who have ceased to be wives. Divorce has given them leisure. They have loved already; they have tasted the bitterness and sweetness of the changing days; and although they were disappointed once, they are ready to love again. There is something bold about them; they are unsubdued; they have not yielded to the ancient bondage.

§13

There is a point where pride in one's person ceases to be a virtue. Many women make fools of themselves by setting an absurd valuation on something that nobody wants.

§14

The beginnings of love, before the first caress, are tender and delightful. The hours as they pass bring a bright, airy exaltation, and one's thoughts of the happiness to come are not yet mingled with the fear of being rejected. A supreme hedonist might, at such moments, decide to have very few meetings with the one he was beginning to love, for this initial degree of passion is exquisite and ought really to be prolonged. But can you persuade the rosebud to remain a bud?

§15

Let us admire the rich men who have kept their delicacy of feeling, and let us pity them, too. Somewhere in their minds is the furtive thought—derived from all too many experiences—that they are not being loved for themselves alone.

§16

A woman sets her own price. Her wisest course is to set it as high as possible, if only to flatter men's vanity—"See what I am giving you, and realize what a tremendous victory you have won."

§17

A man is well protected from jealousy when

(*Continued on page 122*)

Easy Divorces

How the Creation of a Definite Anti-Alimony Sentiment Is an Index to Present-Day Matrimony

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

THE raid of the anti-alimonists at Albany reminds me that however comically different in its phenomena on either side of the Atlantic, the ground swell of social evolution is the same in both Worlds. To the reformers of up-state New York, the matter is simply one of rueful logic. But I cannot help suspecting (without either pleasure or pain) that it is simply another very characteristically unconscious advance in that grand general decay of the institution of marriage, which is the prime social event of our days. If indissolubility killed the spirit of marriage, a law limiting alimony would irreparably injure its body.

Such big things do not, of course, die with a thud. Their decline is as large and as imperceptible in its progress at any small point of space and time as the decay of a forest of oaks. Yet even its dearest approvers—let us call them matrimonialists, to avoid a too narrow definition of their motives by religion or conservatism—admit, and even loudly, that something is going wrong; they would only deny the degree of irrevocability of the disaster.

IN Europe, they see things quicker, but they act on them late. The question has reached the stage there of embalming; which is the ritual manner in which Europe disposes of its sociological dead. The necessity, the justice of legal union has there ceased even to be a possible question for the stage; tirades, defences alike have practically ceased in the last fashionable novels, and by consent the whole matter is abandoned, as one dumps an antique Ford to the weather and the weeds. Its rights and wrongs have been relegated to wherever it is that they still discuss questions of religion—it is of the same status, in short, as Sabbath observance.

Naturally the majority go on marrying. Whatever happens Europeans will do that for centuries, as long as they observe Christmas. And naturally the last country to give up the custom will be England, where they actually prefer their ways meaningless, like their game high. In Germany and, above all, Russia, the two losers of the war, things will move quicker; not only because of the greater practicality of these two countries. But this Marriage depends as a valid institution on the two even deeper factors of religion and property—ties or rather the inheritance of property. Where men no longer believe so much in the gods, or at any rate in their preoccupation with the sexual affairs of men, and where there is no property to bequeath, the necessity for the institution is weakened. Curiously enough, the question of the support of the children takes care of itself in extreme cases of this situation—atheistic, or non-Christian paupers do not marry to a minute degree of the frequency of the rich and pious. The point was notoriously visible in France, after the revolution; the time and the country of the first great secession. Though, of course, matters never went so far there, even in the Red Rim of Paris as they are today in Russia, where there is no more than a semi-humourous, semi-contemptuous form-filling affair for both the ceremony and its breach.

In any clear thinking on the subject, two aspects have to be mentally separated—on the one hand sexual—let us say freedom—a question-begging word of course, but convenient and intelligible, and the persistence of the ceremony. The decline of the institution must be measured by taking both into account, by estimating how much people do without marriage, as well as how, sooner or later in their lives they still continue to get married. The second only is capable of being measured statistically, and it is the less important. I should think that even in Russia its figures have hardly lessened.

PARADISE PORTRAIT

By JACQUELINE EMBRY

I THINK she stood, brows tense, beside the Gate,
(How arrogant her walk there from the grave!)
Tapped a slim slipper at the moment's wait,
Touched swiftly each impeccable bronze wave.
Old Peter, peering through the snowy bars,
(She was amused to find them really pearl)
Stared at her bright cloak as at sudden stars:
Here was a pure flame; here was no mortal girl.

Tall, elegant, erect, she went her way;
Swept coolly past the scoured and polished Throne,
(*Pride*, drawn by Drian; *manteau* by Poiret)
To where the Orphan Angel paced alone.
And having viewed, at last, that darling ghost,
Returned and bowed politely to her Host.

For the first factor, one can only appeal to experience and common sense. Broadly, from being confined, as a custom and not as an exceptional sin, to certain definite classes, which we may call the highest and the lowest, it has now in every country of Europe spread openly and obviously to immeasurably large tracts of the burgher class. So much so, that as I say, there is hardly any more curiosity about it. The love affair is no longer either a luxury of the great, nor a vice of the poor; it is a normal event in the lives of what must soon be getting near a majority of professional and trading folk, both men and, at any rate after they have passed débutante age, women.

I have no personal interest in the matter for or against; intellectually I have always found it astonishing and troublesome that in the affairs that are most private of all, the public interest of a man's or woman's neighbours is most acute. But I am drum-deaf, which is a crippling disability for a crusader, and my interest in the deepest questions of public morality and policy are simply those of an idle bystander. It seems to me that the orthodox theologians are right: that once divorce is permitted at all, the framework, the reality of the business is gone. Marriage is indissoluble or nothing. With the divorce laws, it becomes simply a fee that has to be paid to the lawyers on entry or exit.

It is these lawyers, with their attendant power, who are undoubtedly the old guard of the cause. Events have placed in their hands a very profitable tax on the sexual affairs of men. We have to pay them on entering on such a relation and still more when we want to get out. It cannot be expected that they would tamely agree to allow their profits to be curtailed. Besides their opposition there is that occasioned by the economic interests of women. The whole of women's wealth comes directly or indirectly from the institution of marriage. Wherever you see a rich woman, a diamond on her neck, a fur coat round her shoulders, that comes from some man, and through marriage or inheritance, if not by direct, unavowable gift. But this vast interest of the sex in the preservation of things as they are and were, does not in the least mean a power to ensure its preservation. Women have the most interest in the issue of any war; their share in deciding it is small.

IN America, so far we have taken the divorce law at its face value and in earnest, with the notorious result of these manifold marriages which bewilder the European. I have been told, and it is feasible, that the "affair" is much less frequent over here than in Berlin or London, because of this. But I wonder if the seven, eight times married realize that their solution sounds like a wild *reductio ad absurdum* to the foreigner; monogamy under this mode as entrancingly amusing as any Mormon polygamy. But, let them know what they are doing when they touch alimony, which has hitherto confined this rococo solution to the rich or the good-hearted. "Every reform is only a mask under cover of which a more terrible reform which dares not yet name itself advances." Your own philosopher said that, with religion out, interest out, the only thing that will remain in an American marriage is the lawyer's fees each end. And when America, a land of business men, understands that, the game will be done. For there is this terrible and magnificent quality about America, that when it sees a point, it uses it remorselessly. So I am carried inevitably to the conclusion that when marriage dies, legally, practically and definitely, the event will take place in this land, which is the last stronghold not only of puritanism and convention, but also of logic. America is beginning to see the point.

STEICHEN

Maurice Chevalier Chez Nous

The Parisian Music Hall Star Singer Has Triumphed Here in the Films and at the Midnight Frolic

Mrs. Wharton's House-Party

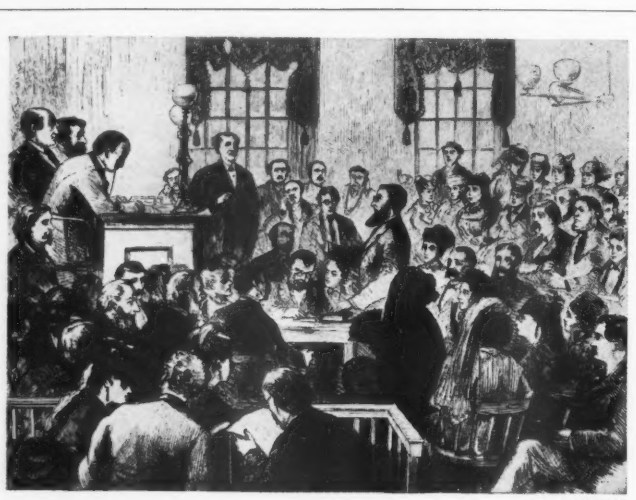
How a Gay and Bibulous Weekend With a Baltimore Hostess Ended Most Unhappily

By EDMUND PEARSON

ONE cheerful Saturday in June, nearly sixty years ago, General William Scott Ketchum left his home in Washington for a week-end visit at the house of his old friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Wharton of Baltimore. He was a retired officer of the Army, both hale and hearty after his Western campaigns. But he was now on a more dangerous expedition than any foray against the Indians or the Mormons. Like Dr. Parkman of Boston, he was bent on collecting a debt.

The General had lent the widow of a brother officer, the late Major Wharton, the sum of $2600, and taken her note. He told his friends that he was going to get the money, and also wish Mrs. Wharton a pleasant voyage to Europe. She was preparing to sail in a week or two.

Something has been said about a number of very fatiguing business affairs attended to by General Ketchum on that warm morning before he took the train. There is also a rumour about a slice of watermelon which he ate. (People always love to blame watermelons.) Nothing, however, really appears about this, and it is a matter of historical record that there is always much loose talk about the dietary indiscretions and drug-taking habits of gentlemen who, under the ministering care of ladies, have perished mysteriously.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE TESTIMONY

In this scene from the famous trial in the '70s of Mrs. Elizabeth Wharton for the murder of General William Scott Ketchum, the luxuriously be-whiskered Dr. Williams is shown at the moment of testifying that the General died from antimony poisoning. Each side employed some of America's most distinguished medical authorities as expert witnesses

WHEN Mrs. Maybrick of Liverpool was convicted of poisoning her husband with arsenic, there was some foundation for this talk. Doubt was expressed about the verdict, and justly, since Mr. Maybrick not only took noxious drugs for his own peculiar pleasures but was also experimented upon, by his puzzled physicians, with nine more or less deadly substances—almost the whole pharmacopœia—in their vain efforts to bring him back from the valley of the shadow.

With General Ketchum, however, all chatter about water-melons, opium, and other things so bad for retired brigadier-generals, is beside the point. He arrived in good shape and spirits, as attested by a Mrs. Chubb who came with him.

He was received by Mrs. Wharton as cordially as he could expect, since she knew that it was his purpose to cast some gloom over her European plans by murmuring, at the first opportunity:

"About that matter of the $2600 . . . ?"

Mrs. Wharton's *ménage* seems to have been extensive. I do not know whether she kept a boarding-house, or whether she was exercising the justly-famed Southern hospitality, but her place was full of guests and callers. There were Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Loney and others. Soon they were all merrily chattering and shaking up drinks.

Mrs. Wharton proposed to General Ketchum a glass of lemonade. He blanched at the suggestion of this acid beverage, but said that he believed that "if it had a stick in it," he might undergo the risk. At a later date an explanation had to be made for the benefit of the Judge, who could not be expected to know what a "stick" was. It took the form of brandy.

The history of the following few days is one of milk punches, sangaree, brandy concoctions, and beer. It was not that these gentlefolk devoted themselves to getting tipsy with alcohol: it might have been better if they had. But someone was forever mixing for someone else a drink, homely enough in its name and appearance, but toxic, indeed, in its result.

General Ketchum was violently ill the evening of his arrival. He could not go to church on Sunday, nor return to Washington on Monday. Mrs. Wharton continued to ply him with drinks, and to preside over the medicines which were given him. He recovered, and arose from his bed; and then became ill again.

At last, after some extremely painful scenes, which always followed the administration of any new draught by the hostess, he died—one week after his arrival in Baltimore.

On one occasion he remarked—

"Mrs. Wharton has poisoned me with a glass of lemonade."

This, of course, was officially waved aside as "a jocular remark of the old gentleman." If that was its correct description, it was the only jocularity in which he indulged during the last seven days of his life. I have seldom read of a more depressing week-end party than this festival of Mrs. Wharton's.

Not one of the ladies was ill, but Mr. Van Ness, who was a banker, and familiar with Mrs. Wharton's financial affairs, very nearly expired, under the same distressing symptoms which marked the illness of General Ketchum. In a glass of beer offered to Mr. Van Ness by his hostess, but declined by him (he had already had some of her drinks) there were found, it was asserted, fifteen grains of tartar emetic—which contains the poison, antimony.

The same drug was found in a milk-punch thoughtfully mixed for General Ketchum by Mrs. Wharton. Now, it was rather embarrassing for Mrs. Wharton that she had to admit having bought tartar emetic during the week. She used it, she said, for some ailment of her own, as an external application.

Whatever one may think of Mrs. Wharton, she is entitled to our gratitude for this variation from the classic excuse for the possession of poison. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, ladies in her difficult situation, make use of one of two well-worn explanations: either they have needed it to destroy rats, or else they wished to enhance the beauty of their own complexions.

In some families, the opposite results have been obtained: the husband has been destroyed, and the rats have had their complexions improved.

WITH both gentlemen of the party in convulsions, in their separate rooms, two of the other guests, Mrs. Van Ness and Mrs. Loney, began a campaign of sipping, testing and tasting the beverages which Mrs. Wharton produced, from time to time, from her laboratory. They agreed that whether they were called beer, milk-punch, sangaree or a dose of "yellow jasmine" (the remedy prescribed for General Ketchum by his physician) they were all alike in tasting "like a brass pin."

After General Ketchum had passed from this earthly life, and Mr. Van Ness had recovered, Mrs. Wharton continued her packing and preparations for Europe. The outraged people of the State of Maryland, however, interfered with her trip, and insisted upon bringing her to trial. So aroused against her were the inhabitants of her own city, that in order to safe-guard her rights, the trial was held in Annapolis, where it was daily attended by officers from the Naval Academy—as was seen by the prevalence of sailor-like side-whiskers upon the faces of gentlemen in the audience.

The New York *Sun* bluntly referred to Mrs. Wharton as "The Baltimore Borgia", but the law of her own State showed far more delicacy. The total disappearance of General Ketchum's

(Continued on page 112)

OLD MASTERS

T. Jefferson Thwack goes in heavily for Old Masters. He believes that any man can rival Morgan, if not too fussy about the pedigree of his pictures. He is showing his new portrait of the Duc de Noilly-Pratt, by Fragonard, in which he admits the cupids may have been added by someone else

A Collection of Collectors

Eminent Amateurs of Objets d'Art

Who Support Our Better Salesrooms

Garnered by
ALAN ODLE

THE FAN FANCIER

Your dyed-in-the-wool collector limits himself to the gathering of one type of article for, the narrower the field, the sooner he becomes known as "an Authority". Dr. Pellick knows all there is to know about fans and many of his exhibits are so dashing that they can only be shown in private

THE SNUFF BOXER

At the last meeting of the What-Not Club, each member of which is eminent in his line, Walter Laphead delivered a delightful talk on *The Snuff-Box in History: its Use and Abuse, Rise and Fall.* Every item in Mr. Laphead's collection is connected with some famous sneezer of the past

THE WORLD OF PORCELAIN

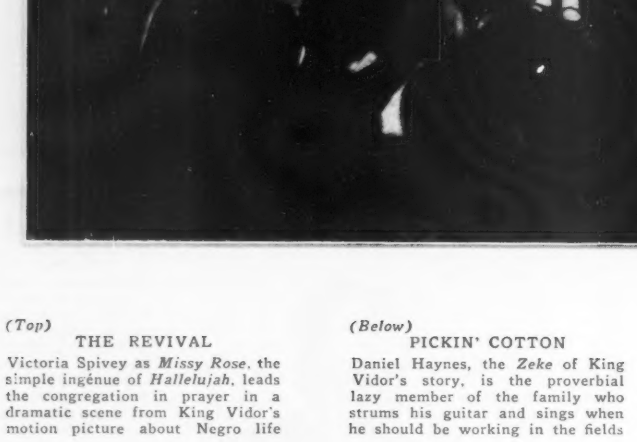
Thurlow Detmold's passion is for Staffordshire cottage-ornaments, bright pastoral figures which set his gentle heart aglow. Yet, even this innocent hobby has its dark moments when, as now, he discovers that his latest bucolic acquisition has been rather badly mended in three important places

THE PRINT EXPERT

Herman Harper, the well-known print collector, gets enormous fun out of talking the print language, intelligible only to his guild. Together they discuss impressions, states, dedications, inking, margins and other recondite details, and they make a living by buying each other's duplicates

(Top)
THE REVIVAL
Victoria Spivey as *Missy Rose*, the simple ingénue of *Hallelujah*, leads the congregation in prayer in a dramatic scene from King Vidor's motion picture about Negro life

(Below)
PICKIN' COTTON
Daniel Haynes, the *Zeke* of King Vidor's story, is the proverbial lazy member of the family who strums his guitar and sings when he should be working in the fields



A TRAGIC HOOFER
Nina Mae McKinney is the gay "high yaller" girl *Chickie*, who dances and sings through the film, playing fair havoc with emotions and reputations

"Hallelujah"

King Vidor Makes a Film of Negro Life

THE Negro film *Hallelujah* which King Vidor is now making promises to be one of the most unusual of motion pictures. In it Mr. Vidor has gathered the elements of comedy and tragedy in Negro life—not the staged scenes of Harlem—but the natural and equally eventful lives on the cotton plantations. He brings in all the melodramatics of revival trains and prison gangs, tempers his tragedy with plantation scenes and Charlestons, and rounds it all out with a sound version of the music and the principal scenes of the story

The Three Immortals of Church History

The Inside Story of Kelley, McGook, and Grabbenheim, and What it Might Teach Us

By DEEMS TAYLOR

LAST week a man stopped me, seized my hand, and uttering loud and cordial cries, shook it with incredible vigour on Forty-fifth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue. As is my wont on such occasions, I cried gaily, "Why, you old ———! Where have *you* been keeping yourself?"—thereby gaining precious moments in which to strive desperately to recall where on earth I had ever seen him before. He turned out to be a former classmate, whom I had not seen in twenty years; I even remembered his name. As we were parting with the customary avowals to look each other up in some remote period designated as "next week some time", he remarked, "remember me to Kelley, McGook, and Grabbenheim when you see them."

Which is why I mention him at all. For the utterance of those three names suddenly unlocked a long-closed door, evoked distant days when all the world was young, lad—to be precise, twenty-four years ago, the occasion of the only genuine miracle in which I have ever been a participant.

KNOW, then, that there was a course in our college curriculum known as Church History I. It was conducted by a reverend gentleman who had presented a large collection of theological works to the college library on condition that his course be made compulsory upon all Juniors. Inasmuch as Juniors are seldom noted for piety, the course would not, under any circumstances, have been a riotously popular one; and the fact that it was compulsory rendered it, in our youthful eyes, doubly repulsive. Luckily, however, Providence had seen to it that our instructor's physical infirmities were appropriate to his lack of knowledge of adolescent psychology; for he was blind in one eye, rather near-sighted in the other, and was hard of hearing. To him, a student was merely a name in the roll-book, and he conducted his classes by calling upon these names in alphabetical order. As the class was, perforce, a large one, only one-third of it could possibly recite at one sitting.

Given these conditions, the course had not concluded the first term of its inception before the Juniors had worked out a system of at least partial escape from its attendance. The class divided itself into three alphabetical portions. If one's name began with an early letter, say D, one attended the first sitting, answered the roll-call, and, being duly called upon, recited. But at roll-call one also answered to the name of some classmate whose name began with one of the middle letters of the alphabet, and who was thus able to be absent without detection. The following week, and the week after, one stayed away, secure in the knowledge that his name would in turn be assumed by two other proxies. Thus every one had two names beside his own, the attendance at classes was always perfect, and professor and students were equally happy.

Now for the miracle. By the time that I became a Junior, this system had been in successful operation for some years. The only mishap had occurred the year before, when, owing to the instructor's unwonted expedition in asking questions, he had exceeded the traditional alphabetical third that was his quota, so that a student named Bates, who had already recited, was obliged to rise again and recite in the name of a classmate of his named Miller. No ill results had ensued, however, and the incident had passed almost unnoticed. Not wholly so, however; for one under-classman had heard the tale, and pondered it, as we shall see, with profit.

At the first meeting of Church History I in my Junior year the professor called the roll alphabetically, as usual. Then, however, instead of proceeding with the recitation, he arose and made a brief announcement.

"Gentlemen", he said, "I understand that a number of students matriculated too late this year to be properly registered. If there are any of you present whose names do not appear on this roll-book, will you kindly give them to me now?"

There was a moment's pause; and then the genius to whom I have alluded above—his name was Christy—arose amid an awed hush and announced "Kelley—with an E; James Aloysius Kelley."

"Thank you, Mr. Kelley," murmured the gratified professor. "Any others?"

There were. We Juniors may not have been passionate about church history, but we knew a good idea when we heard one. Two others promptly arose and identified themselves as Harold K. McGook and Herman Grabbenheim.

THEN began the most delightful course in church history that any Junior class had ever taken, a year-long experiment in what might be called communistic creation. We had brought Kelley, McGook, and Grabbenheim into the world, and we were determined that they should be a credit to us. These three persons, who did not exist at all, soon became the realest people on the campus. Students laid bets, drew lots, threw dice, and played poker hands for the coveted honour of being allowed to impersonate one or the other of the distinguished trio. Precocious members of Phi Beta Kappa vied for the privilege of reciting for McGook, seniors volunteered to go back into Church History I and be Grabbenheim for a day. The three soon became prize students in the class, noted equally for their perfect record of attendance and the brilliance of their recitations.

Kelley had but one parent, however, his original progenitor, Christy, who guarded his offspring as a tigress guards her young. So conscientiously, in fact, did he look after the mental and spiritual progress of his brain child that Kelley soon became a far more brilliant student of Church History I than did Christy. At the mid-term examination, for example, while McGook and Grabbenheim were being attended to by a committee of six volunteers, Kelley remained Christy's exclusive *protégé*. The latter hurried through his own examination paper so as to have ample time in which to do Kelley justice; the result being that Kelley passed with honours, and Christy flunked.

The mid-years over, Church History I became Church History II, with Kelley, McGook, and Grabbenheim still faithfully in attendance. Then February gave way to March, and March to April. It was spring; and spring meant outdoors, and glee club trips, and the track team try-outs, and baseball. The Juniors began to be bored with Kelley, McGook, and Grabbenheim. A strange series of misfortunes overtook them. Kelley's father died, I remember, away out in Albuquerque, New Mexico; and Kelley had to go west for the funeral. McGook and Grabbenheim, as his boyhood friends, went out too, as pall-bearers. The three were gone for a fortnight. Only a few days after their return McGook broke his leg; and Kelley and Grabbenheim had to go down to St. Luke's Hospital to read to him, the readings taking place, oddly enough, on the days when Church History II was in session.

SO serious did matters become that even the professor noticed that something was wrong. He must have brooded considerably over the falling off in the work of his star pupils, for one day, after Grabbenheim had been obliged to answer "not prepared" to a simple question regarding the Athanasian Creed, he horrified us by requesting Mr. G. to see him after class. We were saved only by the quick thinking of the captain of the football team, who arose hurriedly and left the classroom in a state of obvious physical torment. That evening the distressed professor received a note from Eusebius K. Grabbenheim, announcing that a sudden attack of appendicitis necessitated his son Herman's withdrawal from college for the remainder of the term.

Kelley and McGook still hung on, and for a time displayed their old-time brilliance in class work. But the inevitable end was not long in coming. One May morning the professor, in tones of mingled pride and sorrow, announced to his regretful Juniors that our classmates would no longer be with us. He read us a joint letter from the two, in which they expressed their appreciation of what Church History II had done for them. So inspiring had been the course, they said, that they had decided to wait no longer before taking up what they now felt was their life-work. They were sailing that morning to become missionaries in China.

For a time I used to wonder how they were getting along. Then I forgot them. Now that they have been recalled, it occurs to me that the story of their brief lives may contain a profound lesson for us students of democracy. Ours is, as we all know, a representative government, in which every statesman is merely the mouthpiece of those millions of citizens who have elected him. The system's

(Continued on page 104)

GOLDBERG

JOAN LOWELL

After spending her first seventeen years aboard her father's schooner, Joan Lowell has been occupied in the interim as waitress, scrubwoman, movie actress and stock company leading woman. This year she became celebrated as author of *The Cradle of the Deep*

MURAY

CLEON THROCKMORTON

Long established as a scenic artist, Cleon Throckmorton now emerges as an impresario, one of the quartet who dedicated a New Jersey theatre to reviving "old favourites" and reminded Manhattan that there was a Hoboken

JOSEPH MARCH

General Peyton C. March once ranked hell out of this buck-private nephew of his, who somehow preferred to write. Hence *The Wild Party* and *The Set Up* which this year have put Mr. March in the van of American poets

COLMAN

PINCHOT

ST. JOHN ERVINE

Long known here as playwright and novelist, St. John Ervine has lately functioned in another capacity. When the New York *World's* dramatic critic broke down, it borrowed this truculent Irishman from the London *Observer*, only to make him this year's bone of contention at New York's dinner tables

PINCHOT

WILLIAM BOLITHO

This brilliant journalist, William Bolitho, has this year come into his own. He is one of several tossed by the New York *World* into the hole created by the sudden departure of Heywood Broun, and is a native of the Orange Free State, who, therefore, views the American scene with a most singular detachment

Their Year of Grace

New Faces, But in a Few Cases, Old Faces in New Masks, Which Have Loomed Up This Year

On the Riviera

How the Once Leisurely Côte d'Azur Is Rapidly Being Changed Into a Worried California

By PAUL MORAND

THERE are two ways of viewing a coast: from the sea, or from the shore. From these two vantage points one could write two books so different from one another that they might seem to describe two countries antipodally apart. Thus the sea, seen from a ship's deck by a seaman like Conrad, is quite different from the ocean as Michelet, a great poet (but one who has remained ashore) depicts it. From the steamers that sail the Mediterranean the *Côte d'Azur* is a narrow strip, more and more tropical as one nears the Italian frontier, topped by rocky mountains which greatly resemble those of the Spanish coast line. But, once ashore, the scene changes.

Twenty years or more ago the *Côte d'Azur* was made up of a succession of small towns sheltered in the depths of valleys. Quiet little places, they were almost wholly frequented by invalids; and the ground had not yet become the gold standard of an international currency. No Frenchman went farther than Provence, then three weeks from Paris. In the Eighteenth Century the road along the seashore did not extend beyond Antibes. At Antibes travellers for Italy (English, mostly), engaged upon the "grand tour", sailed for Livourne.

SOON after the Napoleonic wars Lord Brougham founded Cannes, and for more than seventy years only members of the British aristocracy came to enjoy the sunshine of the Riviera during the winter. Here was a succession of great gardens, in the depths of which Italian palaces were hidden—palaces which still greatly resembled Genoese villas, with their false red windows, their painted balustrades, their illusions of long perspectives.

A few free towns, like Monaco, Roquebrune, Cagnes and Eze, perched high, like eagles' nests, which had been places of refuge against Saracen invasions and the raids of the Barbary pirates coming from Algiers, directly opposite, maintained their mediæval estate, and still slumbered under the rule of a petty local aristocracy, prevailingly Genoese in origin. Napoleon III, annexing the County of Nice to France, enlivened the *Côte d'Azur*. To-day one might well say that there is there only a single great city, extending unbroken from Marseilles all the way to Mentone—one big city the various sections of which are linked by highways and railroads.

Toulon is the outstanding naval port of the French Mediterranean. But the port I knew before the war survives now only in books of the last years of the Nineteenth Century. That was the port where girls wore only chemises in the streets, where handsome naval officers from ships on duty in the harbour entertained refined and cultivated courtesans; a port of opium dens, of retired admirals, of the worthy provincial nobility. To-day pay is poor, the arsenals have become communistic, the noble families are ruined and their younger sons have gone into business, foregoing the impoverishing honour of serving with the fleet; the streets have been reformed. But narrow alleys remain, dark trenches in the brilliant sunlight, and squares dating from the time of Louis XV, where sea-shells perfumed with seaweed are sold in the shade of plantain trees, near beautiful fountains. There is still the fish market, built by Puget, the great seventeenth century architect, and the old port, its quays level with the water, a level which has remained unchanged since the time of Henry IV. The Cronstadt Quay, so named in honour of the Russian fleet which came to celebrate the alliance with France, is still charming, with its little bars full of sailors from the warships, who dance with one another, its coming and going of sentries, its accordions, its gramophones, its ship chandlers. It is a spot dear to modernistic painters, like Picasso and Segonzac.

Beyond Toulon, and all the way to St. Raphael, the coast is still badly served by wretched roads and a miniature railway; it does not attract Parisians. Water is scarce, and sanitary conveniences do not exist. But beauty is by no means lacking: there are only red cliffs, sea pines, twisted by the mistral and the African sirocco; beaches of sand, mosquitoes, the scent of thyme and lavender coming from the nearby mountains of the Maures and the Esterel.

There are old, disused forts, bought by colonies of artists or holiday-making pessimists. Cavalaire, Le Lavandou, Bormes, are the chosen retreats of French people—the ones who have retired from business with a small income and cannot afford the alien and costly life of the East Coast, or young writers whose books have not yet gone beyond a second edition. One sees here also a few fishermen, but these scarcely ever incur the risk of going to sea.

AT St. Raphael the real *Côte d'Azur* begins. This is made apparent at once by the prices, almost double those anywhere else in France, and also by the roads, which might well serve as bowling alleys, as well as by the white hats like those worn by American sailors, an international headgear. Again the truth is made clear by the fact that no one works—or, at least, never worked until the recent and accursed time when the Barbarians came down from the North, and, attracted by the sunshine, created for the natives needs they had never had before. Crowds of people blackened by the sun winter frivolously in this little Africa below Roman aqueducts—for St. Raphael and Frejus are at the portals of the defiles and roads which lead through the mountains to continental France.

It is at Cannes that one comes to the heart of the Riviera. Cannes escaped the democratic conquest and partition of post-war days and still affords an idea of what the Riviera used to be. There are palm trees, date trees, bananas and the purple bougainvillæa—it is like a West Indian island in the Mediterranean. There are golf links, and the dry and glittering rectangles of tennis courts.

The harbour lies under the domination of the old citadel, with its yachts, steam always up, like liners; its racing power boats, its motor cruisers, under their green awnings, with their polished brasswork. There is a medley of fair haired English crews and of southern sailors with high caps, black beards and bare feet. Here is Cannes: Parisian shops, old white hotels, new Babylonian palaces of pink or red stone; sellers of tube-roses and carnations; Rolls-Royces gliding toward the flowery terraces of Grasse; the American golf course at Mougins.

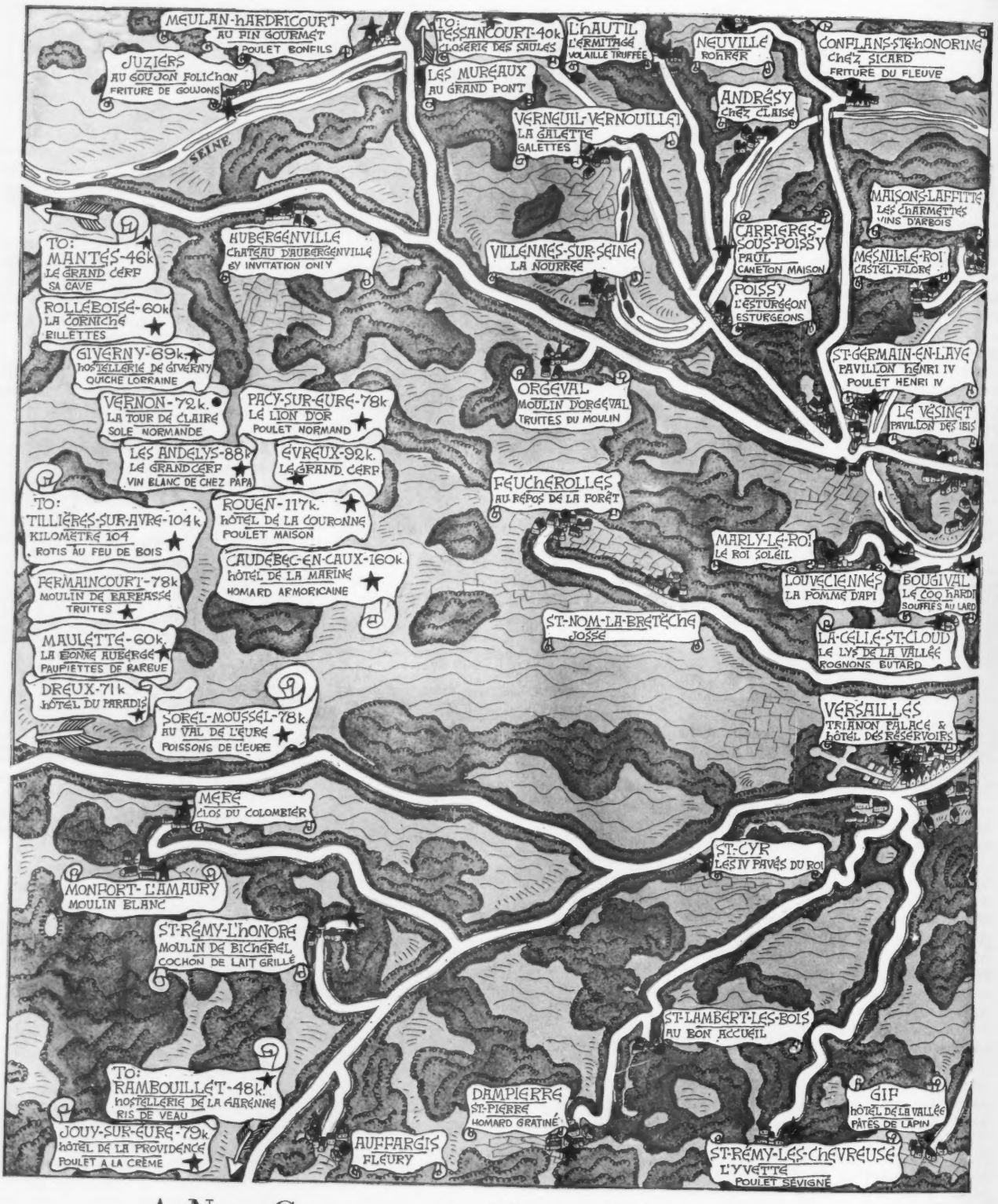
If Cannes is English, Antibes is American. In summer, below the old fort, one may find there, in the water, bankers from Wall Street, Hollywood, writers from Sinclair Lewis to Anita Loos. Nearby Juan-les-Pins, three or four years ago a deserted beach where a few families came from Marseilles to wade on a Sunday afternoon, has grown beyond all recognition, as the result of an orgy of speculative building reminding one of Florida with its huge hotels and those modern diseases, aquaplaning and the side-car cocktail.

THE sun bathing of a picturesque and mixed society is one of the curiosities of this early part of the twentieth century. One may see here a company of blond Aryans, with oiled skins, becoming each day more like negroes, until Paul Robeson, if he happened to appear, would look like a white ghost. At night motor headlights eclipse the beams of the lighthouses; fortunately for the morale of the community, these cannot be played over the beach. . . . On the terraces there are continually water sports, fireworks, illuminations, false gondolas, jazz and the popping of *champagne* corks.

Close by, hidden behind laurel and mimosa, at the point called Eden-Roc, a little stairway leads perpendicularly down to the sea. What social chasms stretch between these next door neighbours! If you did not know of this place you might live twenty years on the Riviera without suspecting it was there. But the initiated know that for two years, in summer, Eden-Roc, where two hundred people can with difficulty find lodging, has been the smartest place in the world. What the Lido would like to be, Eden-Roc is. Europe! It is there.

There you may find three stars of the stage—but they are the ones most highly paid; three Italian princesses, but without a *mésalliance* among them; the most beautiful back in England, the loveliest legs in America, the most eligible bachelor from Long Island. A few kings, a few French dukes, bronze themselves in the sun. Almost nude, the naiads of Park Avenue and the *Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* stretch themselves on rock after rock, against a background of surpassingly blue water, for nature, unlike Veronese, who was so miserly that he refused to use ultra-marine in his painting, expends that colour recklessly. Neither central Europe nor South America have yet been told that Eden-Roc is "the thing." Alas, even by next year it may be too late!

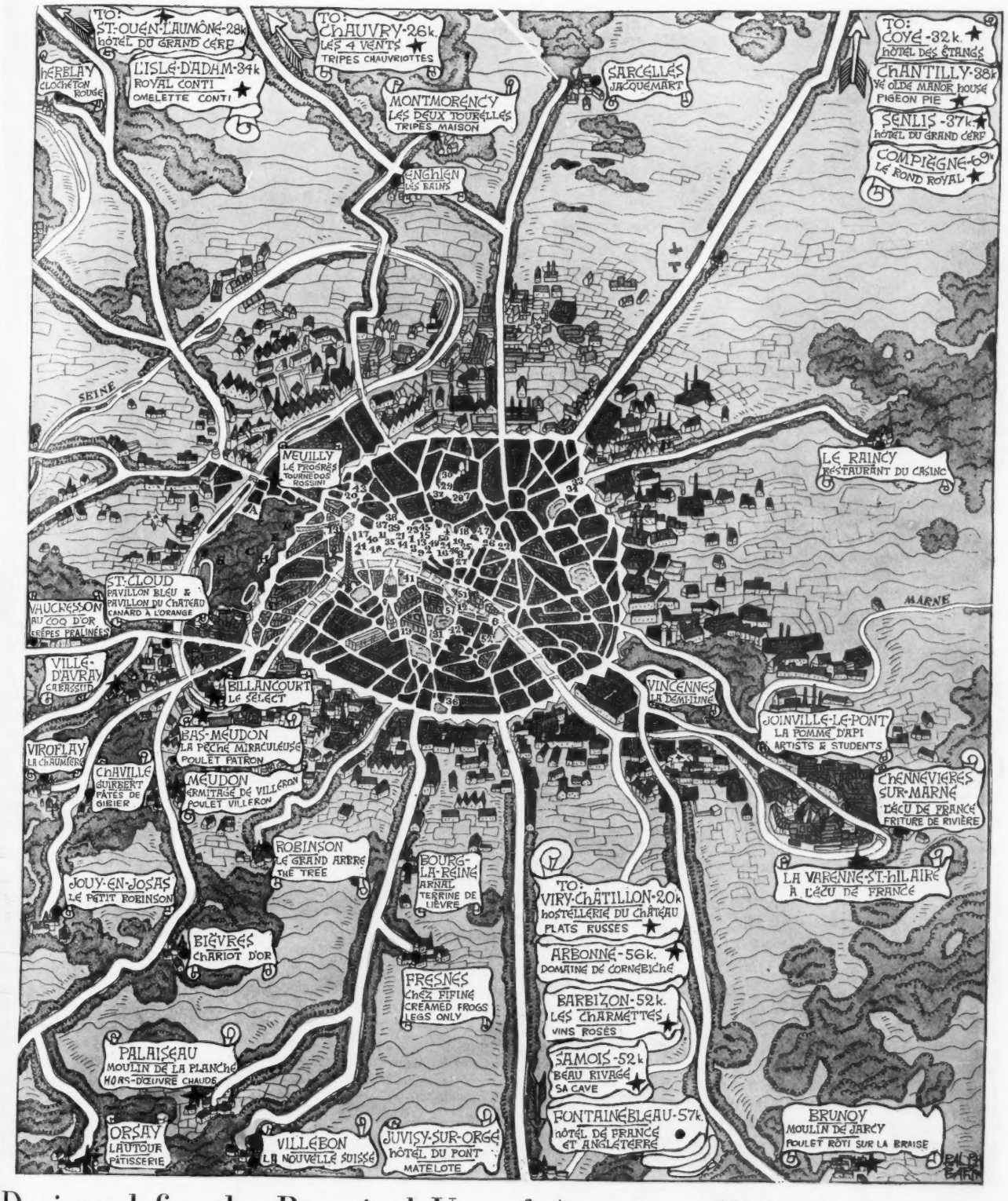
(Continued on page 118)



A New Gastronomic Chart of Paris and Its Environs

Some Superlative Restaurants in and About the Culinary Capital of the Universe With the Milton and Michael-Angelo. For these latter, the gastronomic experts of the world have pooled the results of their experience and their discrimination in this map and table for the guidance of visitors to Paris. The *good* restaurants are marked with a disc (●); the *superb* restaurants, with a black star (★). They have been selected for the Ideal Epicure; *i. e.*, a person who would seek out the meanest *bistro* in a factory town for the sake of one good dish, but who would also not turn up his nose at the largest, gaudiest, best-known and most expensive restaurant in the city if the cuisine is good. Some of the restaurants which fall outside the confines of the map (especially those between Paris and Havre and

PARIS, City of Light and Love, but more accurately, Paris, City of the Senses, and most particularly, Paris, City of the Sense of Taste, of the College of Gourmets, of the Seventh Circle of the educated palate, of the High Command of the cuisine of France and hence of all the world. Military, industrial, artistic supremacy shuttle about and are claimed now for this nation, now for that; but the universal centre of culinary supremacy shifts only from the *rue Saint-Honoré* to the *rue Boissy-d'Anglas*, and back again. To some this will seem an idle matter, but to others one recipe or the address of one restaurant where a perfect dish may be had will be worth all Alsace-Lorraine and the combined works of Aeschylus,



Designed for the Practical Use of American Visitors

Roads Leading Thereto and Certain Specialties Indicated on Ralph Barton's Latest Map

Cherbourg) are set down, with the distance (in kilometres—count 50 kilometres to the hour in a good car) from Morgan & Company's bank in the *Place Vendôme*, and with an arrow indicating roads of approach. The map proper covers a rectangle of the sweet land of France, stretching 42 kilometres to the West of the *Place Vendôme*, 17 kilometres to the East, 16 kilometres to the North and 19 kilometres to the South. At Number 3 *place de la Madeleine*, is the restaurant (1) Larue,★ an eating house of the very first rank, whose *spécialités* include *caille à la Souvaroff* and *bécasse flambée;* and at 5 *rue de l'Echelle*, (2) Montagné, believed by many to serve the finest food in France, whose dishes, though somewhat limited, are each an event in themselves. It was Prosper Montagné, incidentally—that monarch of French cooking—who was once head chef at the Carlton in London; (3) Voisin's,★ at 261 *rue Saint-Honoré*, is patronized for its cuisine in general and its red wines in particular, while at (4) Paillard's,★ No. 2 *rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*, the *Château Yquem*, *Musigny* and 1800 *Napoléon* brandy should not be overlooked, nor the *poularde Vladimir*, *filet of sole à la russe*, and *timbale de queues d'écrevisses*. Across the river, at 33 *rue de Tournon*, formerly known as the *Hôtel Emperor Joseph II* stands (5) Foyot's,★ a haunt of the old aristocracy and one noted for its *cœurs d'artichauts, côte de* *(Further details on page 100)*

Jealousies

How a Wife, Not So Machiavellian as She Supposed, Precipitated an Embarrassing Situation

By FREDERIC BOUTET

GENEVIEVE ALLORGE was writing letters in her little drawing room, beside the open window that overlooked the *Parc Monceau*, when she heard a ring at the door.

"*Mme.* Halouin to see you," the maid announced.

Genevieve rose as a smartly dressed young woman came into the room swiftly, with a rather distracted air.

"Why, Diane," she said, "it's good to see you. I wasn't expecting you this afternoon."

The visitor was small, slender, blonde, with a fragile sort of loveliness that was deliberately achieved. She had nothing of the proud goddess whose name she bore; it would have been more suitable for Genevieve, whose beauty was of the classic type. The two young women embraced each other. They had been friends since their school days; they had married almost at the same time—Diane for love, the other lovelessly—and during the two years since the death of her husband, Genevieve had seen a great deal of the Halouins.

"You're sure I'm not disturbing you?" asked Diane, with a rapid glance toward the unfinished letters. "I have a lot to tell you, Genevieve."

She spoke nervously, and seemed to be struggling against the emotion that flushed her cheeks under their light coating of rouge and shone in her lovely eyes.

"OF course not, Diane dear, you never disturb me," said Genevieve, who was watching her. "But has anything happened? You seem so excited."

"Genevieve . . . are you sure nobody can hear us? I have something frightful to tell you. I need your advice. Oh, I'm so unhappy. . . . You're my friend, Genevieve, my best friend, my only friend."

"But tell me what the trouble is, Diane. You frighten me."

"Genevieve, Genevieve, Georges no longer loves me. He has betrayed me!"

Genevieve gave a start.

"Your husband has betrayed you . . . he no longer loves you. . . . But Diane, are you sure?"

For a moment, the other was silent. She did not weep, but panting for breath, her hands clenched one in the other, her eyes swollen with emotion, she stared at Genevieve. Then, mastering herself, she answered:

"I am convinced that Georges no longer loves me. He has a mistress. I have suspected it for a long time, almost a year. At present I am certain . . . I have proof."

"You have proof? . . . What proof?"

"I'm going to tell you everything . . . yes, everything. I'm going to tell you the name of the woman with whom he is deceiving me," said Diane in a tone of violence.

Genevieve was silent.

"Genevieve," the other continued in a broken voice, "when I came here this afternoon, I didn't intend to tell you all my . . . difficulties. They're so frightful, so . . . humiliating to me. I only wanted to ask your advice about Georges' present affair. But I'd rather tell you everything . . . so you can help me. Oh, I feel so sure of you, Genevieve. You'll swear to keep it all a secret, won't you?"

"Of course I will."

"Listen . . . my husband has always deceived me. We've been married six years now, haven't we? Well, he has been deceiving me for six years. If you only know what I have suffered! . . . He had mistresses when we were engaged, and he has never stopped having them since. I mean mistresses of every sort, Genevieve—society women, girls he met in dance halls, strangers that he followed in the street. . . . And they were all the cheapest, most trivial sort of adventures. I mean, they hadn't even the excuse of love. They lasted a few days or a few weeks, and they followed one after the other, and sometimes two or three of them would be going on at once. Georges himself confessed to me in a moment of frankness that he just couldn't see a woman without wishing to make another conquest. . . . He—he's a sort of collector."

SHE interrupted herself with a harsh laugh, then dabbed at her dry eyes with a little handkerchief.

"You really—you astonish me," stammered Genevieve, who had listened motionless, with downcast eyes. "Georges Halouin . . . who always seemed so frank, so open, so discriminating, so far above these—these easy conquests. . . . So he's like that. . . . "

"He's a sly one, Genevieve. He gives the impression of being refined, serious, intellectual—oh, don't I know it!—but it's all a pretence of his. In reality . . . oh, Genevieve, the bitter reality! . . . You can imagine what my life with him has been. I was patient; I loved him; I thought he would tire of these vulgar pleasures; that he would change; that he would eventually be faithful. I tried to tell myself that his escapades were of no importance . . . that he loved me in spite of everything. But now, Genevieve, I'm more unhappy than ever before. And do you know why? . . . For the last few months, Georges has had only one affair, and it's serious this time, and it seems permanent. And listen, Genevieve, do you know with whom? With Lily Bergery, you know, the one that has the dancing part in *The Blue Paradise!* . . . I—I think he really loves her, and every day her hold on him is getting stronger. He used to keep up appearances, at least, and when we didn't go out together, he very often spent his evenings at home. But now . . . Three times a week and sometimes more, he goes out alone and stays almost till dawn. I know he isn't at his club; I know he is with that woman!"

"But what makes you so sure, Diane?"

"One night last month, when I was at the theatre, that woman passed by the box where I sat, and I heard one man say to another, 'Yes, it's Lily Bergery; she's with Georges Halouin these days.' It was just a chance remark, but it confirmed all my suspicions. . . . And last night, do you know, Genevieve, he didn't come home at all. He never did that before. I saw him this morning, and he claimed he'd been playing cards all night, but of course it wasn't true; Georges was never a gambler. . . . We had a terrible scene. I'm afraid he's going to leave me for that woman. He loves her; I'm sure this time that he's really in love. Oh, Genevieve, what *can* I do? You *must* help me, Genevieve . . . I'm nearly out of my mind."

For a long time, Genevieve did not answer. Her eyes still downcast, she seemed to be reflecting.

"I don't know what to tell you, Diane," she murmured at last. "I'm really astonished. I was never so mistaken in any one as in your husband. I never should have believed that he was . . . like that. And even now, though I don't doubt anything you say, still I can hardly believe you. I—I pity you deeply, Diane dear. I admire the courage you have shown in supporting all his . . ."

"So you admire my courage, do you? And you pity me deeply, do you? Well, so do I! . . . Ah! the vile woman who . . ."

Diane, who had uttered the last words in an explosion of wrath, broke off suddenly and tried to master her feelings.

"I'm going now," she continued in a voice that still trembled. "I must be going; it's so late and . . . I suppose I kept you from going out, but you'll forgive me won't you? I knew you would. Well, goodbye. My husband was expecting some one on business; he's sure to be there, and I'll see him, and have the matter out with him, and then I'll let you know what happened, my dear . . . dear Genevieve. Goodbye."

DIANE rushed out as swiftly as she had come. Genevieve went back to her letters, but she did not try to complete them. She put her elbows on the table and sat there motionless, thoughtful, her head in her hands.

When Diane reached home, she learned from a servant that *M.* Halouin was in his study with a caller. She went to her room, took off her hat and coat, picked up a book, and sat on the lounge, waiting. She did not read. Her little forehead was puckered with anger.

The clock struck seven. Hearing footsteps in the next room, Diane settled back on the lounge and assumed a smile. The door opened a moment later. The young man who entered was dark and slender, with finely chiselled features and serious eyes.

"Hello, Goldilocks," he said to Diane with a playful air, "you don't often get home so early. I hope you had a better time than I did. Lefeutrier was here, and he never knows when to stop talking. . . . What are you reading, Goldilocks?"

Diane took a quick glance at the title of the novel she was holding.

"Oh, it's something called *Empty Hearts;* it's a terrible bore. But listen, Georges, I've got something to tell you . . . speaking of

(Continued on page 108)

CECIL BEATON

"Les Noces"

Koshuba Dances Stravinsky's Work

THE American *première* of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, which is being given under the aegis of the League of Composers, differs greatly from the black and white production of the same work which Diaghileff made in Paris. It is a colourful presentation which Soudeikine has designed, with faint modernist echoes of its basic Russian peasant background. Valentina Koshuba, who has appeared with all the Russian ballets from Diaghileff's to Pavlowa's, is the *Bride* and Jacques Cartier the *Bridegroom*. The rest of the star cast boasts of Leopold Stokowski at the baton, Miss Sophie Braslau and *Mme.* Nina Koshetz among the singers who are to chant the score as the dancers mime the ballet

PHILIP MOELLER

This erstwhile dramatist has been so busy learning to stage plays (by staging them for the Guild) that he has written none recently

THERESA HELBURN

After ten years spent in going to Bryn Mawr, and writing for *The Nation*, Miss Helburn became the chief executive and the real boss of the Theatre Guild group

MAURICE WERTHEIM

A banker and perhaps a playwright, too, he is the favourite explanation of the Guild's guile in crass matters of business

(Below)

HELEN WESTLEY

This constant in the Guild's problem was kept out of the cast of *Wings Over Europe* only by the presumably enraging circumstance that it had no feminine rôles in it

LAWRENCE LANGNER

This lawyer, is also a playwright, but at least the Guild has never produced any of the innumerable plays written by its own directors

LEE SIMONSON

By doing much of the work himself, he has enabled the Guild to have beautiful settings without putting a mortgage on the theatre

Six Little Directors in a Terrible Wax

Luis Hidalgo, the Mexican Artist, Has Modelled These Malignant Portraits of the Theatre Guild

Woman in Man's Image

Concerning the Modern Male's Motives in Creating a Satisfactory Rôle for Womankind

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THE real trouble about women is that they must always go on trying to adapt themselves to men's theories of women, as they always have done. When a woman is thoroughly herself, she is being what her type of man wants her to be. When a woman is hysterical it is because she does not quite know what to be—which pattern to follow, which man's picture of woman to live up to.

For, of course, just as there are many men in the world, there are many masculine theories of what women should be. But men run to type, and it is the type, not the individual, that produces the theory, or "ideal" of woman. Those very grasping gentry, the Romans, produced a theory, or ideal of the matron, which fitted in very nicely with the Roman property lust. "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion."—So Cæsar's wife kindly proceeded to be above it, no matter how far below it the Cæsar fell.

Later gentlemen like Nero produced the "fast" theory of woman, and later ladies were fast enough for everybody. Dante arrived with a chaste and untouched Beatrice, and chaste and untouched Beatrices began to march self-importantly through the centuries. The Renaissances discovered the learned woman, and learned women buzzed mildly into verse and prose. Dickens invented the child-wife, so child-wives have swarmed ever since. He also fished out his version of the chaste Beatrice, a chaste but marriageable *Agnes*. George Eliot imitated this pattern, and it became confirmed.

THE noble woman, the pure spouse, the devoted mother took the field, and was simply worked to death. Our own poor mothers were this sort. So we younger men, having been a bit frightened of our noble mothers, tended to revert to the child-wife. We weren't very inventive. Only the child-wife must be a boyish little thing—that was the new touch we added. Because young men are definitely frightened of the real female. She's too risky a quantity. She's too untidy, like *David's Dora*. No, let her be a boyish little thing, it's safer. So a boyish little thing she is.

There are, of course, other types. Capable men produce the capable woman ideal. Doctors produce the capable nurse. Business men produce the capable secretary. And so you get all sorts. You can produce the masculine sense of honour (whatever that highly mysterious quantity may be) in women, if you want to.

And so, poor woman, destiny makes away with her. It isn't that she hasn't got a mind—she has—only she asks for a pattern. Give me a pattern to follow! That will always be woman's cry. Unless of course she has already chosen her pattern quite young, then she will declare she is herself absolutely, and no man's idea of women has any influence over her.

Now the real tragedy is not that women ask and must ask for a pattern of womanhood. The tragedy is not, even, that men give them such abominable patterns—child-wives, little-boy-baby-face girls, perfect secretaries, noble spouses, self-sacrificing mothers, pure women who bring forth children in virgin coldness, prostitutes who just make themselves low to please men: all the atrocious patterns of womanhood that men have supplied to woman: patterns all perverted from any real natural fulness of a human being.

Man is willing to accept woman as an equal, as a man in skirts, as an angel, a devil, a baby-face, a machine, an instrument, a bosom, a pair of legs, a servant, an encyclopædia, an ideal or an obscenity: the one thing he won't accept her as, is a human being, a real human being of the feminine sex.

AND, of course, women love living up to strange patterns, weird patterns, the more uncanny the better. What could be more uncanny than the present pattern of the Eton-boy girl with flower-like artificial complexion? It is just weird. And, because of its very weirdness, women like living up to it. What can be more gruesome than the little-boy-baby-face pattern? Yet the girls adopt it with avidity.

But even that isn't the real root of the tragedy. The absurdity, and often, as in the Dante-Beatrice business, the inhuman nastiness of the pattern—for Beatrice had to go on being chaste and untouched all her life, according to Dante's pattern, while Dante had a wife and children at home—even that isn't the worst of it. The worst of it is, as soon as a woman has really lived up to the man's pattern, the man dislikes her for it. There is intense secret dislike for the Eton-young-man girl, among the boys, now that she is actually produced. Of course she's very nice to show off in public—absolutely the thing! But the same young men who have brought about her production detest her in private and in their private hearts are appalled by her.

When it comes to marrying, the pattern goes all to pieces. The boy marries the Eton-boy girl, and instantly, he hates the *type*. Instantly his mind begins to play hysterically with all the other types, noble *Agneses*, chaste Beatrices and lurid *filles de joie*. He is in a wild welter of confusion. Whatever pattern the poor woman tries to live up to, the man will want another. And that's the condition of modern marriage.

Modern woman isn't really foolish. But modern man is. That seems to me the only plain way of putting it. The modern man is a fool, and the modern young man an exceptional fool. He makes a greater mess of his women than men have ever made. Because he absolutely doesn't know *what* he wants her to be. We shall see the changes in the woman-pattern follow one another fast and furious, now, because the young men hysterically do not know what they want. Two years hence women may be in crinolines—there was a pattern for you!—or a bead flap, like naked negresses in mid-Africa—or they may be wearing brass armour, or the uniform of the Horse Guards or something equally different.

The women aren't fools, but they *must* live up to some pattern or other. They *know* the men are fools. They don't really respect the pattern. Yet a pattern they must have, or they can't exist.

Women are not fools. They have their own logic, even if it's not the masculine sort. Women have the logic of emotion, men have the logic of reason. The two are complementary and mostly in opposition. But the woman's logic of emotion is no less real and inexorable than the man's logic of reason. It only works differently.

And the woman never really loses it. She may spend years living up to a masculine pattern. But in the end, the strange and terrible logic of emotion will work out the smashing of that pattern, if it has not been emotionally satisfactory. This is the partial explanation of the astonishing changes in women. For years they go on being chaste Beatrices or child-wives. Then suddenly—the chaste Beatrice becomes something quite different, the child-wife becomes a lioness! The pattern didn't suffice, emotionally.

Men are based on a logic of reason, or are supposed to be. And then they go and behave, especially with regard to women, in a more-than-feminine unreasonableness. They spend years training up the little-boy-baby-face type, until she is almost perfect. Then the moment they marry her, they want something else.

OH, beware, young women, of the young men who adore you! The moment they've got you they'll want something utterly different. The moment they marry the little-boy-baby-face, instantly they begin to pine for the noble *Agnes*, pure and majestic, or the infinite mother with deep bosom of consolation, or the perfect business woman, or the lurid prostitute: or, most idiotic of all, a combination of all the lot of them at once. And that is the logic of reason!

When it comes to women, modern men are idiots. They don't know what they want, and so they never want, permanently, what they get. It is a pity that women are bound by fate to play up to them!

For the fact of life is that woman *must* play up to man's pattern. And she only gives her best to a man when he gives her a satisfactory pattern to play up to. But to-day, with a stock of ready-made, worn-out idiotic patterns to live up to, what can women give to men but the trashy side of their emotions? What could a woman possibly give to a man who wanted her to be a boy-baby-face? And, because women aren't fools, and aren't fooled even for very long at a time, they give him some nasty, cruel digs with their claws, and make him cry for Mother dear!—abruptly causing him to change his pattern again.

If men want anything real from women, let them give women a decent, satisfying idea of womanhood—not these trick patterns of vanished idiots.

STEICHEN

Conférencier at the Keys—Phil Baker

The Celebrated Accordion Man Is Now Master of Ceremonies for a New Revue, "Pleasure Bound"

The Twain Shall Meet

The Case for an Ancient Civilization That Has Not Yet Learned to Misuse Knowledge

By PAUL VALÉRY

FOR a very long time we Europeans regarded China as a separate planet. We peopled it with imaginary beings, for there is nothing more natural than to reduce other people to the peculiarities we discover in them. A head that wears a powdered wig or a high silk hat cannot conceive of heads with long queues.

We endowed this fantastic nation with all sorts of contradictory qualities: silliness and profundity, weakness and permanence, a prodigious energy and a prodigious inertia, ignorance and skill together, ingenuousness mingled with an incomparable subtlety, austerity and the refinements of vice, an infinite number of ridiculous traits. We considered China as immense and powerless, inventive and stationary, superstitious and atheistic, unprincipled and philosophic, patriarchal and decadent; and disconcerted by the chaotic idea we had of it; not knowing where to place it in our scheme of civilization, which we based unquestioningly on the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans; unable either to lower it to the rank of barbarism (in which state we ourselves were placed by the Chinese), or to raise it to our own summit of pride, we placed it in another sphere and another chronology—in the category of what is at the same time real and incomprehensible; coexistent with ourselves, but at an infinite distance.

NOTHING, for example, could be more difficult for us to imagine than moderation in the thirst for spiritual riches, and temperance in the use of material resources. How could one invent the compass—the European asks—without pursuing one's investigations and discovering the science of magnetism; and how, having invented this instrument, could one fail to use it as guide to a fleet that would sail off to explore and conquer the lands beyond the sea? The people that invented gunpowder made no further advances in chemistry and never used cannons; instead they wasted their discovery on vain explosions and the bright illusions of the night.

The compass, gunpowder, and the printing press have changed the tempo of civilization. The Chinese who discovered them did not perceive that they had found the means of infinitely troubling the slumbers of the earth.

Europeans regard this as a shocking situation. We cannot conceive of any one failing to draw the most logical, the most immoderate consequences from every advantage and every situation—consequently, on us fell the task of developing these inventions to their utmost. Is it not our task to make the universe too small for our movements, and to overload our minds, no longer with the indistinct mass of that which we do not know, but rather with the present quantity of that which we might know and never will?

We Europeans demand that things should be ever more intense, more rapid, more precise, more concentrated, more surprising. Novelty—a quality that is perishable by essence—is such a pre-eminent quality for us that its absence spoils all the others, while its presence atones for the lack of them. Under penalty of boredom, contempt, and failure, we force ourselves to be ever more *advanced*, in the arts, in morals, in politics, in ideas; and we are trained to value only surprise and the instantaneous effect of the shock. Caesar, judging that he had accomplished nothing so long as there remained something more to do; Napoleon, who wrote, "I never live except two years in the future," seem to have communicated this restlessness, this intolerance toward everything that now exists, to almost the whole of the white race. We are encouraged to imitate these great men, and to do nothing that does not destroy everything previously existing, at the eventual price of destroying itself.

IT is to be remarked that this tendency, which might be considered as creative, is in reality no less automatic in its operation than the opposite tendency. It often happens that the systematic pursuit of the new is a lower form of activity, a mere habit.

Between a society in which acceleration has become an evident law, and another society the inertia of which is its most obvious characteristic, the relationship could hardly be symmetrical. Reciprocity, which is essential to equilibrium, and which defines the nature of a true peace, could have only a precarious existence.

Nor is this the worst feature of the situation.

To the great detriment of society in general, it lies in the nature of things that contact between the different parts of the globe should always begin with those individuals on one side and the other who are least calculated to seek for common roots and to discover first of all the correspondence between two different modes of feeling.

The peoples of the earth come in touch with one another either through their hardest and greediest representatives, or else by those who are most determined to impose their own doctrines and to give without receiving—a characteristic which distinguishes them from the first type. Neither the traders nor the missionaries, however, have any idea of reciprocity, and their rôle consists not at all in respecting the peace, the liberty, the beliefs, or the possessions of others. Their energy, their talents, their knowledge, their devotion, all are applied to the task of creating or exploiting inequality. They expend their forces, and often sacrifice their lives, in the effort to do unto others as they would not choose to have others do unto them. Now, one has to despise people—though often without being conscious of the fact, and even with the best intentions in the world—before setting out to conquer or convert them. In the beginning contempt exists on both sides: no form of reciprocity is more easily, more promptly established.

Perfect misunderstanding, mutual disdain, and even an essential *antipathy*, a sort of two-sided negation, along with a few covert thoughts of violence or trickery:—such, till the present moment, has been the psychological substance of the relations between *John Chinaman* on the one hand and the *foreign devils* on the other.

But the time is coming when the foreign devils will be forced to realize the immense effects of their active virtues. These strange demons, drunk with ideas, thirsting for knowledge and power, recklessly arousing and dissipating the natural energies that had always lain dormant, conjuring up more forces than they are able to conjure away, creating forms of thought that are infinitely more complex and generalized than any thought in itself—have amused themselves by drawing primitive races from their stupor and nations overburdened with age from their torpidity.

In this state of affairs, a war of unprecedented fury and magnitude having burst forth, a universal feeling of panic was created, and the human race was stirred to its depths. Men of all colours, all customs, all cultures, were called to this before-the-last Judgment. All the ideas and opinions, the prejudices and evaluations, on which was founded the political stability of the past era, were now submitted to the severest tests. For war is the shock of the event upon our expectancy; it is a state in which the physical, in all its power, holds the psychical in subjection; and, if the war is long and general, it overturns all our separate conceptions of the world and of the future.

THIS is because peace is only a system of conventions, a balance of symbols, an edifice based essentially on credit. Threats, in peacetime, take the place of acts; paper takes the place of gold; gold takes the place of everything. Credit, probabilities, habits, memories, and words become the immediate elements of international politics, for in this sphere, every policy is a speculation, a more or less real transaction based on fictitious values. *World politics as a whole can be reduced to discounting bills on the future or to making a statement of assets.*

War finally liquidates these *positions*—demands the presence and the expenditure of real forces—puts hearts to the test, reveals the contents of treasure vaults, opposes the fact to the idea, results to reputations, accident to foresight, death to phrases. It tends to make the ulterior fate of things depend on the raw reality of the moment.

And so the last war abounded in revelations. We have seen the haughtiest and richest nations of the globe reduced to a sort of beggary, calling the weakest peoples to their aid, seeking man-power, bread, assistance of every sort, incapable of prosecuting with their own resources the supreme venture in which their very greatness had involved them. Many eyes were opened; many reflections

(Continued on page 106)

One of Those Famous World Cruises

An Assortment of Tourist Types to Which A Venturesome Voyager Is Always Exposed

By COVARRUBIAS

HALE AND HEARTY

Behold that robust Rotarian, Fred Zwiller of South Bend, taking his morning constitutional around the promenade deck. Fred is feeling enormously fit and is quite unaware that his firmly clenched free-burning cigar spreads utter woe among those of his fellow passengers who do not enjoy his own rude health

(Right)
THE GLOOMY GROOM

A paradise for the newly-weds, Andrew and Ethel, is the upper-deck, when the moon sheds its romantic radiance. But, alas, in Andrew's heart is horrid foreboding. He has just sighted a beauteous blonde and the susceptible young man wonders darkly whether he was wise to marry while he is still so young

THE NOVICES

Mr. and Mrs. Leibnitz are realizing . . and how! . . their life's dream, a trip abroad. About lies the improving literature they had hoped to read. That Old Devil, Sea, has had its way with them. On this, their fifth day out, Papa Leibnitz has just enough strength to murmur, "Oi! When we get over there we can maybe stay for a while"

THE TRAVEL TALKER

By far the most engaging hour of the day should be cocktail time when the folks gather in the bar room, but, as in this instance, it is usually sunk by someone like Rebecca Grausbeck who has crossed once before and likes you to know about it. Her audience has just heard that she bought the coat at a just darling shop in China

(Left)
THE IMPRESARIO

No ship's company is complete without a man like Lucius Detmold, self-appointed manager of deck pastimes, auctioneer of ship pools, and general organizer of everything. He is in his glory at the farewell concert when he introduces each artist with a side-splitting wise-crack which goes over just like a damp firecracker

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Mrs. Grosvenor, during the brief stop in Constantinople, passes-up the mosques and minarets of which she has loads of picture postcards, and spends an exciting hour trying to lower the price of Oriental amber. In the end she boards the steamer in the firm belief that through her shrewd cunning she has really succeeded in doing so

The Refugee

An Experiment on the Person of an Unexceptional Young Girl in Two Kinds of Unhappiness

By DAVID CORT

IN Adamdale the neighbours were in no way surprised when Jenny Couzens, at the age of eighteen, narrowed her attention to one presentable young fellow: they had come so naturally to think of her as the "marrying sort", as one of those who by their wholesome unexceptionalness are committed to the work of making the world go 'round.

But when, at nineteen—a certain amount of water having passed under the bridge—Jenny entered a convent, the neighbours thought this, too, perfectly explicable. They were certainly very sorry for her, but they found no occasion for attempting to discover, in speculation, anything more than met the eye, for Jenny had always been a gay and innocent girl, really incapable of surprising or alarming anyone.

But after eighteen reasonably happy years and six unreasonably happy months, Jenny had died her first death. It was for her a new and astonishing experience, a disillusion whose rigours were more deadly even than the illusion which had preceded it was lovely. She had given her love away for nothing and now she found herself exploring for the first time the stricken acres of the limbo of heartbreak. Apparently she had misunderstood everything, she had thought this was the real thing, she had become, in her own mind, a woman overnight and as a woman she thought she had betrothed herself. But now she realized that she had been deficient in experience. That was all. It was necessary to learn that everything wasn't love. There were ever so many substitutes, and in future one must be wary. Once you had added disbelief to your equipment, you were immune against such errors of recognition. Thus casually Jenny plucked that bitter berry and dropped it into her consciousness.

BUT in the meanwhile her heart was broken, and she abandoned herself to taking full knowledge of the immediate emotion. It was painful, and yet it was not altogether unpleasant. One was companioned by the not too insistently gnawing fox in the bosom, but it was a real companionship: one became almost friendly with it. One's heart took over the properties of a limb, it was as though it had rested for awhile in an uncomfortable posture and had gone partly to sleep, so that now it was shot with pleasurable little twinges and mantled by a half-sensed prickling. To convert the first sharp hurt into these sensuous abstractions, it was only necessary to forget the man and the event, and to dwell on the emotion.

Naturally, it had not been so easy at first. She had been unwilling to accept the fact of the actual stature of her tragedy. It would have been intolerable then to think that it had not been a great love, a great loss. She had grafted upon him the growing ends of her capacity for emotion, she had fixed one face in her dreams to take the unvarying rôle of the face that confronted hers. And when she was constrained to withdraw the gift so naïvely given, the pitiless wrench left her severed nerves dangling like broken wires, but it had been a longer process to dispossess him of his place in her dreams. Well, that too she had done. She had accepted the fearful verity that it had not been a great love, a great loss, even though it had been necessary to minimize herself to do it. Everything had dwindled sadly from heroic dimensions, herself, her heart, her life and he, but the contraction had cost her something. With an instinct against absolute waste, she had begun to try to show some profit on the transaction. She had formulated a few rules about "life in general", had taken a new inventory and marked up the valuation opposite "experience". Thus she contrived to balance her accounts in some fashion.

BUT this emotional book-keeping was not in any sense a thrifty preparation for new enterprise. As she conceived it for the moment, she had finished. She had her rules for future conduct, but they were all negative, backward-looking, "life is not this", "life is not that". Something had happened, been completed, it made a sum as large as she wished to attempt. Life had presented her with a few facts and she wanted no more, she was willing to examine those she already had and in recapitulation and analysis to discover from them such sad truths as they might be made to yield. She decided that she had come to a fit age for philosophy and reflection, and she renounced the consolations of worldliness. But until this time, contrary to all that her contemporaries in Adamdale thought later in retrospect, she had not so much as thought of renouncing the distractions of the world. She had not thought of becoming a nun. But on the other hand she had resolved that she would not, as her heart healed, exercise it a little and a little more each day until it recovered its full health. The injury had apparently been only functional, it had not been organic, she could afford to sulk.

Wherefore, Jenny Couzens began to read Emerson and Marcus Aurelius, comfortably finding in the pages whatever she wished to find; and, it being the beginning of the summer vacation, she decided to quit the places where she might by chance meet her betrayer. To this end she persuaded her parents to send her to visit her older sister, a Mrs. Stone, who lived at no great distance with her two young children, having been separated for several years from her husband. The sister kept chiefly to herself and her children, she scarcely ever went out in society, and she lived in a comfortable and moderate style. Jenny thought it would be an ideal situation for her convalescence. Furthermore, she had always been a little impressed and mystified by her sister, she gave her the respect due one who had lived out the master-experiences, marriage, children, separation from her husband. Her sister, in effect, served the purposes of an ideal, one who was more than a match for life, a lady serene and intact who always came to the correct solution.

Mrs. Stone welcomed her sister pleasantly and gave her as much solitude as she wished. For several weeks the girl and the woman maintained a friendly and uneffusive relationship, meeting at meals and occasionally walking together for an hour or so in the evening through the country lanes. Finally, on one such evening, when the slight draughts of wind brought the sweet heavy scents of the field and the sweet delicate scents of the wood and the quiet unafraid night sounds of the birds and small animals, the two women went in silence along the upland paths, thinking each her own thoughts. And Jenny felt saddened and curiously strong and began to tell her sister in a subdued glad voice of her unhappiness, offering it to her sister proudly as a testament to the older woman's strength and wisdom.

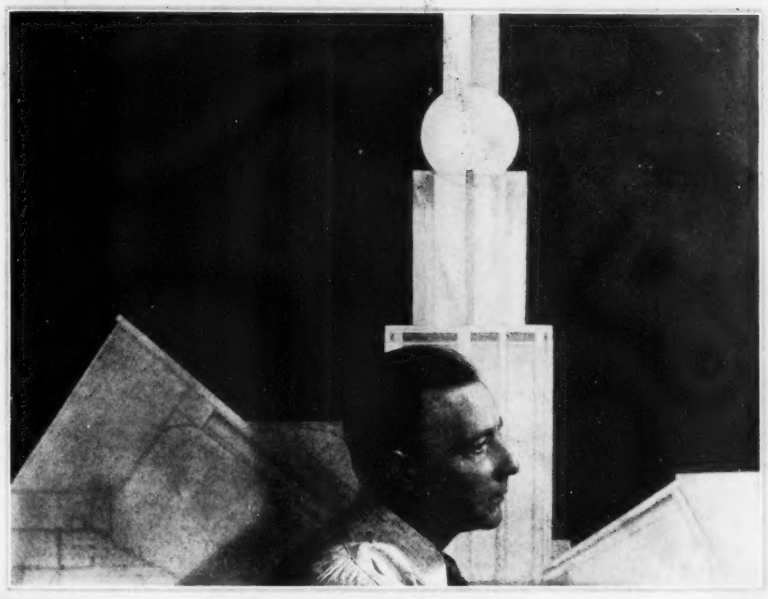
Mrs. Stone listened without interruption to the end, but afterward, for a long while, as they walked onward, she did not say anything. Jenny presently understood that her sister was weeping, making no sound, only letting the heavy dreadful tears slide helplessly down her face. The tears had no connection with the woman's will or memory, they flowed silently and indifferently from unimaginable obscure depths, the source-springs of being. The girl was as embarrassed as possible and glad of the dark and, through the terrible silent lamentation of her companion, wondered to herself why her story, of which she found now that she was merely a little vain, should make her sister so unhappy.

AS the two climbed higher, the breeze freshened and the odours of the night took on an almost unbearable sweetness, yet lightened and elusive, a drug impossible of surfeit. Jenny breathed it in, exhilarated and ashamed, trying to compel herself to a recognition of her sister's sorrow. But the woman seemed to be taking no notice of her, she walked on more rapidly, and occasionally moved her head from side to side as if to give the impression that she was still enjoying the evening. When they came to a dark place in the road, she took out her handkerchief and wiped her face dry. A little later, she said in a level voice: "I don't want you to feel, Jenny, that you must say something when I have finished. I simply want to talk for a little while." As though it were a set recitation completely memorized, Mrs. Stone rehearsed in rapid, toneless words, a story that Jenny had often read in novels.

Mrs. Stone, nine years late, was in love with her husband. Before her marriage, her husband had been impossibly in love with her; he had been a lover self-tormented into wild reproaches and black gloom. The mere fact of so violent a passion had antagonized her, she had over a period of two years baited and toyed with him until, at last, exhausted and still a little apprehensive, she had married him. With marriage, his passion and his adoration became only the more intense and she continued to flinch from the obligations his faith attempted to impose on her. They had

(Continued on page 114)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



FREDERICK KIESLER

Because he is an architect who has devoted his attention to the peculiar problems of the moving picture theatre; because three years ago he brought the International Theatre Exhibit to New York; because he revolutionized window display by his modernist designs, and finally because he has now developed the funnel shaped theatre providing an improved vision for motion pictures

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Because he is a columnist and novelist who has been successful in both fields; because he founded the Three Hours For Lunch Club; because, perhaps as a result of his Oxford training, he has taken upon himself the mantle of Charles Lamb, and finally because he has recently established a theatre in Hoboken which has become the Mecca for all New Yorkers who have an unquenchable wanderlust

HUENÉ—PARIS

ABBOTT—PARIS

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

Because he is a novelist who has been to Les Landes what Thomas Hardy was to Wessex; because his first book to be published here, *Thérèse*, revealed him as a sensitive stylist who combines an innate religious mysticism with a keen absorption in abnormal psychology; because he is one of the first of modern writers and finally because his complete works are soon to be published here in English

(Centre)

GERARD D'HOUVILLE

Because she is one of the most prominent of French women writers; because she is the daughter of José Maria de Hérédia and the wife of Henri de Régnier the poets; because she has drawn much of the material for her books from her early life in the Antilles and finally because her latest work, a life of the Empress Josephine, has not only upset tradition, but won her additional recognition

KELLERMANN

WILLIAM BEEBE

Because he is the last of the great trio of naturalists, the other two being Fabre and Hudson; because he has not only followed the trails of rare flora and fauna to the ends of the world, but written about his discoveries with artistry and enthusiasm, and finally because he explains his career by saying, "The *Isness* of facts is boring and futile, the ***Whyness*** is the chief reason for going on living"

STEICHEN

The Raising of Helen Kane

The Most Successful of Baby Talk Songstresses Makes No Apologies To Booth Tarkington

FROM end to end of this theatrical season a pleasantly plump young person named Helen Kane has been singing in *Good Boy* her twitterful plaint, *I Wanna Be Loved By You*, thereby heaping many skoals upon her own fame and also filling the rival stages roundabout with innumerable imitators of her baby-talk balladry. It now turns out—at this usual turning-out time—that Miss Kane has been doing the same sort of act for years in those large but evidently unnoticeable elsewheres known as Shubert shows and so-forths. It was only when she sang at the Paramount last season that New York frst heeded her staccato cooing and her undulating eye. Now she is the pet of the musicals, completes her evening's yodellings at the Club Casanova, the smartest of the gay places, is in great demand via records and radio, and has already served with Richard Dix in making a talking picture of the popular play *Nothing But the Truth*

The Triple Tyranny

How Man Is Sternly Ruled by the Dictates of the Church, the Law and the Medical Expert

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

DURING the last few years a number of men and women, most of them with expert knowledge, have been examining in a series of small books the various problems that confront the human race, chiefly with their eyes on the future. Probably many of the volumes in this series which is called *To-day and To-morrow* have also been published in America. Most of these essays in speculation or reflection have had titles like *Dædalus* or *Atalanta*, which have linked up the subject with some hero or villain, some god or titan, of what are called classical times. One day a former editor of the series asked me if I would contribute a volume, and I said I would write one about the triple tyranny which our civilization has to see fulfilled before it gives way to another civilization.

"And the title?" he asked.

"Cerberus."

"That fierce three-headed dog which stands between us and the next world! What will each head represent?"

"Well," said I, expanding in the genial warmth of editorial encouragement, "I should begin with the tyranny of priests. I should point out the ruthless way in which during the age of faith priests had sat round the beds of dying men and threatened them with the pains of hell unless by leaving all their possessions to the Church they were prepared to throw a sop to the particular head of Cerberus which was being shaken at them so severely. I should go on to show how this priestly tyranny had obstructed every walk of life. I should indicate how humanity had been hampered at every turn by the priests' monstrous assumption of knowledge about the next world and their equally monstrous ignorance of this world."

"YOU'LL excuse me," said the Editor breaking in at this point, "but I have always understood you are a Roman Catholic."

"So I am, which explains my anti-clerical prejudice . . . but please do not dam the flow of my scheme with interruptions, or I shall never get this book written for you. Where was I? Oh yes . . . I shall draw a picture, rivalling in macabre significance the woodcuts of Dürer or Holbein's *Dance of Death*, of men and women groaning in the toils of an unscrupulous ecclesiasticism, and then I shall go on to point out how after the detestable Reformation . . ."

"Really I must ask you to excuse me," the Editor interrupted again, "but after the point of view about priestcraft you have just indicated I don't see why you use such an epithet as 'detestable' for the Reformation."

"Because," I answered, "the Reformation produced the much worse tyranny of lawyers. No sooner had mankind allowed itself to feel some doubt whether its lot in the next world was likely to depend quite so entirely on the goodwill of the professional guides encountered in this one than an even more serious threat to its peace of mind ensued. 'If you don't leave your money to the Church,' had said the priest, sitting beside the dying man's bed, 'nothing can save you from eternal damnation,' or words to that effect. 'Stuff and nonsense,' or words to that effect, the dying man had retorted. 'To begin with, I don't feel quite so sure after the new facts we are finding out about this world that there is a next world at all; but if there is a next world I feel perfectly sure that you could find your way about in it no more successfully than a new-born child could walk from Tartary to Cathay. Why, you ignorant fellow, you did not even know that there was a place called America! What the devil right have you got to talk about Purgatory, or hint that in the pocket of your cassock you have the key to Paradise?'"

WHEN the dying man had spoken thus, I should draw a picture of the priest flying from the room in terror at the sound of such blasphemy. So vivid indeed would be my picture that you would almost hear the triumphant chuckle of the dying man now feeling quite happy about the disposal of his ill-gotten gains. But at that moment the second head of Cerberus would thrust a long hideous hairy neck round the bedpost, or in other words the chair beside the dying man's bed would scrape discreetly and, with a sound of rustling papers and the clank of a deed-box, a little man in a snuff-coloured suit would begin to go into the legal aspect of the disposal of the dying man's estate. After this dramatic entrance of the lawyer I should go on to describe the miseries of humanity under the second tyranny. What men had suffered at the hands of priests would be nothing compared to what they would suffer at the hands of lawyers. By the time I had finished with lawyers in my proposed pamphlet I should be likely to find myself a complete anarchist. Yes, after pointing out the way that politics had become the sport of lawyers, I should want to abolish laws altogether, particularly because during the third tyranny which now threatens the human race I realize that the lawyers with their usual infernal cunning and diabolical self-interest will avoid being entirely superseded by making a bureaucratic alliance with our new enemies the doctors. This third tyranny which threatens is likely to be the worst of the lot. I wonder if I should be justified in maintaining that the priestly say had been in origin Asiatic, that the legal tyranny had been European, and that the medical tyranny will be American. Of course, when I speak of a medical tyranny, I am not thinking of those pleasant men with well-kept hands, smooth voices, and bland expressions who prescribe when we are recovering from influenza a dozen oysters and a pint of *champagne*. No, no, these are not our enemies. These are they who not merely make life worth living, but death even worth dying. It is far from my intention to criticize the kindly creatures who pat us on the back when we first come into the world and pat us on the head when we are young and pat us on the chest as we grow a little bit older. No, no, these family doctors are not the objects of my dread.

The men I dread are the lonely scientific Jeremiahs who sap the fond belief of humanity in white bread, who blame tobacco for cancer, who account for the surge and thunder of the Odyssey by an excess of wind in the poet's babyhood, who find not Heaven lying about us in our infancy but Hell, who prescribe cold water as a cure for costiveness, and who add grey stone to grey stone of that sad sanitary edifice which doctors are building for mankind. In the Middle Ages when the priests were not prepared to stand any kind of poaching on their own preserves scientific alarmists were quickly dealt with; but however much I may sympathize in private with the point of view of the priests, I suppose I cannot go so far as to advocate in the pages of your *To-day and To-morrow* series a wholesale burning of vivisectionists, psycho-analysts, birth-controllers, eugenists, and all that flock of quacking sciolists who want to make life in this world as intolerable as the priests threaten to make life in the world to come. I regard it as significant that the last great witch-hunt, the last serious offensive of the fundamentalists, and the chief stronghold of Christian Science should all have been in America.

AS one who pretends to a certain amount of culture and hopes to be a dispassionate observer of human nature I may deplore all those manifestations of the anti-scientific spirit; but that does not prevent my recognizing the profound instinct of spiritual self-preservation which inspires them. It is possible, nay probable, that America will suffer more from the tyranny of doctors than any other part of the globe. America was the first country in which women began to acquire real power that was not founded upon sexuality, and it will be in a world ruled by women that the tyranny of doctors will flourish most richly. The very fact that the legal tyranny was always anti-feminine will help the reaction; and since we may now suppose ourselves on the way toward a feminine domination, civilized men and women must face the fact that having for so long not been able to call their souls their own they will soon be unable to call their bodies their own. Take this question of birth-control. When an English clergyman who bore the somewhat sinister name of Malthus and who was born in a house somewhat ominously called *The Rookery*, wrote his dreary essay on the *Principle of Population*, it had little effect on the popular mind, because he was regarded as a dryasdust political economist; but when a personal woman like Dr. Marie Stopes wrote a prose pæan to contraception called *Married Love* it became the *Ars Amatoria* of a myriad flappers. *Reading without Tears* was the name of a famous Victorian

(Continued on page 102)

Estimating a Trump Hand at Contract

How to Re-Appraise and Re-Bid Your Cards in the Second Stages of the Contracting

By LELIA HATTERSLEY

AT Contract, a keen ability in appraising a hand according to inferences and deductions is absolutely essential if one hopes to win games and slams and escape the payment of severe penalties.

"Bid your cards for all they are worth, but don't bid the same cards twice," is without doubt one of the most helpful mottoes which a Contract player can adopt. Nevertheless, a player should not overlook the important fact that a hand which has been bid for what appears to be the limit of its value may frequently justify a re-bid on information obtained during the sequence of the bidding. This is more often the case when a hand has been opened at declared trumps rather than at No Trumps where values are more apt to depreciate than appreciate in general bidding.

The question of declared trump bids would be greatly simplified were it possible to use the more easy, sure, and quick way of judging a No Trump hand and deciding whether you should open with a declaration of one, two, or three. By this method the relative worth of the cards most likely to prove trick winners at No Trumps may be gauged with a numerical count which represents their fractional values —Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1. This simple but really scientific count provides a ready basis for calculating the probable number of tricks in a No Trump hand. With a hand properly distributed and guarded for No Trump play, an original bidder may assume that each unit of three points will produce a trick. It is readily seen, then, that an honour count of 13 or 14 points should yield somewhat better than four tricks, thus warranting an opening bid of one No Trump. A count of 18 should provide the six tricks necessary for an original bid of 2 No Trumps, and a count of 21 or 22 the seven tricks which justify an immediate declaration of three No Trumps. The strength necessary for an assisting hand to jump from one to three No Trumps is 12 points (four probable tricks), while a single raise may be given on 9 points.

This direct and clear-cut means of valuation can not be applied to suit bids because they must be played under very dissimilar circumstances.

THE most important factor in the declarer's play of any hand, whether it be a suit or a No Trump, is control. It is possible to keep a No Trump under control only by the guards which can be marshalled against any suit the opponents may attempt to set up. In a critical situation a humble Jack or Queen is often the pivot on which the success of a No Trump turns. At a declared trump, on the contrary, where control is largely maintained by the ability to trump adverse suits and to win quick tricks with Aces and Kings, a guarded Jack or Queen proves useless more often than not.

Length and strength of trumps and quick tricks are such tangible assets that it is a comparatively simple matter for the majority of players to value a hand for the purpose of making an original suit bid. It is when a question arises of assisting a partner's declaration or making a re-bid, that the general run of players seem too frequently to muff the contract for game or slam, which the play of the hand subsequently yields. This may be caused by a lack of experience in Contract, but it is more often due to the player's failure to tune in on the sequence of the bidding and re-value his hand according to the information thus obtained. For the discriminating player the most fascinating part of the game commences after the contracting has been opened, one or two declarations have been made, and the problems of inferential bidding must be met.

IN opening the first bid of a deal you are of course in the dark about all but your own individual holding. Starting without a clue to the location of the outstanding strength, you can only surmise that it is divided and that the play of the hand will produce an average break of luck. For instance, in making an original trump bid it may be assumed that the outstanding trumps are evenly distributed and so can be drawn in three rounds of play. On this basis it is reasonable to expect that a five card trump suit will furnish two end tricks, a six card suit three end tricks, etc. Again, holding two cards which stand about a fifty-fifty chance, it can reasonably be expected that one will win and the other will lose, and that, together, they may be counted as one trick. Thus, if you were opening a Spade bid with the following hand

♠-A, Q, 6, 4, 2 ♡-K, 10, 3 ◇-A, 5, 4, 3 ♣-6

the King and Queen would be valued together as one trick, the Aces as two, and the end trumps as two—five tricks in all, the singleton being at this point only a detriment. Coupled with the reasonable expectation of two assisting tricks from your partner an opening bid of one Spade would be in order.

So much for the original declaration. The important point is that the subsequent bidding may reveal the necessity for a complete shift in the appraisal of your hand. For instance, with an assist from your partner and a show of strength in another suit, by the opponent on your right, your expectation in trumps is strengthened, your King and Queen both promise to be tricks, and you have a sound re-bid in Spades. Should your partner, however, take you out in Diamonds or Hearts, your end Spade tricks should be discounted. At the same time your singleton would shift from a liability to a strong asset, which, coupled with your quick trick and trump support, would justify you in a double raise of your partner's suit.

But suppose that, after you have opened the above hand with an original bid of one Spade the opponent on your left overcalls with a No Trump or an informatory double, then the original valuation of your hand is greatly depreciated, with the Queen of Spades and the King of Hearts divested of their trick-taking possibilities.

An experienced player is always an adept in shifting the value of guarded Kings, Queens, and tenace combinations according to the location of the adverse bids. These deductions are comparatively simple. It is the more subtle shifts in valuation, developed during the course of the bidding, that are apt to elude any but the best players.

The following hand which occurred in a recent game furnishes an example of the rich reward gained by a player who made keen use of his deductive powers and imagination in shifting his valuations.

	♠-9, 8, 5, 4, 3 ♡-10, 7, 4, 2 ◇-None ♣-10, 9, 6, 4	
♠-Q, 2 ♡-9, 8 ◇-A, K, J, 4, 2 ♣-A, 8, 7, 2	N W E S	♠-J ♡-K, Q, J ◇-Q, 9, 7, 3 ♣-K, Q, J, 5, 3
	♠-A, K, 10, 7, 6 ♡-A, 6, 5, 3 ◇-10, 8, 6, 5 ♣-None	

Both sides were vulnerable. South, the dealer, rightly estimated his hand as worth no more than a bid of one Spade—four probable tricks in his trump suit and the Ace of Hearts, his absence of Clubs being, at this stage, a liability. West declared two Diamonds. North bid two Spades, resolving that that would be the limit of his support. East jumped his partner's Diamonds to four, and it was now South's turn to reconsider the situation. In spite of only a single raise from his partner, on a hand which he had originally appraised as a minimum bid of one, South declared four Spades.

The cue which enabled South to re-value his hand as a good gamble for game was the definite Diamond strength shown by both of his opponents. South's own length in that suit practically marked his partner as void of Diamonds, and indicated that the danger in the hand could be controlled by the simple expedient of a cross-ruff.

As the deal was actually played, East doubled the Spades, West opened with the King of Diamonds, and South scored a nicely sweetened rubber.

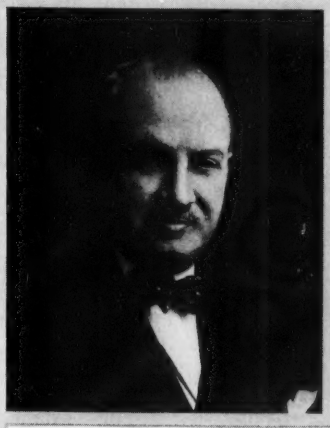
Even though lacking a preponderance of high card strength the hands of a partnership (in a trump bid) frequently hold the valuable distribution which permits of a cross-ruff. Only too often, however, this distributional value is not suspected until the dummy's hand goes down and it is too late to bid for the high contract that turns out to be easily made.

(Continued on page 114)

SIDNEY S. LENZ
Author. The great Problem King. Has won more tournaments than any other player. People have a knack of playing badly against him

GRATZ M. SCOTT
Author, teacher and President of the Cavendish Club. Has had an extraordinary influence on the growth and the popularity of the game

RAYMOND A. BALFE
A brilliant and resourceful player. Original. One of the greatest experts in the game. Also known as a most consistent tournament player



MILTON C. WORK
Author, broadcaster, lecturer, teacher of teachers. Has a very large following and his radio talks are listened to from coast to coast

EDWIN A. WETZLAR
Secretary of the Cavendish Club. The favourite partner of all the top notch players. A very sound, adroit and responsive player

WILBUR C. WHITEHEAD
Author, broadcaster, lecturer. Has largely influenced the development of the game. A great analyst and player

BARON VON ZEDWITZ
A noted tournament player. Especially highly regarded by the experts. Plays a brilliant and well-rounded game

R. J. LEIBENDERFER
Lawyer. Writer of occasional magazine articles on the game. A renowned and indefatigable Contractor

HAROLD VANDERBILT
Inventor of the present Contract counting system. A player of the first order. Author of the Club Convention

The Master Minds of Contract

A Portrait Gallery of Nine Dominating and Picturesque Figures in the World of Bridge

THE spread of Contract Bridge in America seems more and more to be decimating the audiences at the theatres and night clubs. It has also helped to destroy anything like domestic tranquillity in a million American homes. Young Mr. Vanderbilt certainly disrupted the public peace when he invented the present counting system for Contract, a system that imbues the game with just the degree of danger to make it the best of all four-handed card games. Here are a few supermen of Contract in America; giants who nightly fight out their battles at the Cavendish Club in New York, now the centre of Contract in this country

Housekeeping in Manhattan and Morocco

A Comparison—With an Obvious Conclusion—of a New Civilization With an Old One

By LOUIS GOLDING

I AM back again in the Hotel Wonker in New York. (Let us call it the Hotel Wonker.) I am going to keep house again for a space of months in my room (with bath) as I did about a year ago. And in between I have kept house in Morocco, among the copper aloes and the yellow lilies and the mimosas, that looked out upon the Pillars of Hercules. I want to make up my mind which is mirage—Morocco or Manhattan. Was I flesh and blood over in Morocco, or merely the indiscreet fantasy of some scorpion—devouring dervish who had rotated upon his toe for three-and-twenty hours? Or am I flesh and blood here in Manhattan, or merely a piece of furniture in room nine hundred and fourteen, listed by the hotel-management among the towels and wardrobes and blotting-pads?

I say that I am going to keep house for a few months in the Hotel Wonker. I will not apologize for the phrase. Housekeeping is as masculine an operation as carving top-ribs or playing polo. It is the most insistent vanity of women that they insist they are the only housekeepers. However little domesticated we are, we men, however dependent we are upon an adoring wife or mother for our cutlets or pillowcases, we must be housekeepers too, lest woe be on us. We must house-keep our golf-clubs, our manuscripts, our collar-studs, we must house-keep our pillowcases and cutlets. The duty is upon us, if we would live decently in our own soul's eye, to keep our own house in order, whatever outer shape our house take on; whether it be an attic in Camden Town or a vast *immeuble* on the *Avenue des Champs-Elysées;* whether we are the lord of a caravanserai of camel-hair tents on the road to Timbuktu, or whether we have taken a room (with bath) in a sky-shouldering hotel in New York, where the flare of Broadway sky-signs shall be our bed-side candle and the roar of riveting our lullaby.

AND here, I say, am I housekeeping in the Wonker Hotel; and it is precisely for this reason that my mind reverts to that housekeeping among the Moroccan pines, for each experience contrasted against the other receives such strangeness, such a wild delight. When I say house-keep in the Wonker Hotel, I use the word in the special and exact sense in which I have already defined it. I do not mean at all that I go out shopping into Madison Avenue with a little lace bag over my arm, wherein I bring home to my electric cooker the cutlet and tomato for my luncheon. What my housekeeping amounts to here is keeping my own soul intact in my own little cell (with bath), at the heart of two thousand other little cells (with bath). It involves a fierce struggle against the tides of loneliness that seep in through the doors and windows, despite all their perfect carpentry; despite all the nineteen hundred and ninety-nine other gentlemen and ladies marooned in their little cells. It is an important element in my housekeeping to invent odd unanticipated things for myself to do, like suddenly breaking out into a Latin canticle or wagging my finger at the reflection of my nose in the wardrobe mirror. This is to exorcise the nightmare that falls upon me so insistently that I have become a bedpost or a mirror or some other standardized article of furniture in my room. And sometimes I turn a light off in order to turn it on again. It happens that I have to keep all the lights in my room burning the whole time; for the room is only a third of the way up the façade of one of the four cliffs that compose the vast interior funnel of the Wonker Hotel. Cimmerian darkness reigns here perpetually. And that is another reason why, when I remember my Moroccan house, the dilemma once more assails me—which is fantasy, which is mirage? For that other house stood four-square to four tides of light. The African sunlight beat so strongly on it that the walls almost shook in the impact, like tapestry in a wind.

IT was in the Spring of last year that I exchanged, with practically no interval, the moon-scorning skyscrapers for the exquisite Moroccan minarets; and substituted for the hurtling subways and clotted flow of automobiles, the stately progress of camels over tawny sands. I do not mean to say that some Baghdadian carpet transported me to my house on the mountain above Tangier. There was an interval occupied by trains, steamers, more steamers. But the pace of all movement and all thought in that other hemisphere was so unbelievably gentle after the throbbing, thudding, radio-activity of this America, that it merely seemed as if one slept.

And I landed at length in that miraculous garden above Tangier, and there kept house for some months. And it is partly for the benefit of my fellow cellarers in the nineteen-hundred and ninety-nine cells of the Hotel Wonker that I invoke those days, and partly to convince myself that they occurred at all. For some of them may care to take a little house in Tangier next spring or the spring after, in which case let them read carefully.

They must seek out such a house as mine, standing upon a shelf of pines on the high hill-side, and with a garden cascading down in terraces to the sea. (There are no cascades of bougainvillæa in the gardens by the sea's-edge at West Fourteenth Street.) I looked out through golden curtains of mimosa upon the great glowing hulk of Gibraltar. At my feet yellow lilies raised their slender necks. Water-lilies uncurled their pink tips in the pools under feathery heads of papyrus. The tawny copper of the aloe-flower was outlined against lazuline sea. The petals of roses were the only showers. . . .

(A ring at the telephone. Pardon? No, this is not Mr. Stillwell, travelling for the Fit-Like-a-Glove Corset Company of Oshkosh. Don't mention it!)

On each side of the path that led to my front door, grew white and pink hydrangeas in crude deep-sunken blue basins from Fez. Under the walls grew certain outrageous cacti and orchids in petrol tins, tended by the parlour-boy, Skurri, who was born in the Riff mountains, and whose father and two brothers were shot by the Spaniards. Head-high banks of geranium were massed against the pine-trunks. Huge, pink mallows wandered in irrelevantly. Blue-painted shutters folded back over the white walls. A monumental, green water-butt stood to the left of the door, where Ali, my Moorish gardener, deposited countless buckets of water from the sweet wells below. (I wish that hot water wouldn't sizzle and splutter so in the Wonker pipes.) A great trellis of blue convolvulus embraced the walls. A small wire egg-basket hung in a pantry window, containing two baby nightingales. The Atlantic was on my left hand, the Mediterranean on my right. Like a small cloud over the western waste loomed the Wonker Hotel, above the shipping at the docks. . . . So ludicrously tangled it comes back to me, my hill-top house in Tangier, here in my ferro-concrete cell. The Atlantic Ocean and the green water-butt flow into each other. The baby nightingales are perched upon the Pillars of Hercules. . . .

But all this is rather landscape-gardening than housekeeping. I promised to be of some use to house-hunters from the Wonker Hotel seeking bliss in Tangier. First of all, of course, there is the servant problem. But even there I am not going to be too useful. I didn't have a servant problem. I found the servants waiting for me, in a subsidiary little white house beyond the kitchen-garden (and even the kitchen-garden in its own illuminated missal way was as beautiful as Kew or Versailles).

FIRST of all came Ali, the head of the family, a tall Moor from Wazan, very tall, very grave, with black-rimmed blue eyes, a very prince in his bearing. He was the head-gardener of the estate and the chief water-butt-filler. He also did the shopping, descending on his ass every day to the motley markets of the town. He had to be equipped with four different coinages each day, native Housseini dollars, French *francs*, Spanish *pesetas*, English shillings. With the Housseini he bought local produce borne down from the hills by the tribesmen—cheeses coyly nesting in green leaves, and eggs, and flat plaques of native bread. With the *pesetas* he bought whatever stuff in the markets had come from the continent over the way; with the *francs* everything in the modern shops, from pianolas (I did not lay in many pianolas) to bottles of stout red wine (I was more liberal with these). English shillings bought postage-stamps, for there were almost as many post-offices in Tangier, as there are politicians at Geneva. No, not the simplest element in that housekeeping was the accounts. But Ali, like all his race, was morbidly punctilious. He was a Muslim of the pre-Angora school and he would as soon have eaten the ineffable pig as allow his photograph to be taken. (Consternation in Hollywood: celebrated film-star accepts

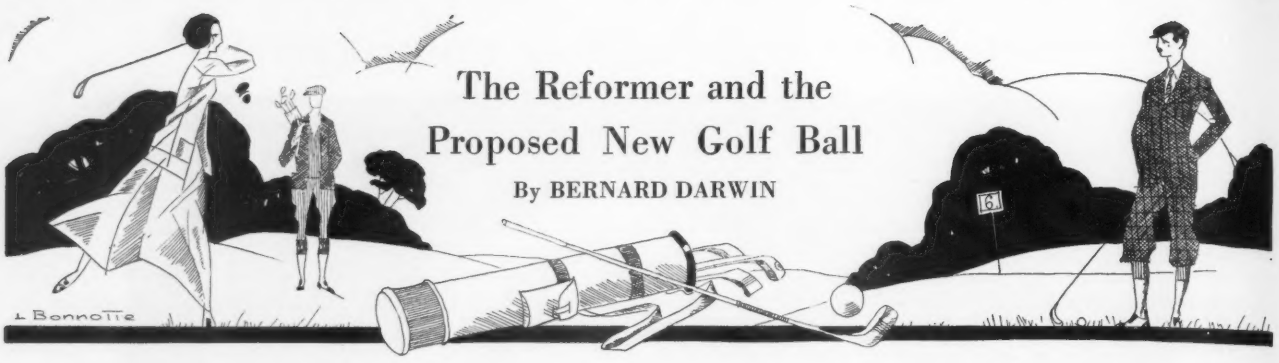
(Continued on page 124)

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

A Fair Muscovite—Baclanova

The Russian Actress Has Inherited the Throne of a Host of Passing Hollywood Sirens

WHEN the Musical Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre came to America some three years ago, it was the acting of Olga Baclanova, as much as the liberties which the Russians had taken with their production of *Carmen*, which was the talk of the town. Baclanova, she was still using her first name then, was the most Russian of gypsies and probably the most magnetic actress who had appeared here in recent years. After an interlude during which she appeared as the *Nun* in *The Miracle*, Baclanova went to California where she remained idle and comparatively unknown, until she was rescued by two European actors who recognized her talents—Conrad Veidt insisted on having her for a part in *The Man Who Laughs* and Emil Jannings brought her to the fore in *The Street of Sin*. Since then she has appeared in picture after picture, with astounding and repeated success, notably in *The Docks of New York* and *The Wolf of Wall Street*. In the latter film she not only spoke but sang, thereby establishing herself as one of the few foreigners to survive the talking films. The next two pictures on her schedule are *The Woman Who Needed Killing* and *The Man I Love*, in which she continues her rôle of a blonde, but far from bland, adventuress of the films



The Reformer and the Proposed New Golf Ball

By BERNARD DARWIN

I WRITE this article in a state of considerable mental trepidation. It is not that I am frightened of the task; there is something far worse than that hanging over my head. In about a week's time I must give a golfing talk over the radio. Nor again is that the worst. I have talked before and survived but then I have talked all by myself. This time I must take part in a duet, a duologue, a discussion—call it what you will—on the limiting of the golf ball and I have a very formidable adversary.

This is my friend Captain Harry Graham who writes charming light verse (are not his *Ruthless Rhymes* famous everywhere?) and amusing plays and is an established wit. In the ordinary way his jokes would naturally be much better than mine and now I come to the worst thing of all—I shall not be allowed, I suppose, to try to make jokes. I must be the serious golfer earnestly expounding the case for this unpopular project of limiting the golf ball; he is to be the golfing man in the street who desires to be left in peace to play his game as he pleases and not to be worried with the woes of champions and championship committees.

THESE no doubt he will deride with bitter jests, and will march triumphantly through my poor defences—horse, foot and artillery.

It hardly seems to me a fair match. "It's unekal and that's the fault on it" as *Mr. Tony Weller* used to say "Even his grog worn't made half and half." However, there the horrid thing is coming ever nearer to me, and I must go through with it. It occurs to me, however, that I might have a fairer field and a little more favour if I tried to write something here on the same subject, which really is a popular one in the sense that it concerns the great mass of people who play golf. I promise not to be in the least alarmingly technical about it for the best possible reason that I am incapable of it. I am a wholly unscientific and unmathematical person and my views on decimal points, which have just to be mentioned, are those of the late Lord Randolph Churchill who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, called them "those d——d dots."

This proposed new ball would normally have come up to be voted on at the general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club last autumn. The question was, however, postponed because the authorities of the United States Golfing Association were still investigating and experimenting with characteristic thoroughness. I take it, however, that it will certainly be decided one way or the other this year. The subject therefore is entirely a topical one, and so now for a few facts and a few—very few, I assure you—dots.

The law at present lays down that the golf ball must not weigh more than 1.62 ounces nor have a diameter of less than 1.62 inches; in other words it must not be too heavy or too small. The ball, as tentatively agreed upon by the U. S. G. A. and the Rules of Golf Committee at St. Andrews, must not weigh more than 1.55 ounces nor have a diameter of less than 1.66 inches; in other words it is to be a little lighter and a little fatter than the present one. The point on which the American authorities have been making further experiments is the "coefficient of restitution" which in ordinary language may be translated, I believe, "resiliency". I have been privileged, under the rose, to see the record of some of these experiments, and it is a very fat volume and not at all light! I gather that so far at any rate the question of any increased resiliency is more or less negligible, so that it is this 1.55 or 1.66 ball which will soon be either adopted or rejected.

If the matter were to be decided at this moment by a plebiscite, there is very little doubt as to what would happen. The new ball would be hurled to perdition. The great mass of golfers would reject it because they think it is going to make the game much harder and less pleasant for themselves.

THEY think this for two reasons. First of all they suspect those in authority. I have no right to say that of America, but I can say it of my own country. Golfers seem too often to believe that there is a body of malignant persons (individual names unknown but collectively called "St. Andrews") forever darkly plotting to trample on the golfing man in the street and spoil his fun. Secondly, they have not tried the ball and they are too lazy or too obstinate to do so. It is not a difficult thing to do because the ball-makers regularly make a larger and lighter ball which is in effect the proposed new one. If the ordinary golfer would expend half a crown or a dollar, as the case may be, and buy just one such ball and try it, I believe the proposed change would be accepted with no more than the inevitable amount of grumbling produced by any change anywhere; further, that in a few months everyone could have settled down and would have forgotten that there had ever been any trouble. At present, however, people are so mortally afraid of losing a few yards of length even for a single round that they will not try it and so continue to believe that their game is to be ruined.

I confess that I too have been rather lazy—I have not tried it as long or as thoroughly as perhaps I might, but I have played some golf with it, enough to enable me to judge whether other people are talking sense or nonsense. Now does the ball make the game much harder for anybody? I do not for a moment believe it does. It seems to take at the very most ten yards—let us say five a carry and five a run—off a normal drive of 200 yards. From the really "tigerish" driver it takes, of course, rather more, because there is more to take, and from the short hitter it takes less. I should say that it reduces the length of iron shots proportionately; further that it is a little—only a little harder to manage and control and so demands what is surely a good and interesting feature, rather more variety of shot. I ought to add that in some of my trials I found the difference between the two balls so very slight that I had moments of wondering if all this trouble was worth while.

MY imaginary man in the street may reply that he is willing to assume the truth of what I have said and yet remains entirely unmoved. He finds, he says, that he wants every yard of length as it is, that the present ball is, Heaven knows, quite difficult enough to manage, that his own eccentricities provide him with all the possible variety of shot that he can desire—and more also. That is a natural thing to say and not a very easy one to answer. It is only human—and I do not claim to be in any degree a superior person in this respect—to think of our own shots on our own courses and how they may be affected. Nevertheless, we must try to take a rather more detached standpoint and think of *the* game and not of our own personal games. If we talk about billiards we do not mean the game as played in some rustic inn

On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls

or by players, of whom I am one, who rarely make two consecutive scoring strokes. No, we mean the game as played by good players on a good table, and we must think of golf in the same way, namely at its best. In every game or sport there is an ideal balance to be maintained, in games between attacker and defender, in sport between hunter and

(Continued on page 116)

QUITE the contrary of the convulsive frenzies of the Atlantic, which Maude and Christine have just successfully, albeit tremulously, crossed, is their poised and utterly unruffled chic, as they arrive in the Gare St. Lazare from the boat train. Maude, at the left, knows that an adequate fortification, as well as a chic one, against the smoke and none-too-discriminating dust of the *Chemins de Fer de l'Etat* is an ensemble which consists of a long coat of beige tweed over a deep blue crêpe de Chine dress, and a beige felt hat with a ribbon of the same deep blue. On the other hand, Christine, who, by the way, is feigning complete indifference to the fact that Anthony, at the left, is enthusing to one of his friends over her flawlessly appropriate taste, has a fetish for suiting her type and so wears a tailleur—provocative but a little unyielding. Its fabric is checquered brown and beige tweed, its blouse is cream silk piqué, and the brown felt hat has a delightful quill shooting up on the side. The *porteur* is lustily heaving a tan leather Oshkosh trunk onto the taxi of the cabman who dubiously wonders if his taxi is going to be able to withstand the weighty attack of the four other pieces of similarly marked luggage. Clothes from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Luggage from Arthur Gilmore

The Well-Dressed Woman Arrives in Paris

Tweeds Travel on All the Smartest Roads Leading to Paris—as Well as Away From It

THE LOCKHEED VEGA
The trans-continental record holder, the Lockheed Vega is notable for its high cruising speed, wood construction and lightness on controls

Planes for the Private Owner

Some Safe and Comfortable Airplanes Well-Designed for Short or Long Distance Travel

THE demand for airplanes suited to the requirements of the private owner and amateur flier has increased so tremendously during the past year that manufacturers have scarcely been able to keep apace with it. The result has been not only the rather hurried appearance of improved models of established planes but the introduction of many entirely new designs. More than one hundred types are now available that are suited, theoretically at least, to private flying.

Some of these are experimental and will eventually prove to be not at all adequate. Others represent the finest work of the foremost engineers, designers and builders of the aeronautical industry. One thing is certain: the precipitant advent of so many types of planes cannot but add to the flying enthusiast's difficulty in choosing his first ship.

Two outstanding features seem to be common to all well-designed planes—safety and comfort. The Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce guarantees the first feature by refusing to license aircraft that fail to measure up to its rigid requirements. The designers know that private owners insist on comfort and convenience. The new cabin models, or the better ones, are as luxuriously upholstered and equipped as the best motor cars. Engine silencers are used extensively. Heating, ventilation, and protection from wind are carefully worked out. Adequate baggage space has become an essential.

Exterior finish is being given more thought than formerly. Lacquer paints are used almost entirely, both because of their superior durability under all weather conditions and because they permit of more attractive finish

STEARMAN SPORT BIPLANE
The Stearman three-place sport plane is equipped with a 220 horsepower Wright Whirlwind engine, combining high cruising speed with a low landing speed

TRAVEL AIR BIPLANE

Travel Air planes combine high standards of construction with beauty of design, colour and exterior finish. This three-piece open biplane, powered with a 110 horsepower Warner Scarab engine, is excellent for beginners and for general sport flying. Travel Air produces this plane equipped with other motors

and colour combinations. Oil, grease and dirt are inconveniences seldom encountered in the modern sport plane. Wheel brakes, engine starters, lighting equipment for night flying and a dozen other improvements are considered standard equipment.

For the man or woman just learning to fly, or the ex-service pilot who wishes to get his hand in again, the open cockpit type is certainly preferable to the closed cabin design. The "feel of the air" and the necessary judgment of speed, distance and angles are more easily developed in the open jobs than from the restricted vision of a cabin window. The proof of this contention is found in the fact that flying schools, almost without exception, use open cockpit planes for their instructional work. There are also many experienced fliers who prefer the exhilaration of stinging wind and unobstructed vision to the greater protection and limited visibility of an enclosed model.

Of the open planes, several are outstanding and regarded as uniformly well-constructed and reliable. The Stearman has, of late, become increasingly and deservedly popular. It is available equipped only with the Wright Whirlwind engine, with which it gives an excellent performance. The Stearman engineers have so far resisted the temptation to underpower their plane, a temptation to which a few others have yielded, with resulting ships that are too heavy and unwieldy for their power plants.

Travel Air features a sport biplane, three-place, designed for several types of motors—the Curtiss OX-5, OXX-6, Hispano Suiza, Warner Scarab and Wright Whirlwind. Its best performance is obtained with the two latter types. Waco, another standard product, also makes one popular model of biplane which can accommodate several different engines but, as with the Travel Air, the best performance is secured with the Whirlwind.

The Alexander Eaglerock handles nicely, particularly for beginners, because of its large wing area, with a resulting slow landing speed and flat glide. The Eaglerock is sturdily constructed and well-fitted to endure the bumps and hard usage that befall the school plane as well as the privately owned plane that is extensively flown and often not too well cared for. Laird, Swallow, Lincoln Page, American Eagle and Pitcairn all produce open type planes that embody first class features of construction. There are others, of course, but these are undoubtedly among the leaders.

There are several excellent light open monoplanes, but few of them seem to fully meet the requirements of the fledgling flier.

Since Colonel Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic in 1927, Ryan planes have been regarded with high favour. Their present model, the Brougham, is basically and structurally the same as the famous *Spirit of St. Louis*. The Ryan engineers are sometimes criticised for making almost every new plane different from its predecessor in minor detail but this would seem

(Continued on page 110)

FAIRCHILD MONOPLANE

This Fairchild Cabin Monoplane, with a 410 horsepower Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine, is a splendid plane combining speed and commodious comfort

SINGLE-BREASTED
The suit with a single-breasted jacket at the right, illustrates the smarter type of notched lapel with a small opening at the notch

DOUBLE-BREASTED
The double-breasted jacket of the suit at the left shows the type of broad shoulders that are favoured by smart men. Note its natural lines

For the Well-Dressed Man

Advice on Adding New Suits and Topcoats to a Man's Spring and Summer Wardrobe

THIS season there are a few new notes in spring and summer things for men. Perhaps it is not entirely correct to say that these are new, because men's dress is so traditional that it is merely a question of reviving old styles and bringing them into the current mode. And the changes are so slight from season to season and year to year that they are almost unnoticed by the untrained observer.

The really well-dressed man, of course, does not select a new spring wardrobe or a new fall outfit, he merely adds to his wardrobe. He may have enough suits to last him for many years and yet he supplements the things he already has with even smarter ones.

A man who has mastered the art of dressing has found out what things are particularly suited to him and whatever the new thing, he will look upon it in the light of its suitability to himself. Above all, he never seems obviously to have decked himself out in a new outfit. Even when he wears a new suit for the first time he has selected it with such care and taste, and it is so appropriate to his individuality that it immediately becomes part of his wardrobe and is not obviously a recent acquisition.

This spring, the smart shades are the Lovats in which blues and greens are mixed, or greens and browns, or other unobtrusive combinations of colours in plain fabrics, giving a rather subdued and often dusty appearance. Green, of course, is not a colour that every man can wear and few men would be so rash as to have a predominance of green suits in their wardrobes, but the Lovats are hardly recognizable as greens and they are a welcome addition to the wardrobe and a refreshing relief from the colours men have favoured for the past year.

There is a new line, also. Of course, the proportion of a jacket and its design must be particularly adapted to each individual, but even so, there is a trend in one direction or another. Lapels are slightly wider this season, and with the wide lapel and a carefully tailored soft front to the jacket the effect of quite a curve in the lapel is produced, although it is cut almost on a straight line. And with the heavier lapel the jacket must be longer to preserve the proper balance.

Double-breasted jackets are very smart for

(Continued on page 118)

VICUNA
At the left, a topcoat made of blue-grey vicuna, one of the richest and softest of woollen fabrics—also one of the more expensive materials

COVERT CLOTH
At the right, a topcoat of tan covert cloth, with a very smart notched lapel and the fly-front. To wear during spring in town or country

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Enjoy its tonic goodness!

In achieving that note of variety you so prize in your menus, Celery Soup is a most happy selection. For in it your sense of taste is refreshed with a delicately delicious flavor, and you receive the tonic benefit of one of nature's most healthful vegetable foods.

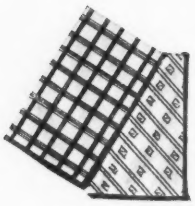
Let Campbell's famous French chefs blend this wholesome soup for you. They use only the finest snow-white celery, and enrich the soup also with nourishing butter. Of course the seasoning is deft—revealing the born soup-maker. A soup for the proudest table!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

MOTORING GLOVES

These gloves, of soft pigskin, piped at the cuff in dark brown are good for motoring. They are gauntlet style with a short slit at the wrist



FOR SHIRTS

Fancy patterns in shirts, such as those above are suitable only when worn with plain-coloured suits and cravats. Avoid too much pattern

GOLF JACKET

The golf jacket to the left, above, is of light-weight grey-blue homespun with bellows pockets. Below it, a silk scarf with dragon designs

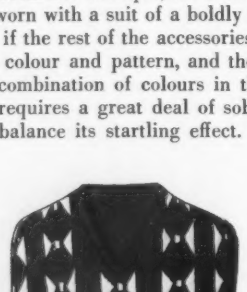
Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

A Few Interesting Novelties in Accessories Suitable for Country and Sports Wear

SWEATERS are becoming more and more colourful and original in design. This is in keeping with the trend of sports clothes, in which there is also more originality than would have been considered good taste only a few seasons past. The materials of sport suits, as well as all the accessories that go with them, are bold in pattern and colour. This, of course, means that a man's clothes are becoming more interesting but at the same time the pitfalls are deeper, for it takes even more discretion to wear either of the sweaters shown on this page than any of the less interesting examples we have seen. For example, the brown sweater may be worn with a suit of a boldly patterned material if the rest of the accessories are very sober in colour and pattern, and the very attractive combination of colours in the yellow sweater requires a great deal of sobriety and taste to balance its startling effect. It is suggested that this sweater be worn with a grey-blue flannel lounge suit and a plain coloured shirt, with a plain coloured necktie only slightly different in shade.

The new foulard ties for Spring are, as usual, very bold and colourful in pattern but the three shown here from *Boivin* are of designs on a very small scale, which makes them very much more wearable than like designs on a bigger scale, because the very smallness of the designs allows the colours to melt into one predominating colour when seen from a distance. If this is to be a season of brilliant accessories, then let the well-dressed man choose his shirts of the plainest materials—in plain colours without any patterns—so he will have a background to show off the various accessories to the proper advantage. In order to wear *well* shirts made of the materials shown here, from *Boivin*,—one of which is a self-patterned silk in a large assortment of colours, and the other green and light brown cross-stripes on a pale yellow ground—a suit of some plain coloured material and a necktie of a plain colour should be a man's choice. In this case, the handkerchief only could be colourful in design.

The ordinary lounge suit for every-day wear is changed greatly in appearance by the use of a sweater instead of a waistcoat for country wear (and of course it must be a single-breasted lounge suit). The sport suit of today differs from the lounge suit for town wear only in its materials and not in its cut, unless, of course, it is expressly made for shooting or some such specialized sport. For the man who spends half his time in town and half in the country, the ideal lounge suit is one made of a material which is suitable to both town and country wear—not a smooth fabric, of course.

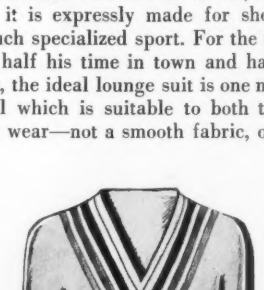


BROWN SWEATER

Above is a brown sweater with a conventionalized butterfly design in buff. It looks especially well with a tan tweed suit and dark brown tie

FOULARD TIES

Above are some of the new patterns in foulard ties. The small patterns printed on the silk are in three colours producing a lively effect



YELLOW SWEATER

A yellow sweater with a "V" neck, directly above, has bordering stripes of bright blue and pale blue about the neck following the neck line

WHOSE GUIDING HAND?

As MUCH as a pilot fears anything he fears fog! . . . The moment the dank coolness of a cloud bank enfolds him, he is blind and lost, unless some unseen hand is stretched forth to guide him! . . . Storm-tossed, high above the dark earth, with a rolling sea of blinding vapor below him, where can he turn in the empty sea of the sky for help and guidance to clear flying and safe landing? . . .

The Weather Man at Washington who watches the pathways of ships at sea . . . who warns the traveler on his way . . . who tells the farmer clearly when danger to his crops is rolling towards his horizon . . . *the Weather Man is now lifting his eyes to the pathways of the sky!*

A system of hourly weather reports issued by the United States Weather Bureau will soon be available to all aviators. These reports will make it possible for a pilot taking off in blinding snow or fog to know with certainty that at a definite distance beyond the clouds both sky and earth are clear and sunny. At every airport reached by radio, telegraph, or telephone, government reports will tell exactly every few hours what weather conditions are at all points of the compass and at any distance beyond the immediate horizon. . . .

This latest marvel of governmental efficiency overcomes the last great obstacle to the commercial efficiency of aviation. . . . It will never be possible to turn aside the destructive onslaughts of storms, nor will we ever be likely to dissolve the smothering fog. A hundred years from now the same storms and fogs will draw perilous nets between the harborless skies and the safe anchorage of clear, firm land. *But all the vagaries of the weather will be charted as clearly as the tides and currents of the ocean and a guiding hand will help the pilot always on his way.* . . .

Twenty-eight years ago a black hurricane burst out of the Gulf of Mexico upon unsuspecting and unprepared Galveston, *and six thousand people perished in its path.* Last year when an even worse hurricane burst out of the South Atlantic, for ten days . . . from the hour it was born in a sluggish whirlwind in the middle of the sea until it died away in light breezes in Canada . . . the Weather Man at Washington followed every riffle of this terrific storm. Information had flown in to him by radio and telegraph . . . his well-conceived warnings were roared forth from the broadcasting station at Arlington . . . and when the storm burst *the seas had been cleared of shipping and all coastal cities were braced and ready.*

Today far greater precision is being attained in weather forecasting—so that every breeze that blows may soon be charted for the guidance of the commercial pilot!

The American people are now awake to the significance of aviation. Lines of flashing beacons mark the routes of commercial planes on their swift way. Every modern city of importance or ambition has equipped itself with airports. Business men, travelers, and tourists, are rapidly becoming habituated to the use of planes for rapid transport. The air-mail is a commercial factor of importance. Soon the whole sky will be open to all.

Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes are flying safely in continuous service, carrying passengers, mail, express and freight, not only over lines that crisscross the United States, but also in Mexico, South America, and as far south as the Antarctic Circle.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR WEDDINGS

For wear at formal weddings and other ceremonial occasions, we present gentlemen's clothes in styles recognized as authoritative in critical circles

Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman, with exacting regard for the important details of fine tailoring

DETAILS OF OUTFITTING
ATTENDED TO BY
EXPERIENCED MEMBERS OF OUR STAFF

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

A Gastronomic Chart of Paris

(Continued from page 75)

veau and *Suprême de soles*. Foyot's best wines are its *Lafite* '75, *Chambertin* '78, and *Vougeot* '89. In the quarter of the Jardin des Plantes lies (6) La Tour d'Argent,★ at 15 *Quai de la Tournelle*, founded in 1582 and celebrated the world over for its *canard au sang*. La Tour likewise houses the old cellar of what was once the Café Anglais. (7) L'Ecrevisse,★ a rather gayer resort, is located at 32 *Avenue Trudaine*. An orchestra plays here in the evening and the special dishes embrace *bécasse à la fine champagne, homard à l'Américaine, coquilles St. Jacques*, and, as its name suggests, *écrevisses*. At 20 *rue de la Banque* is (8) Madame Génot's,★ famed for the finest of Anjou and Touraine *plats*, though one should notify the *Madame* a day in advance, among whose specialties are *poulet à l'estragon, brochets au beurre blanc*, and *salmis de gibier*. Génot's is, moreover, the meeting place of the *Verre de Vin*, an epicurean society. (9) Au Grand Vatel★ graces number 27 *rue Saint-Honoré*, known for its Russian cuisine and originally called "Aux Fleurs." Both its kitchen and cellar are to be recommended to the most fastidious, as are those of (10) Henry's,★ 30 *rue Saint-Augustin*, renowned for its *crêpes Suzette, bécasse au fumet*, and *caneton à la rouennaise*. The restaurant (11) Langer★ embellishes the *carré Marigny*, in the *Champs-Elysées*, where one may dine *al fresco*, beneath the trees to strains of engaging music, and at 51 *Quai des Grands-Augustins*★ is (12) Lapérouse,★ visited principally for its *gratin de crevettes roses et de morilles*, its *truffes et champignons* "follette," its *champignon du navigateur* and any one of a dozen fish dishes. (13) Prunier's,★ at 9 *rue Duphot* and 16 *Avenue Victor-Hugo*, another house dealing in sea food, is to be praised, as well, for its duck and *pâtés de foie gras*, while (14) Maxim's,★ whose number, 3 *rue Royale*, has, since the days of *The Merry Widow*, recalled nocturnal razzle-dazzle, boasts, too, a cuisine of the first order. (15) Viel's, of 8 *Boulevard de la Madeleine*, as Maxim's, is of the brighter type (specializing, among a host of other joys, in *morilles à la Crème and bécasses à l'Armagnac*) as is also (16) the Café de Paris, at 41 *Avenue de l'Opéra*, for many years the most chic of Paris restaurants. At 99 *Avenue des Champs-Elysées*, stands fashionable (17) Fouquet's,★ and at 19 *rue de la Bourse*, (18) Le Caneton, noted chiefly for its Russian confections, including *blissé* in fresh caviar, *borshch, schicklick*, and *cochon de lait*. Le Caneton also boasts a band that serves A-1 Russian melodies on the side. (19) Les Trianons★ is to be found at 5 *Place de Rennes* and is one of the best houses on the Left Bank. It is famous, in particular, for the regional dishes of France, all of which may be enjoyed in a month. The first week covers Paris, Normandy, Béarn, Gascony, Provence and Alsace; the second week, Brittany, Touraine and Anjou; the third, Lyonnais, the Dauphiné and Savoy; and the fourth week, Burgundy, Quercy and the Languedoc. 22 *Avenue Niel* are the quarters of (20) Au Bec Fin, where one may indulge a succulent repast to the tinkle of tuneful airs and at 28 *Boissy-d'Anglas* is (21) Le Boeuf sur le Toit, sponsored by *M.* Jean Cocteau and heralded for its Alsatian cuisine. Le Boeuf, made famous by Marcel Proust, is a rendezvous for writers of the latest schools and can be recommended for its *foie gras* and *sauerkraut*, as well as for its Mirabelle and Rhine wines. On the *Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle*, at number 34, is (22) the Marguery, known throughout the civilized universe for its sole. The Marguery's *civet de biche* is also to be applauded and its fine old Burgundies too. (23) Jean Casenave occupies 39 *rue Boissy-d'Anglas*, a house celebrated for its game pies, crayfish and *cassoulet*, and at 8 *rue de Valois*, nestling in the shadow of the Palais Royal, is (24) Le Boeuf à la Mode, famous under the First Empire. Among the Boeuf's most luscious offerings are the chicken *en cröute*, the *barbue à la Maréchale*, and best of all, the cold beef *à la mode*. (25) La Maisonette is located at 36 *rue Vivienne*, an establishment opened by members of the Russian aristocracy, where the *plats à la russe* and Raphael's orchestra cause one to forget life's tragedies, while 38 *rue Montorgueil* is the address of (26) L'Escargot, whose specialty, as the name would imply, is snails—and fine fat ones they are, direct from Burgundy. An *entrecôte* of beef prepared with marrow is another feature of L'Escarcot. At 19 in the narrow *rue Vauvilliers*, (27) Au Pied de Mouton welcomes the gourmet, who will at once acclaim its sheeps' trotters, *chateaubriands* and kidneys grilled on skewers, though it be open only for luncheon, and should one seek superb *Chambertin* '85 *Musigny* '89 or a *Moët* 1900, let him try (28) L'Ane Rouge, at 26 *Avenue Trudaine*, where the grilled lobsters and saddle of lamb are also ambrosial. (29) La Biche,★ founded in 1620, is at 37 *rue des Martyrs* and should be visited for its *rognons sautés à la casserole*, not to forget its *Vouvray;* and for a haven of rest in the soft light of evening—(30) Borde, in the little *place du Tertre*. For birds' nests, bamboo shoots, and chicken with almonds, there is the (31) Restaurant Chinois at 11 bis *rue des Carmes* and (32) Le Bon Vigneron in the *rue Blanche*, for a *cave* that knows few equals. At 192 *Avenue Jean-Jaurès* (33) Le Cochon d'Or serves the finest home-made veal and pork *pâté* that man can devise, while (34) Dagorno, next door, at 190, is distinguished for its *chateaubriand* steaks, its *entrecôtes* and *grillades*, along with an array of splendid Burgundies.

Should you crave perfect cuisine while watching a musical show, (35) the Ambassadeurs, in the *Champs-Elysées* is indicated, as is also (36) Le Pavillon du Lac in the *rue Gazen*, if a tender *poulet à l'estragon* from a lawn overlooking a lake be your wish. (37) Le Cheval Pie, 8 *Avenue Victor-Emmanuel*, though smacking of "ye olde inn," should be tried for its ham and roast beef and (38) Le Coup de

(Continued on page 102)

One of the

Smartest Brides in Washington

Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker

chooses this silver for it's "Distinguished Beauty of Design"

HER distinguished connections in Baltimore and Washington—her recent brilliant wedding at Emanuel Church, Baltimore—her delightful blonde beauty and sparkling personality — make Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker one of the most interesting and important brides of the season.

Mrs. Parker's new home is in Washington. There, as a leader in the smart younger set, she entertains charmingly.

A personal decision

Graciously, she has consented to reveal one of her very personal decisions as an important young hostess—the selection of her silver.

Mrs. Parker's choice was Gorham Sterling, in the beautiful Fairfax pattern.

As she says—

"Every bride instinctively desires the most distinguished of all silver. Gorham Sterling meets her every wish. Each lovely Gorham piece seems a miracle of beauty in design.

"I selected the Fairfax pattern because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had, to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces, from coffee spoon to dinner knife!

"Fairfax has such classic lines and yet it so marvellously fits into the most modern table setting . . . It has the timeless beauty of a superb design."

MRS. EDWARD CORTLANDT PARKER, THE FORMER MISS CHARLOTTE RIGGS OF BALTIMORE, IN HER EXQUISITE WEDDING VEIL OF ROSE POINT LACE

To many distinguished brides, their Gorham Sterling is—as it is to Mrs. Parker—"a most treasured, most admired possession."

Artists-in-silver

Nowhere in the world is there a more gifted group of artists-in-silver than the Gorham designers. In their delicately precise hands, silver, the subtlest, the most elegant of metals, achieves the sweeping grace, the distinction of sculpture. On each lovely Gorham piece they bestow the indefinable touch that comes only from a genius of design.

That is why Gorham Sterling has been for nearly

A DINNER SETTING IN MRS. PARKER'S HOME, SHOWING HER BEAUTIFUL FAIRFAX STERLING

a century and is today the choice of women of inherited position and distinguished taste.

Amazingly low cost

And the amazing thing to know is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all Sterling—perfect for today and for all time. There are many sets of hollow ware and flat silver in matching patterns which may be had at surprisingly low cost.

Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Fairfax and many other beautiful patterns in Gorham Sterling. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., and New York City.

SIX FAIRFAX TEASPOONS COST ONLY $12; SIX DESSERT KNIVES, $20; SIX DESSERT FORKS, BUT $21.50

GORHAM

TRADE MARK STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

Grace the occasion with charm and character . . . . use Genuine Engraving

FOR this, the most important of all events, you are determined that everything must be in perfect taste. Wedding Announcements and Invitations will be closely scrutinized. In this important matter take no chance of substitution. Only *genuine engraving* is accepted by those who set social standards. You may identify *genuine engraving* by the symbol pictured here. Be sure that this mark is affixed to the engraved material you buy.

ENGRAVED
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Genuine Engraved Business Cards Open Closed Doors

A Gastronomic Chart of Paris

(Continued from page 100)

Fusil, a few doors away, for its live trout and onion soup. At 1 *Avenue Gabriel,* the restaurant (39) Laurent, presided over by *M.* Henri Sécheresse, holds one of the city's choicest cellars and (40) Les Champs-Elysées, at 63 *Avenue des Champs-Elysées* is best known for the *poulet à la broche.* I commend (41) Chez Marius, at 9 *rue de Bourgogne* (where one lunches among deputies, as in the days of Jaurès, whose portrait graces the *salle*), for its *gratin du chef* and *quenelles de brochet;* and (42) d'Harcourt, a renowned café of the *Quartier Latin,* at 47 *Boulevard Saint-Michel,* for its red wines and good cheer. At 22 *Avenue Niel* hangs the sign of (43) Le Cul-Blanc, which, though also of "ye olde inn" brand, offers many tasty morsels and in the *Avenue Marceau,* at number 22, stands (44) Ramponneau, an establishment whose principal dishes are *confits d'oie, étuvée d'anquilles, Potée de la Courtille* and *feuilleté à la Normande.* (45) Lucas, or, rather, the Restaurant Carton, as it is now called, of 9 *Place de la Madeleine,* flaunts no *spécialités,* but is managed by *M.* Francis Carton, president of the *Société des Cuisiniers de Paris;* (46) Maillabuau, of 68 *rue Sainte-Anne,* ladles out a *pâté de venaison* and *entrecôte Bercy,* well worth traveling miles to sample, and at no. 2 in the shadowy *rue Geoffroy-Marie,* (47) Boilaive's *Vouvray* cannot fail to charm the subtlest of palates.

For perfection in *soufflés* and grilled effects, (48) Chez Francis, at 7 *Place de l'Alma,* must not be missed nor (49) Delmonico de Paris, at 39 *Avenue de l'Opéra,* for its *hors d'œuvres.* (50) Ciro's, at No. 6 *rue Daunou,* beloved by the foreign colony, is both gay and rich in gustful dishes, while at 36, *quai des Orfèvres,* on a terrace overlooking the Seine, is the (51) Auberge du Vert-Galant,★ whose *poule au pot* and *rizotto de homard* form an admirable contrast to the *kebab* on skewers and Arabian almond cakes at the not distant (52) Mosquée★ in the *rue Geoffrey-Saint-Hilaire.* Of the *Bois de Boulogne* haunts are suggested: (A) Le Château de Madrid,★ gay and fashionable, which dates back from Francis the First; (B) the Pavillon d'Armenonville,★ set in a wreath of flowering shrubs and famed for its teas on race days; (C) Pré Catelan, a veritable fairyland, under the aegis of *M.* Louis Barraya; the dazzling gardens of the (D) Pavillon Dauphine; (E) Pavillon Royal, facing the large lake, in the loveliest spot of the Bois; (F) L'Ermitage, close to the *pesage* of the Longchamps race track, with its century old trees; (G) La Cascade, happy in its picturesque setting; and last but not least; (H) Le Chalet des Iles, which seems to have been especially designed for the most perfect June romance so charmingly and beguilingly is it situated.

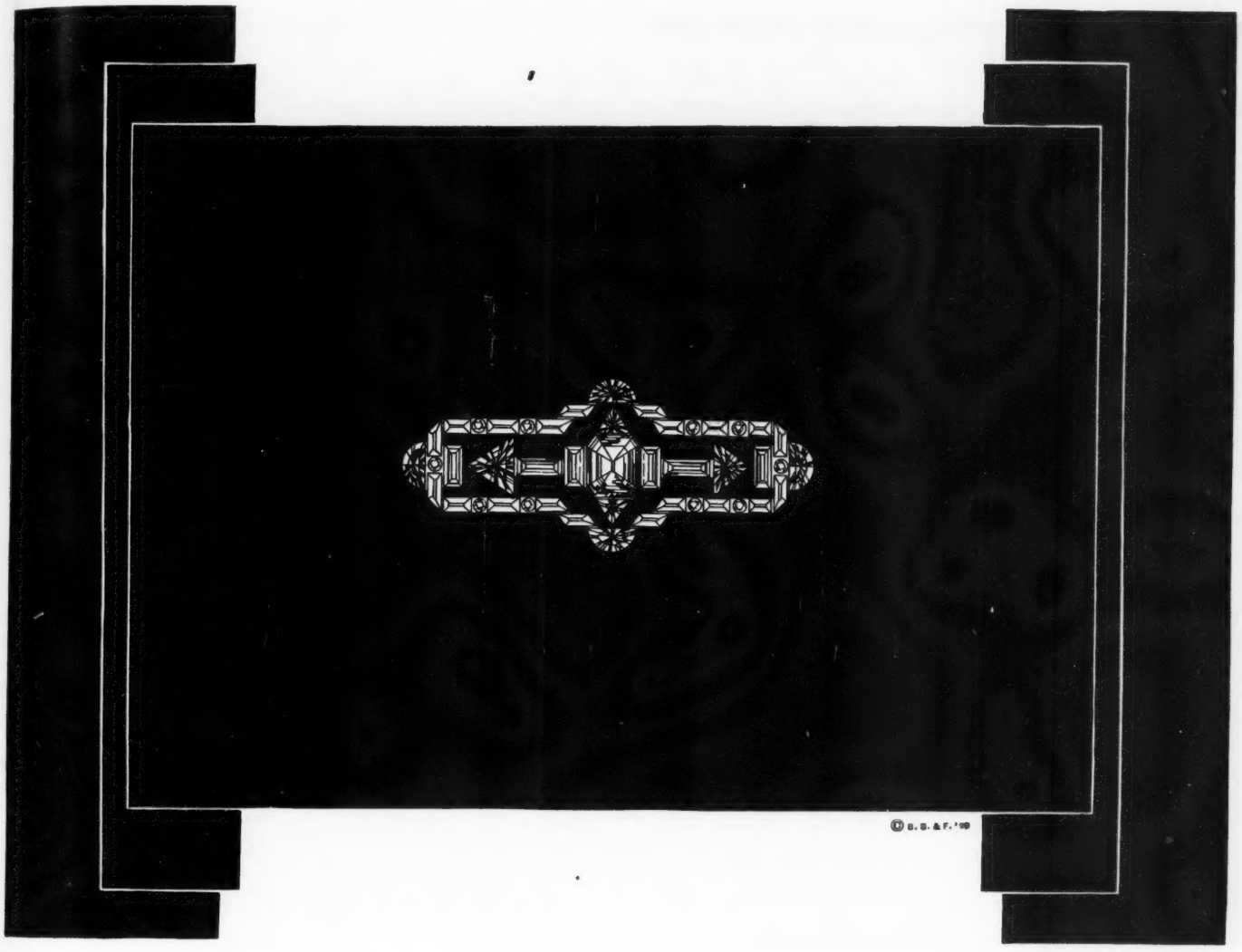
The Triple Tyranny

(Continued from page 87)

Child's Guide to Knowledge: Dr. Marie Stope's manual might have been called *Breeding without Tears.* The advocates of birth-control have a huge array of specious arguments on their side, and it may be that their arguments are economically unassailable; but what the mildest individualist might resent is that after being tyrannized over by priests who regulated his position in the next world, and after being tyrannized over by lawyers who regulate his position in this world, he is now going to have his position regulated by doctors before he ever gets into the world at all. If doctors choose to exercise their power as unscrupulously as priests and lawyers exercise theirs, the third tyranny is going to be a thousand times more intolerable than any which has preceded it. One of the most complacent contentions of those who rejoice in the evidence of material progress everywhere apparent is the benefit to individual life thereby secured. We are told to look round us and observe how many fewer children die in infancy nowadays than used to die in infancy, how much more difficult it is for epidemics to sweep across the surface of the globe, and how much pleasanter it is to be sick nowadays than it used to be. But this very prolongation of what, speaking cynically for a moment, we may call the unnecessary life, is precisely what has brought about overpopulation, and for my part I feel profoundly convinced that by the time the doctors have decided before a man is born what kind of a life he is going to lead, no kind of life that he can possibly lead will be worth living. While it may be admitted that on one side humanity gains a certain amount from material progress, it loses in another direction just as much as it gains. Age may have its consolations; but let it be remembered that they are always consolations and that when all is said and done youth, which does not require consolations, is the happier state. The loss of the sharpness and savour of the morning air is not compensated for by the richest twilight ever imagined, and though with each new generation of the world the children may be rather older and in inherited experience rather more worldly-wise than the children of the generation which preceded them, there may come a moment in the evolution of humanity when every female child will be a little old woman and when every male child will be a little old man."

"Perhaps they'll be able to write their autobiographies a few days after birth," said the Editor hopefully.

"If they are ever born at all," I murmured.



Modernism in jewelry today demands that precious stones be cut with sharp angles and long slim facets. And, certainly, these new cuttings . . . the baguette, the trapeze, the parallelogram, the triangle, and the half-moon . . . reveal a hitherto undiscovered beauty in the diamond.

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The Three Immortals of Church History

(Continued from page 71)

only defect at present is the fact that statesmen have an embarrassing propensity for forgetting whose mouthpieces they are. Take Mr. Hoover, for instance. At present he is functioning perfectly as the embodiment of the Republican party, and all is serene. But suppose, some fine day, he decides to be Mr. Hoover, and acts accordingly—is that fair to the party that elected him? Obviously not. On the other hand, one could not blame Mr. Hoover for yielding to the temptation to be himself instead of a figure of speech.

The perfect remedy for such an unfortunate contingency would be to remove temptation by abolishing presidents entirely—as real persons, that is. Following the suggestion of the late Mr. Harding, the country's Best Minds (first making sure, as he did not, that they *are* the best) could run the country with precision and dispatch through the medium of a series of Kelleys, McGooks, and Grabbenheims of their own creation.

At the next presidential campaign, for example, the Republican candidate, Grabbenheim, would be composed of the National Association of Manufacturers, the Union League Club, the Anti-Saloon League, the right wing of the American Legion, and the Methodist Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions. The Democratic candidate, Kelley, would be really the American Federation of Labor, the Knights of Columbus, the left wing of the American Legion, the National Association of Importers, and the Bartenders' Union. I should put forward an independent candidate, composed of William Allen White, Walter Lippmann, Al Smith, Nicholas Murray Butler, Herbert and Osbert Swope and the works of the late Frank Moore Colby.

Inasmuch as all campaign speeches henceforth will probably be made over the radio, the problem of personal appearances could easily be solved. The Republican speeches would be made by Major J. Andrew White, the Democratic by Mr. Graham MacNamee, and the Independent by Mr. Will Rogers. The candidates would make their public appearances solely on the motion picture screen, John Gilbert and Douglas Fairbanks impersonating Grabbenheim and Kelley throughout the country except in Chicago and New York, where the Beery brothers might make a more favourable impression. My own candidate, McGook, would be represented alternately by Charles Chaplin and Greta Garbo, and would probably have a walk-over.

The president, once elected, would have not the slightest trouble in maintaining his identity. We could retain the services of Mr. Coolidge's White House Spokesman, thus rendering it unnecessary for him to appear or speak in public. His administration, being conducted by a committee of the country's most prominent business men, would of course be in no wise distinguishable from those to which we have became accustomed. He might even go abroad during his term of office, and settle once and for all the perplexing international questions that have so complicated our relations with Europe. We would simply send over Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and in two years or probably less America would be the Sweetheart of the World.

A Disagreement With Mr. Shaw

(Continued from page 54)

income can no more touch the real sources of present discontent than could any other large-scale book-keeping operation, such as, for example, a scheme to make possible the purchase of every conceivable commodity by deferred payments.

The real trouble with the present social and industrial system is not that it makes some people very much richer than others, but that it makes life fundamentally unlivable for all. Now that not only work, but also leisure, has been completely mechanized; now that, with every fresh elaboration of the social organization, the individual finds himself yet further degraded from manhood towards the mere embodiment of a social function; now that ready-made, creation-saving amusements are spreading an ever intenser boredom through ever wider spheres, existence has become pointless and intolerable. Quite how pointless and how intolerable the great masses of materially-civilized humanity have not yet consciously realized. As yet only the more intelligent have *consciously* realized it. To this realization the natural reaction of those whose intelligence is unaccompanied by some life-giving talent, some inner urge towards creation, is an intense hatred, a longing to destroy. This type of intelligent hater-of-everything has been admirably, and terrifyingly, portrayed by *M.* André Malreaux in his novel, *Les Conquerants*. This is a book which I earnestly recommend to the attention of all sociologists.

The time is not far off when the whole population, and not merely a few exceptionally intelligent individuals, will consciously realize the fundamental unlivableness of life under the present régime. And what then? Consult *M.* Malreaux. The revolution that will then break out will not be communistic—there will be no need for such a revolution, as I have already shown, and besides nobody will believe in the betterment of humanity or in anything else whatever. It will be a nihilist revolution. Destruction for destruction's sake. Hate, universal hate and an aimless and therefore complete and thorough smashing up of everything. And the levelling up of incomes, by accelerating the spread of universal mechanization (machinery is costly) will merely accelerate the coming of this great orgy of universal nihilism. The richer, the more materially-civilized we become, the more speedily it will arrive. All that we can hope is that it will not come in our time.

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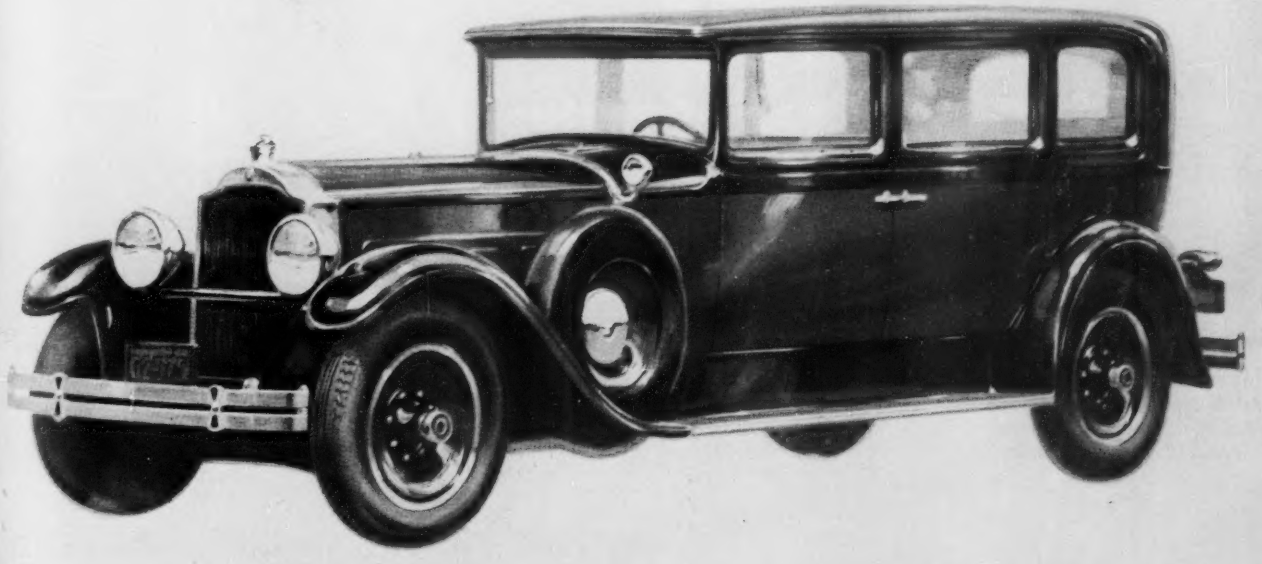
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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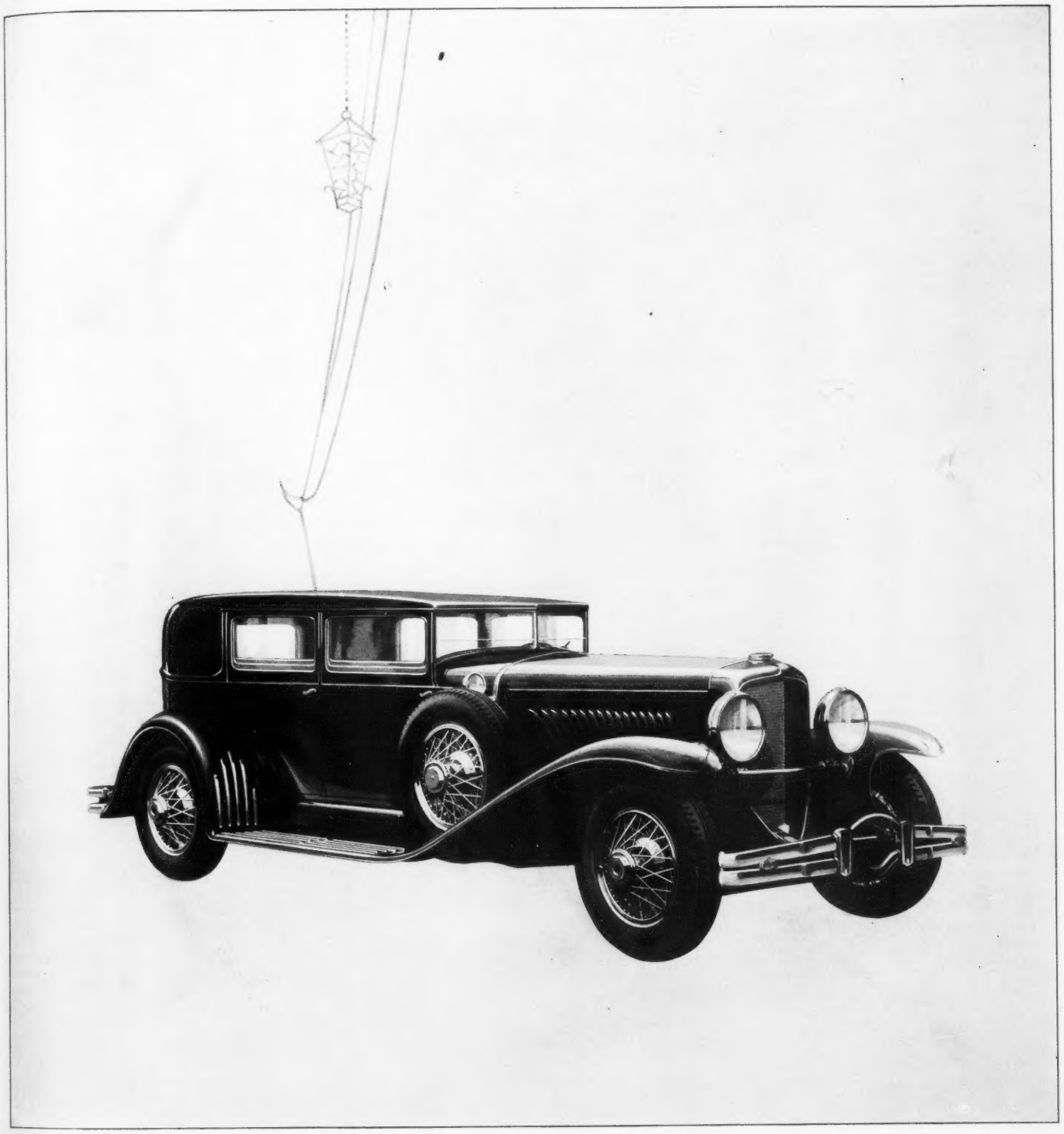

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The Twain Shall Meet

(Continued from page 81)

and many comparisons were made.

But it is not in Europe that the most important results of these great events are now developing. The nations that were most directly engaged or opposed in the conflict are by no means the nations that find themselves the most troubled and transformed by it today. The effects of the war increase as we leave Europe, and there is no doubt that the consequences of an upheaval which spread from us to the enormous mass of the Orient, will rebound upon us from the antipodes.

At last *John Chinaman* is learning the drawbacks of a too-obstinate and too-prolonged passivity, after clinging for centuries to the principle that all change is evil. The *foreign devils*, meanwhile, had been following the opposite maxim. These heirs to Greek dialectic, to Roman wisdom, and to evangelical doctrine, have now roused from their slumbers the only people in the world who, for I know not how many centuries, had consented to be governed by refined men of letters. One cannot tell what the results will be, what general perturbations will be produced, what internal transformations will take place in Europe, nor toward what forms of equilibrium mankind will gravitate during the next era.

However, looking at these human problems humanly, I shall merely consider the inevitable bringing together of peoples so different by nature. Here, standing face to face, are nations that had always regarded each other as totally alien—which indeed they were, for they had no need one for the other. We were, strictly speaking, only *strange animals* for the Chinese, as they were for ourselves; and if we were forced into mutual concessions, into allowing each other certain virtues or a measure of superiority in certain respects, it was almost like admitting that some animals have a strength, an agility, or a patient industry that we ourselves do not possess. This was because we then knew each other, and still know each other, only by acts of war, trade, and spiritual or material aggression—all of which relations involve the notion of an adversary, and a feeling of contempt for that adversary. Relations of this sort are necessarily superficial. Not only do they permit us to remain in perfect ignorance of the real nature of other peoples, but they even require this ignorance. It would be very painful, and indeed almost impossible, to cheat, harass, or suppress some one whose deeper life was known to you, and whose feelings could be measured by your own.

But everything is leading the populations of the globe toward a state of reciprocal dependence, and toward intercommunications so varied and rapid that in a short time the nations can no longer remain ignorant of one another, nor limit their relations to merely selfish manœuvres. There will be room for something besides exploitation, penetration, coercion, and rivalry.

For generations already, the art of the Far East has forced incomparable objects upon our attention. The West, which prides itself on understanding everything and assimilating everything into its all-devouring substance, gives a prominent place in its museums to a quantity of wonders which have come to it from the East, sometimes by trade, sometimes by pillage.

Perhaps this is the place to remark that the Greeks, who were so accomplished in the proportion and composition of *forms*, seem to have neglected the improvement of *matter*. They were satisfied with the materials at hand, and sought for nothing more delicate, nothing that held the senses enthralled and delayed the introduction of ideas. It is to the Heavenly Kingdom that we owe the exquisite invention of silk, as well as of porcelain, enamels, paper, and many other materials which have become quite familiar to us, being marvellously adapted to the tastes of a universal civilization.

But it is not enough to admire and utilize the talents of a distant people if we continue to look with contempt upon their feelings and their soul, or if we limit ourselves to a visual caress of the vases, the lacquers, the works in ivory, bronze, and jade they have produced. There is something still more precious, of which these masterpieces are only the demonstrations, the diversion, and the relics: it is the life in itself of this alien race.

Grimm's—and Grimmer

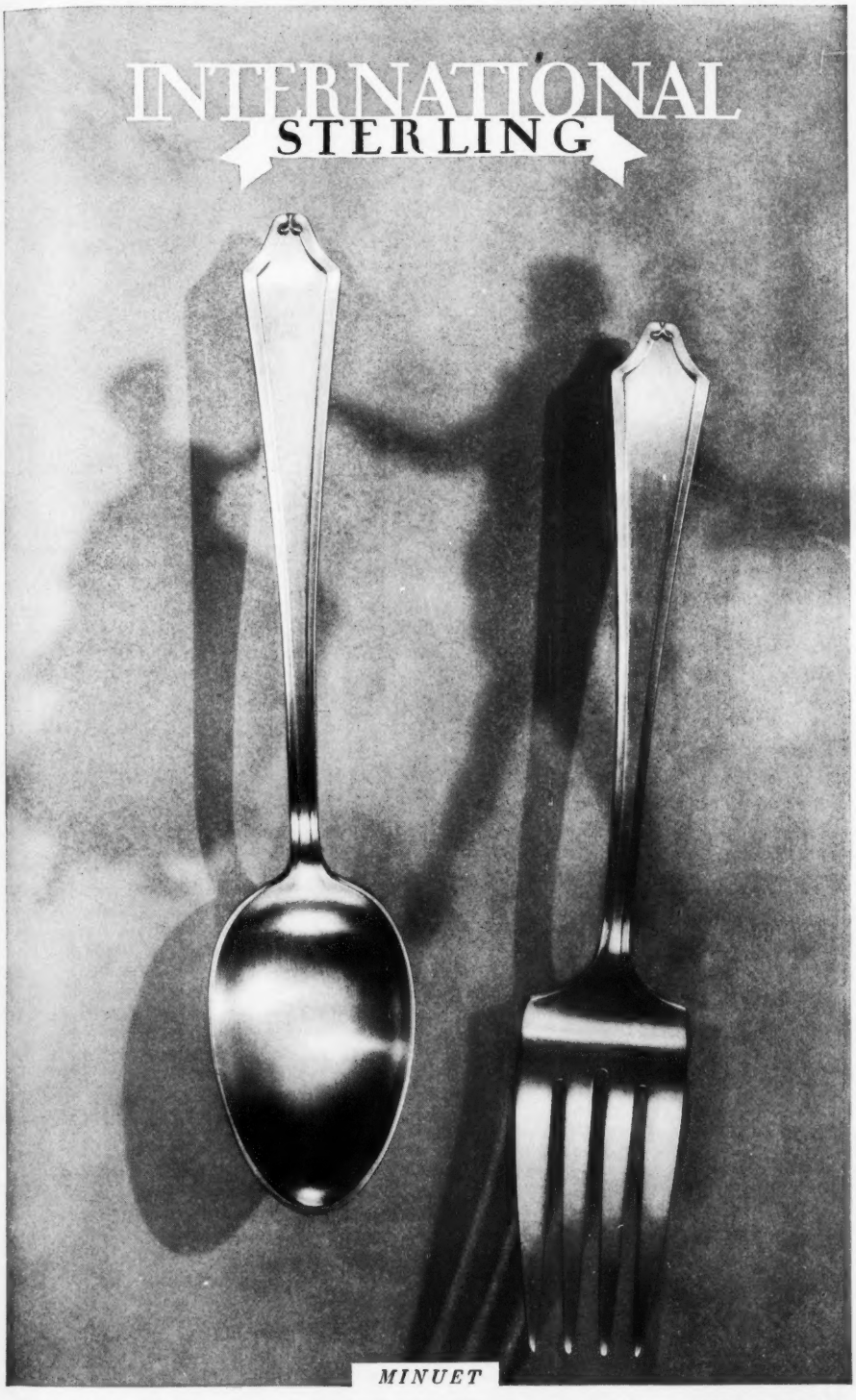
(Continued from page 56)

the ludicrous—but always breezily, blithely. And Miss Larrimore and company act it for all it is worth.

Not all the parlour comedies with this plot are as happily turned. Witness *Meet The Prince*—though I imagine that by this time it will be past witnessing. A. A. Milne wrote *Meet The Prince*. If you are a Milne-lover save your cheers for the next occasion. Odd that this one gambols with the same situation of a separated husband and wife remeeting in the midst of many guests and keeping up the same deception until curtain-time. Odder still that Milne makes such a slow, woolly lot of foolery of it, even though he goes to the extra device of dressing both husband and wife up in satirical masquerade. All is not whimsical that chitters. Just as all is not realism that grunts.

When engaged in reading a book you may think that the real and the shoddy are antonyms and enemies and that never the twain shall meet. But when you go to a theatre—a lower and less pensive form of pleasure—you see the sudden futility of trying to cleave any such straight line between what's real and what's rarer than real: to wit, good hokum. Or, as they prefer to dignify the expression in Manhattan, good theatre.

Which, when you come to last thoughts on it, is the most valiant thing of all about Mr. Rice's *Street Scene*. It is as good theatre as it is real.



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GE—Beautiful 18 K solid white gold case, 15 jewels $70

Jealousies

(Continued from page 76)

hearts . . . that have stopped being empty, in this case. Do you know what I heard to-day?"

"Another bit of fascinating gossip?"

"I don't know that it's so fascinating . . . but it's more than just gossip."

She paused for a moment, then suddenly announced:

"Genevieve Allorge is going to be married again."

"What did you say?" Georges had given a violent start.

"I said that Genevieve Allorge was going to be married again," Diane repeated with a pitying smile.

"Married again . . . Genevieve . . . but—but married to whom?"

"Don't be so excited," said Diane negligently. "There's nothing extraordinary about it. Genevieve is a widow, and she's free—very free. . . . She's going to marry Alfred Vrani-Lebourg."

"She, Genevieve, is going to marry? Impossible! And I—we knew nothing about it."

"I knew. We are very close to each other, and she always confides in me. Of course she made me swear not to tell anybody—not even you. But today, after you went out, she telephoned and asked me to come to her house. I hurried over, naturally, and she told me it had all been decided yesterday evening, and needn't be a secret any more."

"But I thought she hardly knew him?"

"She knew him much better than you think."

Georges in his excitement was striding up and down the room.

"It's simply impossible," he repeated. "She, marry Vrani-Lebourg, that snob, that fashion-plate, that idiotic bounder whose only claim to distinction is his being enormously rich."

"After all, isn't that a great deal?"

"Not for a woman like Genevieve. In the first place, she has money of her own. . . ."

"So she tells people. But in reality, Allorge left her very little. He made a great deal while he was living, but he spent nearly as much. And so Genevieve has had to, well, look out for herself."

"Look out for herself?"

"That's what I said. Oh, but you men are stupid! Just because a woman plays the intellectual, puts on solemn airs, and pretends to soar above the petty concerns of life, you accept her for what she seems to be, and award her the prize for unapproachable and disinterested virtue. You needn't think that Genevieve is any different from the others. One must live, after all. . . . So she hardly knows Vrani-Lebourg? Come, don't be ridiculous. The truth is that she has just reached her goal, which was to make him marry her. But for the last eighteen months she has been his mistress and he has been supporting her."

George Halouin took two steps toward his wife.

"No more of this, Diane!" he exclaimed. "It's unworthy of you; it's positively disgusting! Such base falsehoods . . . Genevieve . . . a perfectly honourable woman . . . your friend . . . our friend . . . I forbid you!"

"And I forbid you to be her lover!"

Diane, springing to her feet, had flung these words at him brutally.

"But—what do you mean?" Georges stammered.

"I mean that she has been your mistress for more than a year. Oh yes, I could tell by a thousand little signs—your admiring looks when she was with you, your literary and artistic conversations. . . . I said nothing, wishing to be certain. But now, my last doubt has been removed. I have made you confess, as she had done already. Oh, you're not so clever, you two! . . . I went to see her this afternoon, just as I said, but it wasn't because she sent for me—no, I had a better excuse. I pretended that I wanted to confide in her. I began by saying that you were deceiving me, and that I knew with whom. One could see that she was frightened, apprehensive. For one moment she thought I knew everything. . . . Then I told her that you had always deceived me, that you went from woman to woman, looking for easy conquests, and that at present you were the lover of some little dancer."

"You said that—of me!"

"I did." She gave him a look of defiance. "And furthermore, I was careful not to let her suspect that I was lying. I didn't speak about . . . your afternoons. Your evenings were a different matter. I knew that you spent them with me, but how could she know? . . . And if you could only have seen her, the way she trembled with suppressed jealousy, and grief, and rage . . . if you could only have heard the tone of disgust in her voice when she said, 'so he's like that!' . . . And you, my dear—how do you explain your amazement, your pain, your anger, your confusion, when I invented the story that she was going to marry Vrani-Lebourg? Oh, my two experiments were successful. . . ."

She stopped, gasping for breath. Her husband, who had been angry at first, now looked at her with an amazement that was almost horror.

"You did—that," he said at last. "Because of your stupid, inexcusable suspicions, you were capable of this dishonest scheming, this deceit. . . ."

"And you," she screamed, "weren't you capable of deceiving me—of deceiving me with my best friend!"

He did not answer. Shrugging his shoulders he left the room, found his hat, walked out of the house.

People were hurrying home to dinner, and the streets had an air of animation in the spring twilight, but Georges saw nothing. As he walked on, his vision was turned inwards: he was trying to understand something that had just been revealed to him. Suddenly, without knowing whether he had come there consciously or unconsciously, he found himself in front of the house where Genevieve lived. It was late; it was no time for paying a call, but he rushed boyishly up the stairs instead of waiting for the lift, and rang her bell. Genevieve would be at home; without knowing why, he felt certain of it.

She received him immediately.

(Continued on page 110)

Dandruff disappears so quickly

SOONER or later, everyone experiences the annoyance and humiliation of a case of dandruff. Contact with others, promiscuous use of towels, combs and brushes, the trying on of hats, spread this common ailment.

When this dandruff appears don't let it become serious. At the first sign of it, use full strength Listerine. It has remedied this condition for thousands.

The treatment consists of dousing Listerine, full strength, on the scalp and massaging vigorously, repeating the treatment frequently for several days. This is important.

From the outset you will be conscious of a marvelously cool, clean and healthy sensation of the scalp, and within a few days, you will note that dandruff is disappearing.

Dandruff is a germ condition, and noted dermatologists declare that the successful method of combating it is by frequent massage and applications of antiseptic.

Full strength Listerine, as you know, is not only a safe antiseptic with a tendency to soothe and heal tissue, but is also one of great germicidal power.

Laboratory tests show that it destroys 200,000,000 of the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds. We would not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

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kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

The humidor you've always wanted. Rumidor, entirely new and different, a humidor that really works. Genuine 12 year old rum keeps your smokes moist, mellow and fragrant. An evaporation control valve in the Rumidor cover holds your smokes in prime condition to the very minute you light them.

Rumidor makes smoking doubly enjoyable. And in modern designs, choice metals and exclusive leathers, Rumidor leads all smokers' accessories. For cigarettes, cigars and pipe tobacco. Hits your purse very lightly. Copper models from $3.50 up. Genuine leathers and sterling up to $110.

THE RUMIDOR CORPORATION, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sponsored in Europe by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.

RUM! Genuine 12 year old, aged in wood, keeps your Rumidor moist. We'll exchange your dollar bill for four Rum refills if they're not available at your favorite shop.

Jealousies

(Continued from page 108)

"You must excuse me for coming to see you at this hour," he said without looking at her. "There is something I must tell you."

"Has anything happened to Diane?" asked Genevieve coldly. "She was here this afternoon, you know. She seemed in a very nervous state, and your visit leads me to fear . . ."

"Yes, I know she came to see you."

"She seemed very unhappy, very upset," Genevieve continued. "She told me things I should never have guessed for myself. I always thought the two of you were so happy together. What she said this afternoon surprised me and hurt me, too, both on her account and on yours . . . I don't want to reproach you, but. . . . "

"It isn't true!" Georges had taken a step toward the young woman. "It isn't true! Everything she told you was a falsehood.. I was never—like that. I never betrayed her or looked for easy conquests. . . . It isn't true."

Genevieve gave a start of joy, which she endeavoured to hide.

"Oh!" she said in a low voice, "I was sure it couldn't be so."

"You were sure?"

"Yes. It didn't seem possible that I could be so mistaken in you. Diane is quick and impulsive; she loves you dearly. Something she saw must have misled her."

"No," Georges interrupted, "she lied with full knowledge that she was lying. She slandered me to you deliberately, just as she afterwards slandered you to me."

"She slandered me? What did she say?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter . . . I didn't believe her, except perhaps in the first moment of surprise."

"But I don't, I can't understand. Why in the world should Diane . . . ?"

"Because she was jealous," Georges said after a moment's hesitation. "She thought she was setting a clever trap for us . . . first for you, then for me . . . so as to make us confess."

"But what should we confess?"

Georges did not answer.

"Oh!" said Genevieve, turning red, "she believed us capable of . . . and that was why. . . ."

"Yes, that was the reason. She was trying to make us jealous. And with me, she succeeded. Yes, when she said what she did, she taught me that I was jealous of you . . . she taught me what I already knew in the depths of my heart without acknowledging it to myself; she taught me that I love you. . . . Oh, I can say it now, after what she has done; her falsehoods have set me free. Genevieve, I could not bear the thought of never seeing you again. She was trying to separate us, to break all the bonds between us . . . Genevieve, would you really prefer not to see me?"

She raised her eyes, which had been hidden all this time, looked him in the face and said:

"No."

Then, turning away her eyes, she added:

"I too have been jealous since that frightful conversation. I too have learned, in the light of my jealousy, that I love you. . . . Ah! Diane had something to teach us both, with her desperate tactics."

There was a little silence. Both of them, without speaking, reflected that Diane, though she had been ignoble and mistaken, had nevertheless been justified in the midst of her errors, since she had divined the truth about themselves.

Planes for the Private Owner

(Continued from page 95)

to indicate that they are quick to take advantage of what experience teaches them. Like all cabin planes, the Ryan is not for the beginner, but rather for the flier of some experience or the private owner who prefers to engage a professional pilot.

Fairchild offers three excellent monoplane models. The largest, which is equipped with the Pratt & Whitney 410 horsepower Wasp engine, accommodates six passengers and a pilot. A smaller cabin plane seats four and is powered with a Wright Whirlwind engine. The third model is a two-seater sport design with an 80 horsepower British "Genet" motor. A feature of the Fairchild is its folding wings, which swing back against the body and enable it to be housed in but one third the space otherwise required, a rather important item when plane storage is charged for on the basis of floor space occupied.

The Lockheed Vega is the racehorse of the enclosed monoplanes. It performs like a fighting scout and apparently stands the strain of hard usage remarkably well. There are those who maintain that its all-wood construction will eventually result in high maintenance cost, a theory denied by its builders. Be that as it may, it is undeniably the most beautiful plane to be found in the air today.

The Buhl models, cabin monoplanes, are steadily increasing in popularity, for which there must be a logical reason. Fokker, of course, is an old standby. Their Universal and Super-Universal, the former fitted with the Wright Whirlwind and the latter with the Wasp, are as good airplanes as money can buy. The Stinson models are also coming to the fore. Bellancas have twice spanned the Atlantic, which should be sufficient guarantee of their worth. Cessna, a newcomer in the field, has also brought out a cabin ship that is worthy of consideration.

To this list of builders of planes for private owners may soon be added Leoning, Vought, Douglas, Glenn Martin, Boeing, Keystone, Consolidated Aircraft and Curtiss, all of them regarded as outstanding makers of fine airplanes. Their efforts have heretofore been devoted almost exclusively to the construction of service planes for the Army and Navy and the fact that they are soon expected to enter the commercial field is indicative of the growing importance of this phase of aerial activity, and the interest of many more people in air travel.

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A DESIGN ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC BEAUTY OF THE WINDOWS OF CHRISTCHURCH

	Set of six
DESSERT KNIVES *with stainless Mirrorstele blades, new French shape.*	$21.00
TEA SPOONS . .	13.50
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TO HAVE this beautiful Sterling Silver on your table is to bring to it the glorious associations of centuries of English history. For the design was inspired by the high-arched windows of Christchurch Cathedral in ancient Oxford—celebrated in the annals of kings and poets, artists and erudite scholars of every period.

This pattern has distinctive character. The silver is substantial, and has lasting value. It is wrought with the same pride of perfection that has marked the work of Reed & Barton for more than a hundred years . . . See the Oxford Design at your jeweler's and select it for your own.

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The SILVER KING is now 85¢

[$10 by the Dozen]

We announce with pleasure that you can play the "King o' Them All" in 1929 for 85 cents—the lowest price at which this ball has sold in a long and distinguished history.

IMPORTED BY

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK

Mrs. Wharton's House-Party

(Continued from page 68)

waistcoat, shortly after his death, and with it the disappearance of Mrs. Wharton's note for $2600 were points to be explained. The lady said that she had paid the debt *in cash*, and then, on the General's advice, torn up the note. She owed the Ketchum estate nothing: on the contrary, they were indebted to her for $4000—the amount of some bonds which the General was keeping for her.

The bonds were not to be found, and she had no receipt for them. General Ketchum had been fussily exact in his private bookkeeping, yet he had left, in his account books, no entry of the bonds. Mrs. Wharton claimed them, however, and considered herself an ill-used woman.

In any transaction of life, upon which one might be called to make a decision, so interesting a fact as the simultaneous illness of Mr. Van Ness, during the last agonies of the General would be considered both pertinent and essential. But not in a trial of this kind. So tenderly does our law protect persons accused of grave crime that the jury were allowed to hear nothing of the banker's ordeal.

This is one of the many reasons why the sleepless nights endured by tender-hearted people, who disturb themselves about the law's brutal treatment of suspected murderers, seem rather unnecessary; and why the logic of these folk appears slightly anserine.

The trial of Mrs. Wharton dragged on from December 4, 1871 until late in January. The listeners, the jury, and the reporters all became horribly bored. The prisoner sat impassive in Court, shrouded in a heavy black veil. Her husband had died four years earlier; and her son, also an army officer, had died in his mother's house twelve months since, leaving her the amount of his life insurance. No grounds for suspicion attached to her, so far as I know, in these deaths.

The trial developed into a combat, a series of field-days, and an all-round good time for the doctors and other medical and chemical experts. The first of these, the luxuriously whiskered Dr. Williams, may be seen giving testimony in the picture accompanying this article. It was Dr. Williams who prescribed yellow jasmine. Mrs. Wharton had prepared the second dose of this remedy, and insisted on giving it to the sufferer ahead of time—as the first dose "had done him so much good." The effects of this second dose were dreadful to witness. Mrs. Wharton kept the cup and spoon within her own care.

Dr. Williams and four or five other doctors or professors of chemistry agreed that the General had not died from natural causes. They agreed, with more or less certainty, that poisoning by antimony would account for the symptoms. Dr. Williams had expressed his belief, before the death, that his patient had been poisoned. Two qualified analytical chemists testified to antimony in the General's body.

The defense, however, produced an amazing battery of experts. Among them Professor McCulloch and Doctors Genth and Goolrick were impressive. These gentlemen, with seven or eight others, attacked the chemical learning of the witnesses for the State and reenforced their opinion by means of a very attractive little working-model of the stomach of the late General Ketchum, used in place of the original—which they had never seen.

Some of these doctors and professors thought that the General might have died from cerebro-spinal meningitis—then an even more obscure disease than it is now. It was, of course, an odd coincidence that General Ketchum, coming from Washington, and Mr. Van Ness of Baltimore, should each have been so inconsiderate as to bring his case of cerebro-spinal to Mrs. Wharton's house-party. But, owing to the tenderness of the law previously referred to, this strange working of the doctrine of chance did not have to be explained by the defense.

In the end it came to this: the State's analysts felt that their tests established the presence of antimony in the General's body; the opposing analysts said that the tests should have been carried further.

A flat disagreement of experts resulted, as usual, in surrounding the minds of the jury by a dense fog. After some thought, they acquitted Mrs. Wharton. She was still under indictment for trying to poison Mr. Van Ness, but the State decided that it was not worth while to prosecute this charge. So the lady went free—not exactly with the cheers of her fellow Baltimoreans.

She had made a serious blunder in tearing up the note and destroying all evidence that she had squared such a considerable debt. Had she not done this, the Marylanders might have been more gallant toward her. As it was, a number of years had to pass before there was any real rivalry for an invitation to one of her week-end parties.

Country Town Notes

(Continued from page 63)

was at the edge of town. We went there on a rainy night.

So there we were at the pond's edge in the darkness. Black clouds raced across the sky. Father was a strong swimmer. "It is nice to swim naked," he said, "that is why I brought you here tonight."

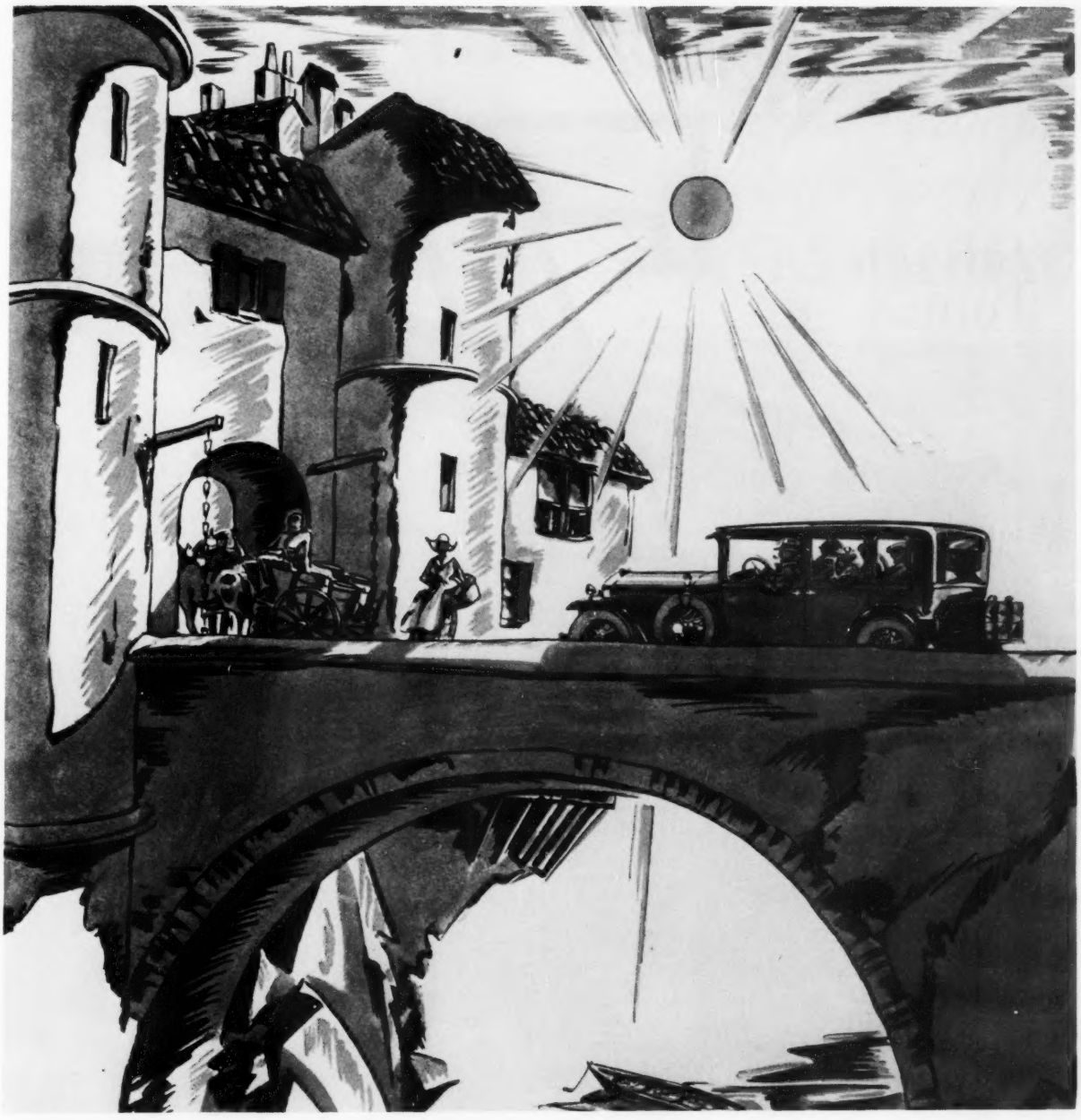
"If you feel yourself tiring," said he, "put your hand on my shoulder."

And so, stripping ourselves and leaving our clothes on the bank in the rain, we plunged in. I remember his broad white shoulders gleaming in the darkness, his strong man's arms flashing out. How small and weak my own arms seemed.

And now we had reached the further shore and had drawn ourselves up on the wet grass. This was in the summer and the rain was warm. We lay there a long time.

In his grand eloquent way father spoke of the sky. It was, I thought, very black but we could see places

(Continued on page 126)



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WITH the wealth of surpassing new engineering and manufacturing refinements in today's Cadillacs and La Salles, it becomes more obvious than ever before that if you want the kind of luxurious motoring that Cadillac provides, you simply must drive a Cadillac or La Salle. ✣ Three new safety features incorporated in both Cadillac and La Salle would, for themselves alone, lead you to these cars to the exclusion of everything else on the market: The new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission; the Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes; and Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields. ✣ Prestige, beauty, long life, brilliant performance—these you know Cadillac and La Salle possess. Now have these newest features explained to you, and experience them for yourself. Drive a Cadillac or La Salle, and see if you can find their equal elsewhere.

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La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875; Cadillac $3295 to $3995; Fleetwoods up to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

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Waterman's No. 7

Seven Points

Seven Dollars

Red
Standard—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Yellow
Rounded—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits southpaws.

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Rigid—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

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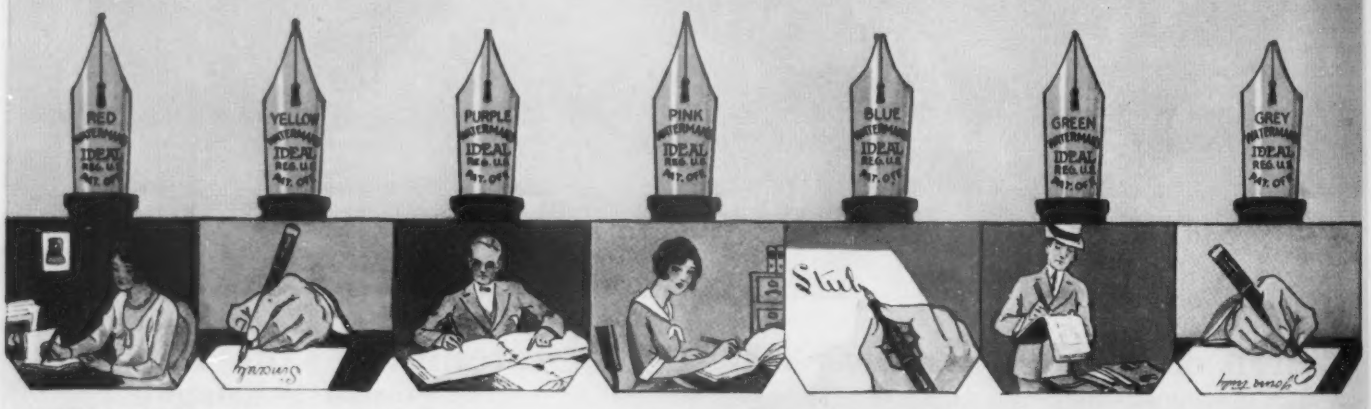
Oblique Point—A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.



Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit *your* taste, whoever you are.

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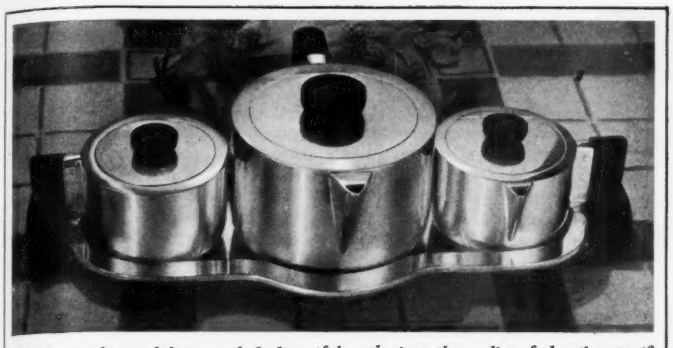
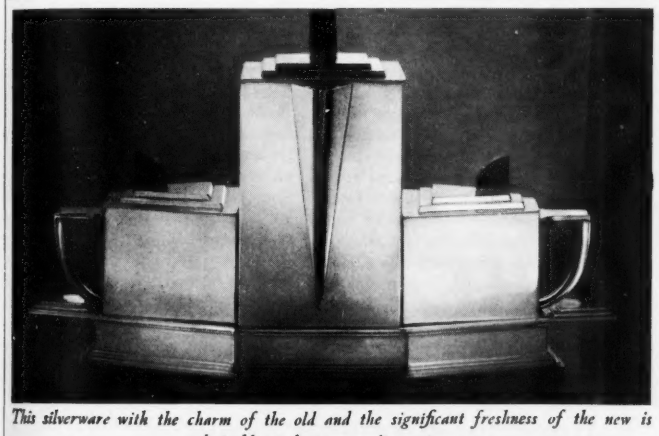


Note the simplicity of design and the beautiful emphasis on the quality of the silver itself

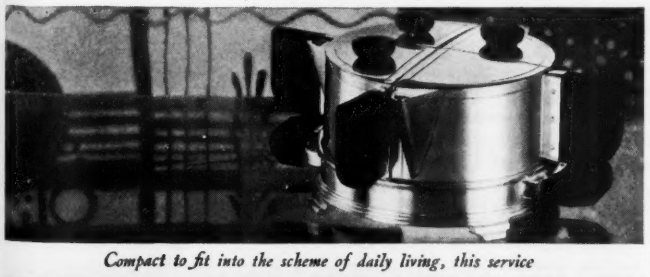
new SOPHISTICATION *in keeping with fine old traditions of* SILVERSMITHING

Decorative expressions of today, these tea services in the modern manner are ideal from the practical point of view for use in dinettes, breakfast nooks, on little tables, or for tea wagons. They are easy to care for and take up little space. The tea services above and below are made by the Wilcox Silver Plate Company Division.

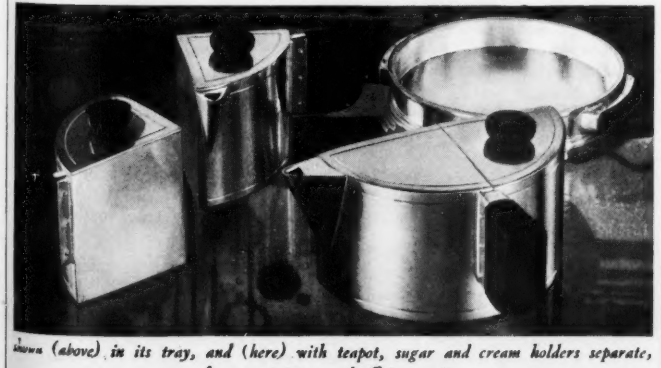
With the return to elegance established by the mode, this gracious and formal new pattern has been created by the Barbour Silver Company Division (above)



This silverware with the charm of the old and the significant freshness of the new is admirably made to serve its purposes



Compact to fit into the scheme of daily living, this service



Shown (above) in its tray, and (here) with teapot, sugar and cream holders separate, forms a striking and efficient unit

A SIMPLICITY at once classic and modern marks the new hollowware in International Silverplate. Whether your taste dictates the sophisticated severity of the newest silver, or the gracious elegance and formality of Period designs, you may choose International Silverplate not only with certainty you will secure harmony of shape and pattern, but also a service thoroughly in keeping with the fine old traditions of silversmithing.

Twentieth century craftsmen have simplified silverware to suit the needs of today, making it beautifully appropriate for modern apartments with smaller rooms, where an effect of spaciousness is desired, although space is at a premium. New designs of International Silverplate are in no sense "experimental." They are creations of practical designers who have sensibly studied the decorative trends of our times.

International Silverplate does not go out of fashion. Platters, vegetable dishes, tea services are ideal gifts. They last and are in style for a lifetime. They are guaranteed by a maker whose name has long represented high quality and fine workmanship; yet they are not costly.

When the dealer tells you that silverware is an INTERNATIONAL brand you are assured of value. Should he not have the particular piece or pattern wanted, he can get it for you. For illustrations of a wider variety of such goods, as are shown on this page, write for booklet No. HW- 139. Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Matching the well-known flatware patterns

In addition to designs as illustrated, special patterns are made to match the knives, forks and spoons of the well-known brands of 1847 Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards and Wm. Rogers & Son.

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TRADE INTERNATIONAL S.CO MARK

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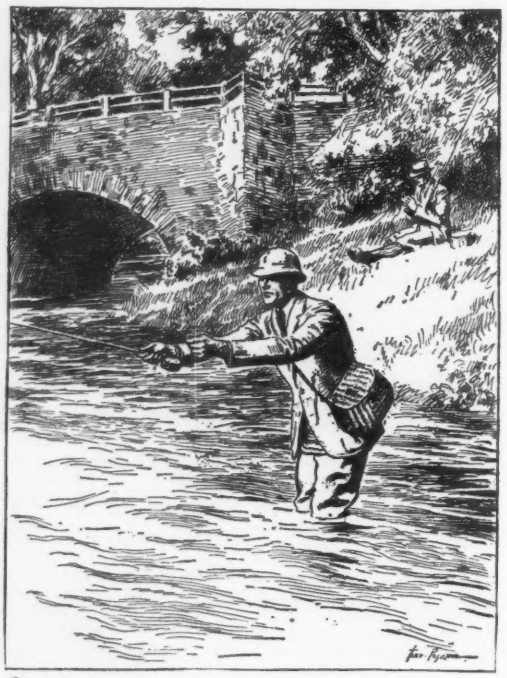

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Clothes for the Sportsman

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GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
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The Refugee

(Continued from page 84)

one child and, in the third year of their marriage, she had begun an experimental affair with another man, really hoping that by that indirection she might come to appreciate her husband the more. But, as luck would have it, she found herself with child by the other man. No art could divert her husband's suspicions and the furies of his jealousy. He was a man in the old tradition and he was incapable of being "civilized" about infidelity. He was rended by every torture, he lost the way of sleeping, he hardly knew what he was doing or saying. But he arrived at length at a decision. He left his wife permanently.

Then the design was made complete. Perhaps Mrs. Stone fell in love with her husband for the first time, perhaps she had always been in love with him. But the devils that had tormented him were nothing to those that now set upon Mrs. Stone. The knowledge that it was she who had taken the way, the intuition that there was no recourse, the vain remorse, in unending penance she submitted her heart to these fires and ever fanned the flames to a fiercer heat. Too late she knew that the only life she was destined to live was finished. Like the shades of those who have died, her only power was to remember the bright fields above, nor could she purchase any forgetfulness. All the elements of happiness had been given her, she had disarranged them only a little, and she had nothing. Her loss did not diminish, it grew more vast. It was irreducible to mere emotion, it continually took fresh force from the remembered event. No consolations of disillusion were allowed her. As time went on, her loss assumed the ever more gigantic dimensions of what-might-have-been and all sophistries were impotent to minimize it. And her husband, after two years abroad, wrote her a pleasant, forgiving letter, saying that he had been very silly in the past, would not divorce her unless she wished, but that he found it more convenient to keep a separate establishment. The last blow being dealt her, Mrs. Stone nevertheless managed to maintain the outward forms of life. She had last heard from her husband the year before.

The two were hearing home as Mrs. Stone finished her story. Jenny was grateful that no word was expected from her. When they came to the house, they bade one another good night, and Jenny went to her room. As she undressed, she felt that she did not know what to think, but the stirrings of an anger at her sister began in her. She turned out the light and got into bed, but she was unable to fall at once into sleep. The walk had tired her, and she should have been drowsy, but though she closed her lids over her eyes, the eyes remained wide awake. Now, from deep within her, she felt a rising consternation, the coming of dark legions of fear and weakness. The unhappiness she had had before this evening had been so neat, so closed; an event within itself; a backward looking. But now it was forgotten, supplanted by a greater amorphous unhappiness, and Jenny looked forward into life and was terrified. Evil powers swarmed around her head. She felt life as a quantity, a malicious abstraction, life as a sunken road of unguessed potentialities lying in wait for her; the life in her own members waiting to feel and to be destroyed. The cruel play without meaning must be played out; even now the other actors were coming relentlessly to the rendezvous to which she had been pledged at birth. She huddled between the bed-clothes: monstrous and unreasonable terrors mounted within her, and she made up her mind that very soon she would become a nun.

Estimating a Trump Hand at Contract

(Continued from page 88)

The clue that such a favourable distribution exists can frequently be furnished your partner by the correct bidding of a two-suited hand. Unfortunately many players have carried over from the game of Auction the mistaken idea that their second suit should not be shown when their partner assists the first. While fully adequate in Auction, where games could be scored whether or not they were bid, this method of handling a two-suiter falls far short of the more scientific requirements of Contract.

After your opening bid of a two-suited hand in Contract, your second suit should be shown, even though partner raises the first, unless he immediately jumps to a high contract. This method of showing a two-suiter is advisable even when you have opened with a two bid, unless your partner has given you a double raise.

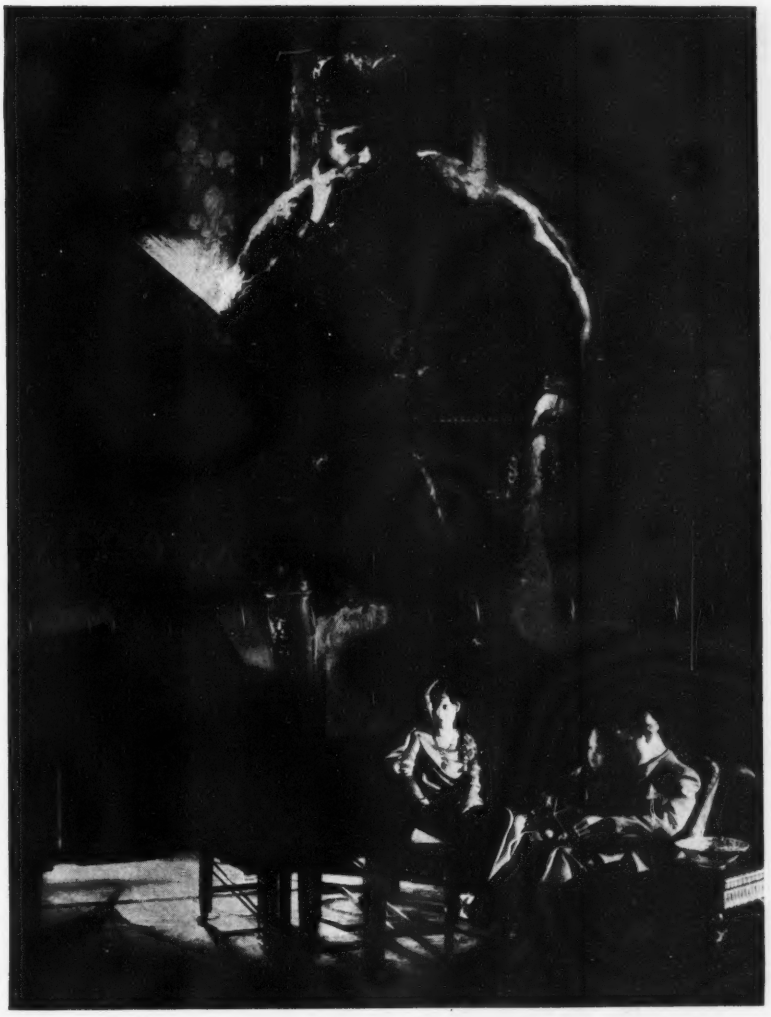
The main purpose of showing this second suit is to give your partner a definite picture of your hand, revealing that you have length in two suits and are correspondingly short in the other two. This picture of your distribution may so dovetail with your partner's holdings that he is in a position to foresee game on the probabilities of a cross-ruff.

The following hand illustrates the successful use of such highly informative bidding:

	♠-10, 8, 7 ♡-K, J, 8, 7, 4 ◇-8 ♣-J, 8, 6, 5	
♠-K,6,5,3,2 ♡-5, 3 ◇-K, 6, 5, 2 ♣-4, 2	N W E S	♠-A, Q, 9 ♡-2 ◇-J, 9, 7 ♣-A,K,Q,9,7,3
	♠-J, 4 ♡-A, Q, 10, 9, 6 ◇-A, Q, 10, 4, 3 ♣-10	

SOUTH—One Heart, Three Diamonds, Pass
WEST—Pass, Pass, Pass
NORTH—Two Hearts, Four Hearts
EAST—Three Clubs, Pass

If South had made the common error of re-bidding his Hearts, rather than showing his distribution, North would have had no justification in venturing a game bid.



"Name your own price"

THE KING WOULD HAVE SAID

OFTEN have you read how, in the Middle Ages, it was the delight of Kings to entertain their banquet guests with the music of one of the great harpists who used to tour the land. Perhaps you recall a passage such as this from the old Chronicles:

"And when the news spread that great Raftery would be present, there came many noble folk who otherwise had remained at their own firesides. And without the castle walls there huddled many of the town gentry, hoping that they might hear a few strains of Raftery's music. And when great Raftery stepped into the banquet hall, a deep silence fell over all the gathering. And when he touched the strings of his harp, wondrous music came forth. And of those that heard him, they that were ill at heart, felt cheered; they that were troubled in mind, gained peace. And for many days thereafter, there remained with all the healing memory of Raftery's playing."

Today you can own a magic instrument for which any mediaeval King would gladly have given castles and lands and treasure from the Indies. The Ampico brings to your castle not one great soloist, but hundreds—music more inspiring than any described in legend.

Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Minor Prelude, for example, magnificently played by the composer himself; Strauss's Blue Danube Waltz, its melodies exquisitely moulded by the hands of Levitzki; Broadway fox-trots, sparkling duets in which Ohman and Carroll make your feet restless with the urge to dance; two thousand other musical tidbits played by such famous pianists as Lhevinne, Orloff, Ornstein, Confrey, Youmans, Lopez, Brailowsky, Grieg, Samaroff, Victor Herbert. How wonderfully the music of the piano brings rest, inspiration, comfort!

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The Reformer and the New Golf Ball

(Continued from page 92)

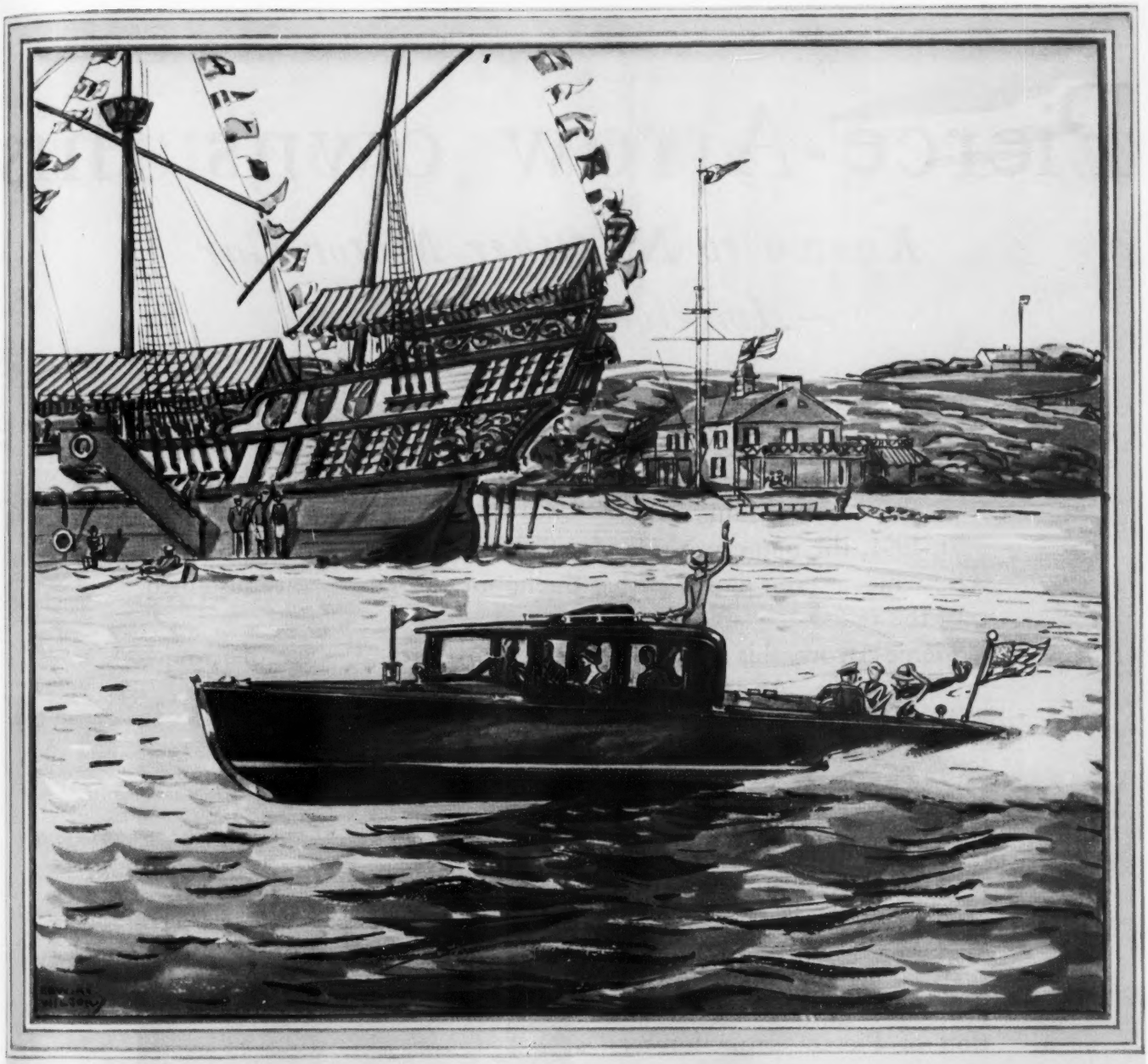
hunted or man and Nature. Golf from this point of view is rather a sport than a game; the balance must be maintained not between the two opponents but between man, armed with the best, most efficient clubs and balls, and Nature in the form of the links.

Taking golf today as it is played by the best golfers, can there be much doubt that the balance is not ideal, that it is tipped in the players' favour? It is not that the players "burn up" the courses with their wonderful scores, but that they do those scores in rather dull and monotonous ways which might be made more interesting. To certain tests worthy of their great skill, they are scarcely put. The brassy shot is not quite atrophied but it is played far too seldom by the best players and Heaven knows we cannot make our courses still longer in order to force them to play it. Yet it is the final shot in all golf. There is one glory of the drive and another glory of the approach, and the brassy shot up to the pin alone combines the two. The iron play of the champions, though brought to a great pitch of perfection, is hardly exciting, since they play, very wisely and profitably, just one shot with a series of differently graded clubs. Up goes the ball high in the air; down it comes on a well watered green; in it goes, makes a nasty little hole by its own weight and stops in a yard or two. It is intensely skilful but it does grow dull. If only, for instance, they had more often to keep the ball down against the wind or to play the lower pitching shot which grips the ground at the second bounce, squirming its way into the turf. They do not play these strokes because they do not need them and it would not be good business to try any needless experiment. Moreover, this is really true also of much humbler golfers. It may not be so obviously true because they cannot play one shot with monotonous skill, but they are not in fact asked, any oftener than is the champion, to essay any other kind. I am quite aware that it is easy to talk nonsense about variety of stroke but I am quite sure that there is not enough variety in the modern game with the modern ball and I hope, without being too sanguine, that the new ball might do something to redress the defect.

There is one respect in which, in my belief, the lighter ball is going, very perceptibly, to help the weaker brother. He does still have to play a good number of brassy shots and the modern ball is a diabolically difficult one with which to play them, because it takes a great deal of picking up. Just observe a number of average golfers playing brassy shots in winter time or on any day when the ground is wet and heavy and the worms have been busy. How many do they hit clean out of all the number? Very, very few I venture to say and a large percentage are topped or at any rate the ball adheres to the ground, which is much the same thing. Those golfers would have been far better advised to take spoons or even irons, but, being of a properly sporting disposition, they like to take a risk and a brassy with unhappy results. I am sure that in this respect they will be better off with the new ball and will thus gain on the roundabouts fully as much as they have lost on the swings. Some cynical person may ask why if the lighter and larger ball can confer such benefits upon this ordinary player, he is never found to use it. It might be wiser of him in some cases if he did but it is tolerably certain that he never will, as long as his neighbours do not, for he would rather give up anything in the world than a yard of length from the tee.

Again I am not posing as a superior person and blaming him for that. Quite apart from variety nobody wants to be outdriven by more than he can help, for it can make the rest of the game uphill work. If, however, this new ball does come in, and the world in general uses it, there will be no reasonable cause for complaint; when everybody loses a little length nobody will know that he has lost any. That which it would really be sad to lose is not a paltry little bit of distance but the delightful sensation of a clean hit, and that this ball can and does give.

Having come almost to the end of the chapter I find there is something that ought to have been said at the very beginning. I hope I shall not be so forgetful when I come to that ordeal by microphone. That one thing is this, that we live in a free country, that the new ball, if it is adopted, will only be compulsory in competitions and that people will be able to play in friendly games with any kind of ball they like. Whether or not it will be adopted here I should be sorry to prophesy confidently. The decision rests with the members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in general meeting, that is to say with a body of golfers of all sorts of views and all degrees of skill. I would go no further than this, that I *think* they would give the ball the trial and that seems to me the right thing to do. I am not a red hot enthusiast. I am very far from holding that the game of golf has at present been ruined for, of course, it has not. But that balance of power between man and the game has been thrown a little out of gear. It is not so perfect as it once was; it wants adjusting and it is surely worth while trying to adjust it.



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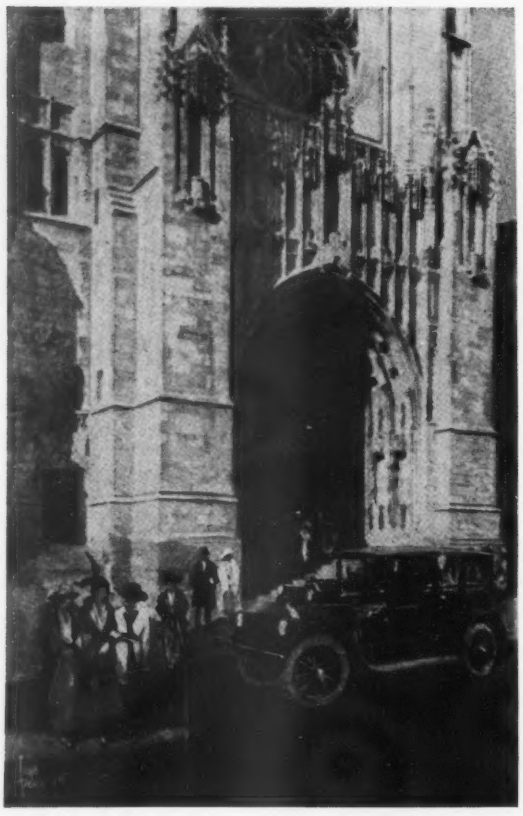
In 1901, the name was one of social importance. In 1929, Pierce-Arrow means even more. It has the honor of a rare quality sustained over the years.

Pierce-Arrow, this season, chooses to portray the lineage of its new Straight Eight. And no other automobile can exhibit a family portraiture so patrician.

There has never been a car which so remarkably combines bigness and power and fleetness with slenderness and luxury and grace.

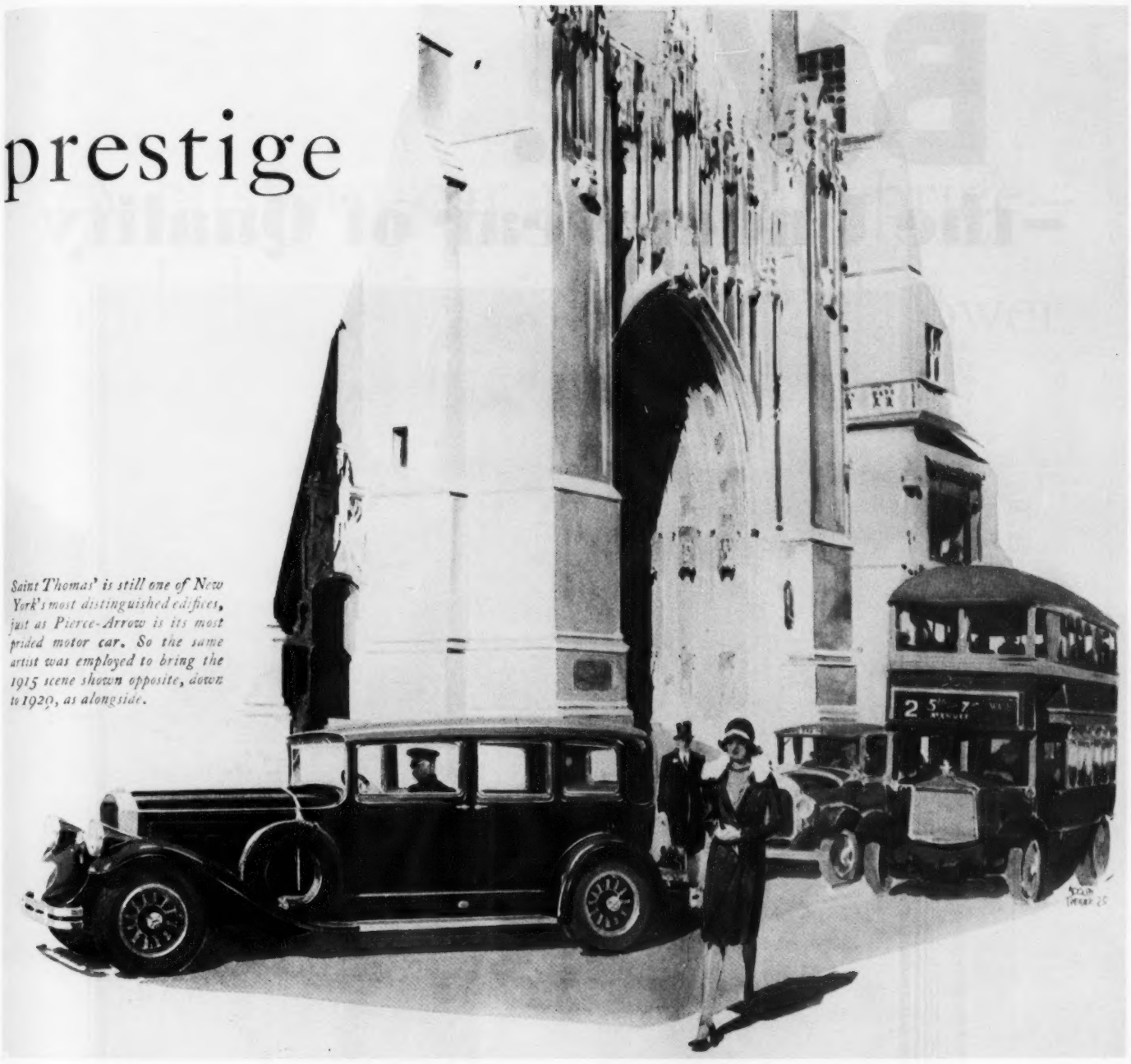
Arriving at the psychological moment, this new creation of Pierce-Arrow forever obsoletes the bulky and the cumbersome—and opens a new chapter in fine car history.



In 1915, Adolph Treidler portrayed this scene as one that set apart New York's Fifth Avenue as the world's most fashionable thoroughfare. The church is Saint Thomas'. The car is Pierce-Arrow.

PIERCE

s prestige



Saint Thomas' is still one of New York's most distinguished edifices, just as Pierce-Arrow is its most prided motor car. So the same artist was employed to bring the 1915 scene shown opposite, down to 1929, as alongside.

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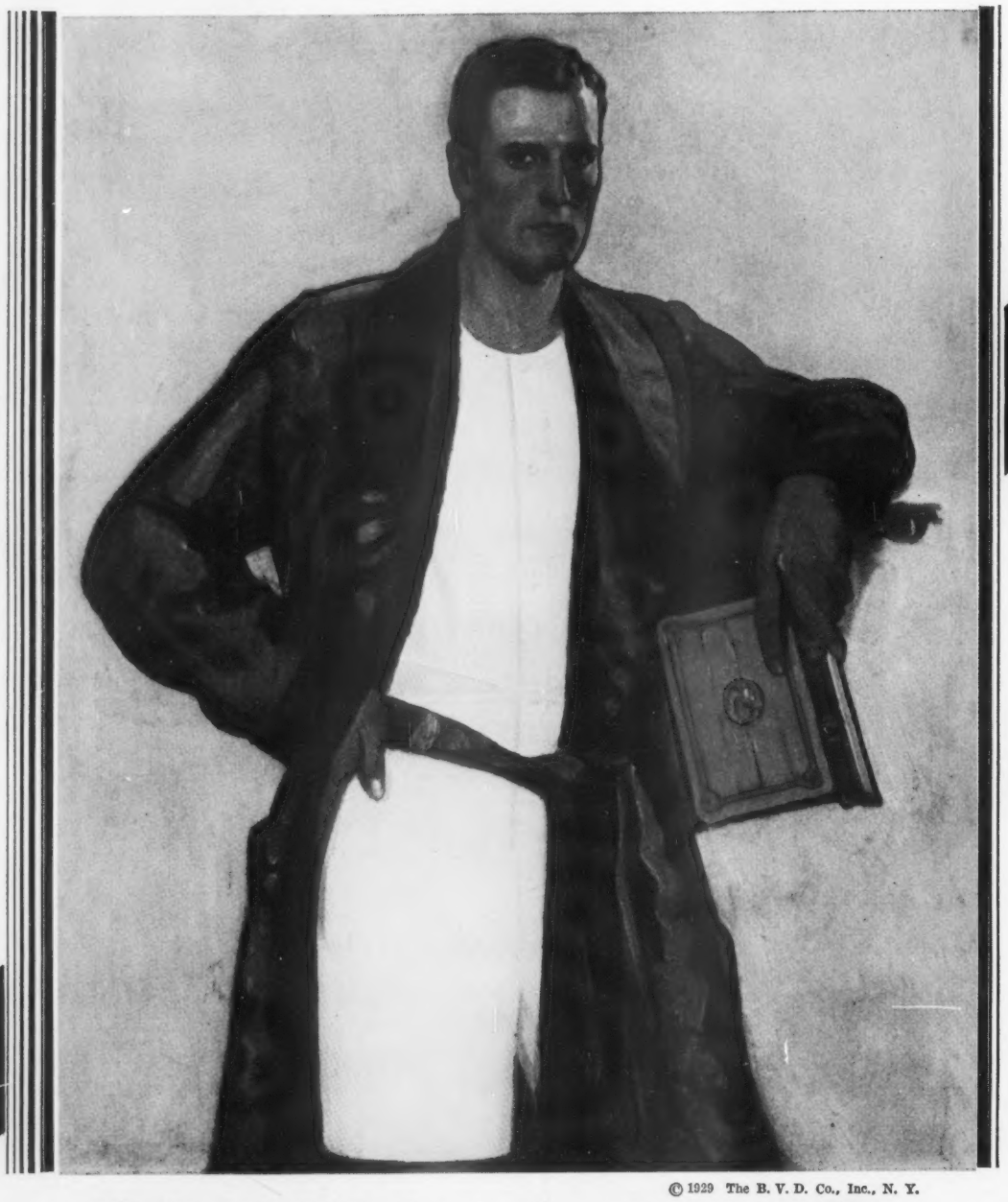

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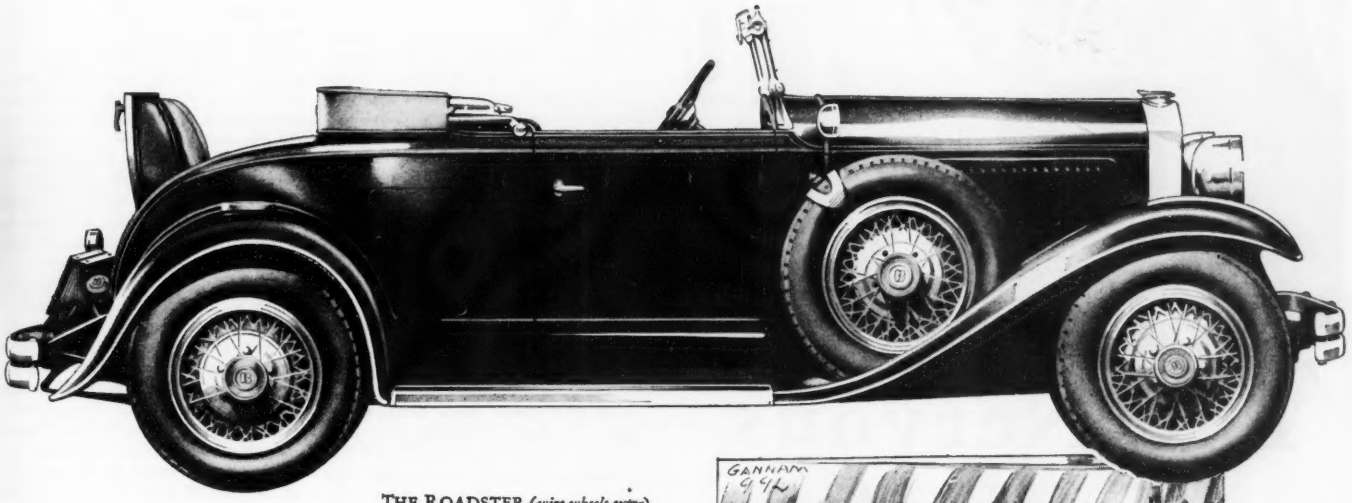
A custom-car in all but price— and the price is now still lower



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It's not the crowd on the first tee. The poor chap simply can't get his mind on his game because he can't get it off his underwear.
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If you know a nervous golfer who wiggle-waggles on every shot, give him this hot tip. Last summer, Lewis Golf Suit saved other nervous golfers millions of strokes. You just forget you have underwear on, in the perfect *freedom* of mind and muscle. Delightfully cool, too; it evaporates moisture so quickly. And the natural crotch support conserves your energy clear thru the match. There's only one original Golf Suit, the Lewis. Ask for it at your favorite store.

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Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two-piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort — with exceptional style — in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

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LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR That Gives NEW FREEDOM

On the Riviera

(Continued from page 73)

Nice has become a dreadful town, and the *Promenade des Anglais* is frequented now only by old clothes dealers, sellers of lorgnettes and actresses in their decline. But what a place Nice used to be, adored by Russian grand dukes, with its famous masked balls at the Casino, its games of baccarat, its exquisite entertainment, its carnival that was for the nineteenth century what that of Venice was for the preceding one, the round clock tower of its orthodox church, all the vices, all the religions, its famous courtesans descending upon it from Vienna and Paris, its celebrated suppers, its royal German princes travelling incognito!

To-day Nice is a convenient tourist centre, but its elegance is only a memory. The southern population disregards all the rest of France, as that of California ignores New York and the rest of the world. The Rex Ingram studios have brought a new American atmosphere to the neighbouring heights, but on the whole, Nice is a great watering place with neither beauty nor character.

Villefranche is the Montparnasse, the Greenwich Village, of the *Côte d'Azur*. From Jean Cocteau to Glenway Westcott—not to mention the author of this article!—one meets there young people in the most extravagant garb, to which no one pays the least attention. Great liners or friendly fleets come, sometimes, to trouble the deep, slate blue waters of the old harbour. Then Villefranche awakes, and, in one night, the population earns its living for a month. The cafés become dance halls and offer all sorts of attractions, for it is a question, above all, of keeping the tourists from going to Nice to spend their dollars.

Often, in the summer, Villefranche is the haunt of moving picture companies on location. Only yesterday Cocteau and I looked on, from the windows of the famous Welcome Hotel, while brilliant lights of projectors lit up a yacht in the roadstead from which men, fully dressed, leaped into the midnight sea, while Constance Talmadge, or, rather, the very beautiful English girl who doubled for her, aquaplaned and seemed to glide over the black sea, in a pink evening dress.

After Villefranche, the winding Corniche road, cut from the rock, and overrun with motor-buses, takes the tourist, in less time than it takes to tell, to Monte-Carlo. What invisible borders are those of France and the Principality of Monaco, marked only by the red and white uniforms of the tiny Monegasque army! Here is a happy country, without wars, without taxes, without a deficit.

Below the terraced gardens, below the aquarium which is, like that of Naples, one of the finest in Europe, the gaming rooms are a funnel into which, for eighteen hours a day, *francs*, dollars, pounds, *marks*, *lei*, *pesos* and all the coins of the world are poured. What a fascinating noise is that of the whirling ball, falling upon the flinty numbers—of the counters! On the benches in the gardens, ruined, ageless Russians work out again on paper systems that will make them rich; in the office which overlooks the entrance Americans telegraph to their various banks. . . .

After Monaco comes Roquebrune, which is, like Eze, an old fortified village where red and yellow houses, like pimento trees, are rooted in the rocks, among lemon and orange trees. Below is Cap-Martin, of the silver olive trees, with the last homes of millionaires.

Well—it is all over; there remains only Mentone, where, before the discovery of the virtues of high altitudes, all the consumptives of the world came to die, having, moreover, seen their end hastened by the abrupt alternations between heat and cold of a climate erroneously reputed to be healthy. The cemetery of Mentone, perched on a rocky buttress looking down on Italy, is full of the tombs of Russian princesses who died from tuberculosis and young lords cut off in their adolescence. In Mentone, with its tall, painted houses, its swathed windows, its procession of penitents in monkish habits on Good Friday, one is already in Italy. There lived Blasco Ibanez,

(Continued on page 126)

For the Well-Dressed Man

(Continued from page 96)

spring and summer and they have the advantage, as we have said many times before in these articles, of allowing a man to discard his waistcoat on very warm days without appearing too negligée or losing any of the neat effect. A double-breasted jacket with a fairly long skirt and two side vents instead of a plain back or the single back is excellent, suggesting the yachtsman's double-breasted jacket.

In an article in the February issue, discussing the styles appropriate for certain types of men, we spoke of the double-breasted jacket as especially suited to the tall thin man to make him appear broader and heavier, but it is not at all impossible to find a double-breasted jacket which a short stocky man can wear. It is all a matter of design, and in the cut of the lapels and the placement of the buttons and the width of the overlap, a clever tailor can achieve either a predominantly vertical or a predominantly horizontal line, depending on his skill.

What with closed cars or those smart ones with convertible tops, modern heating facilities, and the fact that in our larger cities we are so well protected from the weather, a man's topcoats are called upon more often than his heavy winter coats and, while neither has superseded the other, both are necessities.

A double-breasted topcoat is smart and an exceptionally good choice. One of these in covert cloth looks particularly well and the smooth fabric lends it a very military and finished appearance. Soft tweeds and vicunas are also very good, and a double-breasted tweed topcoat may be worn when one is in either town or country.

More exquisite than Words can tell . . . this lovely new pattern in Sterling Silver

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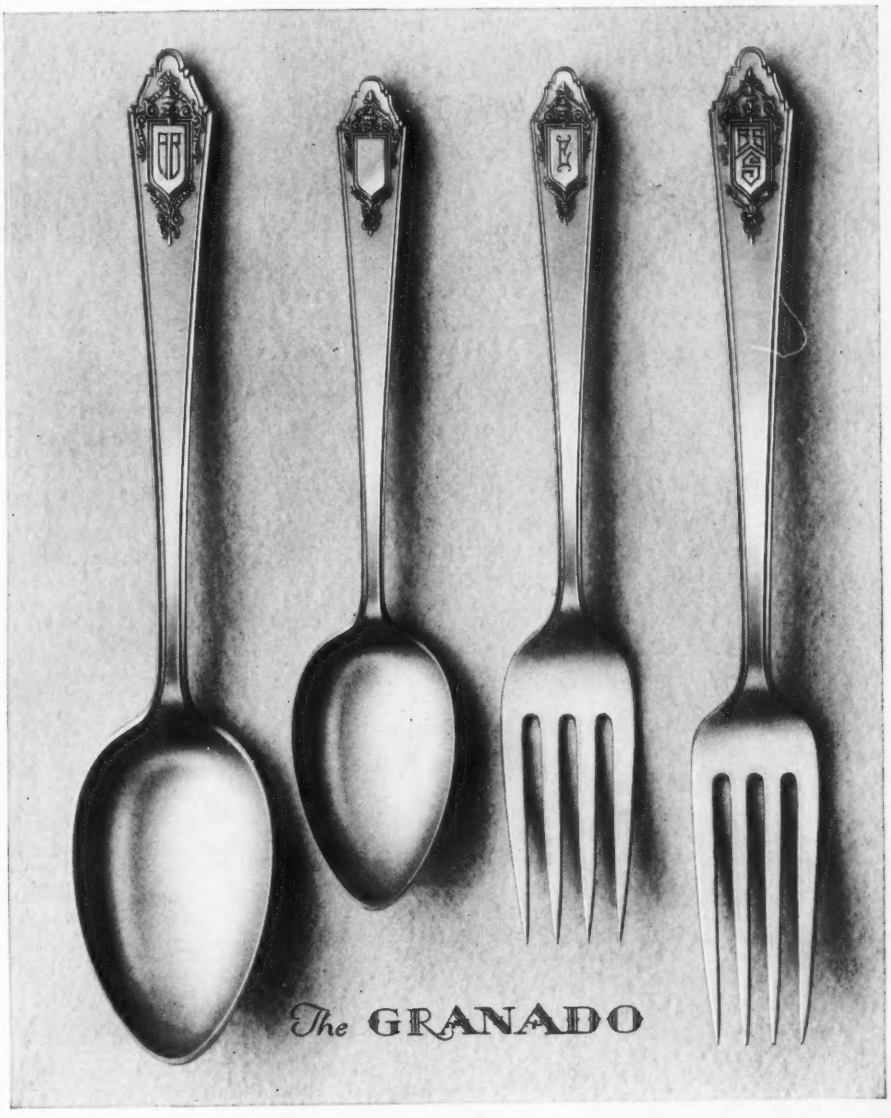
Only a partial list of cities and stores where the GRANADO pattern is being presented can here be given. If the name of your favorite shopping place does not appear, please write us.



ONLY by seeing the GRANADO design in actual silver can you properly appreciate the rare beauty and loveliness of this new pattern in Sterling Silver tableware. Only then can you note its exquisite modeling, its delicacy of ornamentation, its mellow, rich finish. Not until you take a piece in your own hands can you sense its generous weight, perfect balance and unmistakable Sterling feeling.

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Send today for a copy of the Granado Brochure, which awaits just your request.

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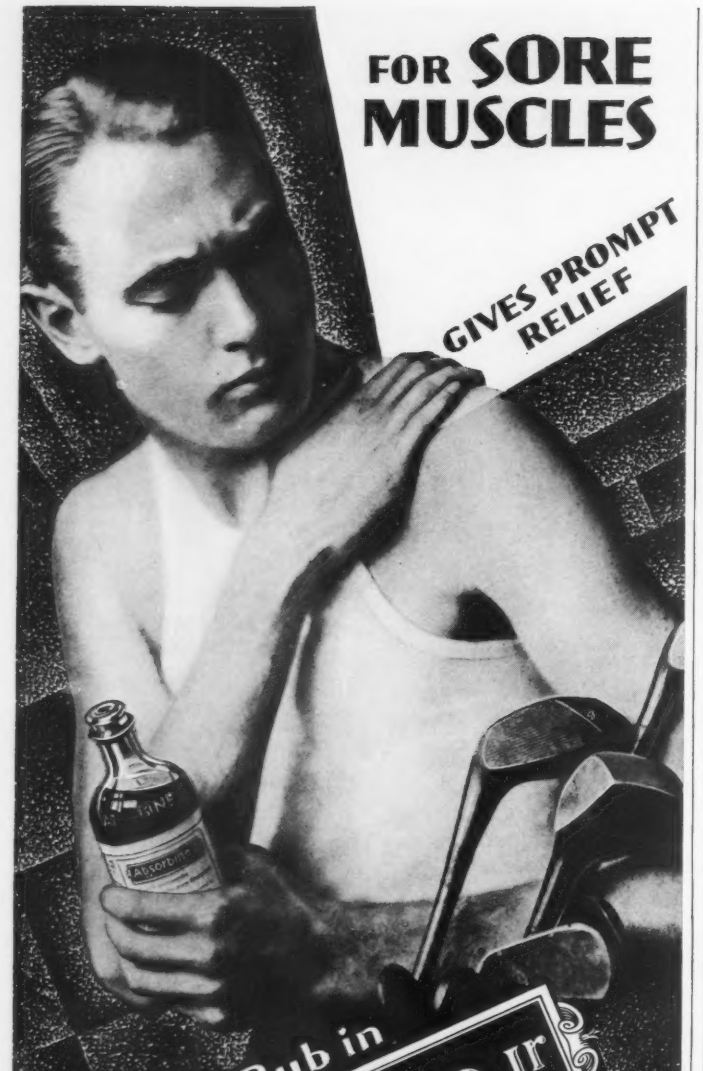
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GIVES PROMPT RELIEF
Rub in
Absorbine Jr.
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS, $1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle
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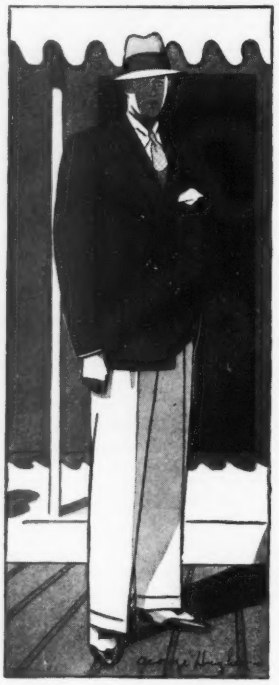


The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men

and the correct hats for the season

THE warmer days bring a reaction from the rigid formality of winter headwear. The better-dressed men enthusiastically favor the ever-popular *Piccadilly Circus* for informal wear, or for week-ends in the country. Its small, saucy, raw-edge brim imparts an air of jaunty insouciance that so befits the smart seashore or country-resorts. A companion hat to the *Piccadilly Circus* is the *Piccadilly Piper*. Its only difference is its narrow binding around the brim. The new shades for the season are as varied and beautiful as nature itself.

CAMEL'S HAIR

The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

FRENCH WEIGHT

Feathery and frolicsome, combining comfort and smartness is the *French Weight Flanul Felt*. It is as light as a whiff of Spring air and every bit as refreshing.

The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

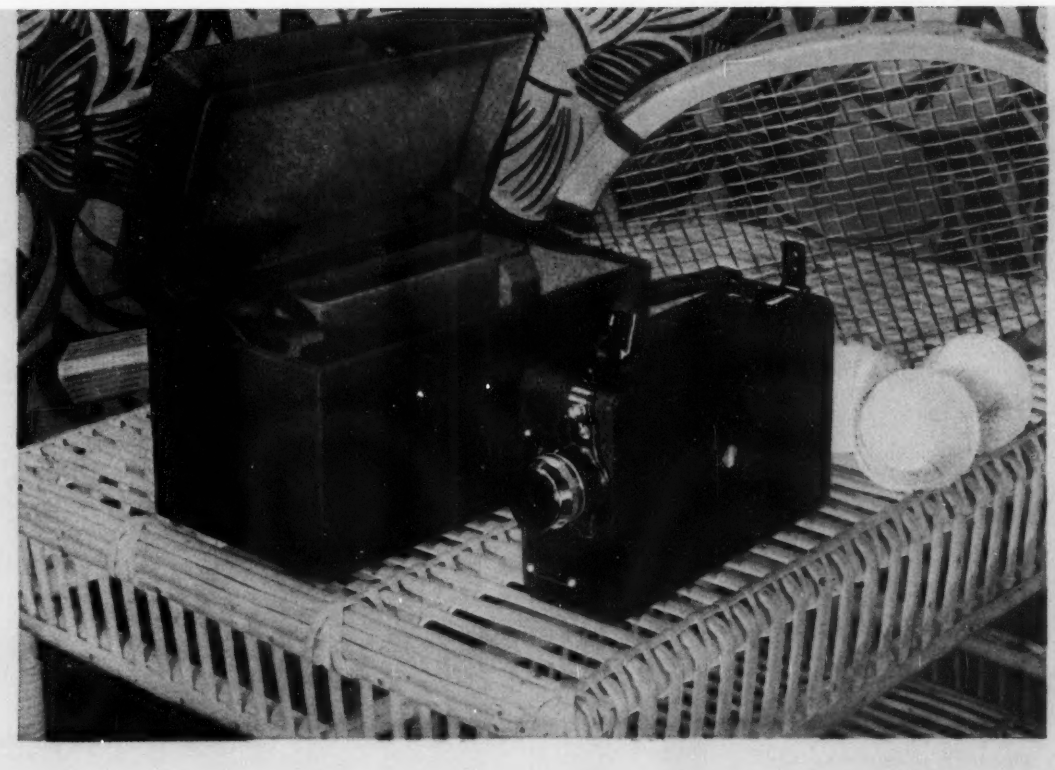
KENT

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur —a new pliable soft construction. $7 to $20. The Hodshon Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. *Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.* Unit of Cavanagh-Dobbs.

Flanul Felts

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and exclusive shops throughout the country



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and at a remarkable price

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It is convenient, good looking, and possesses unique operating advantages.

It is the new Ciné-Kodak, Model BB.

Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3-8 inches high, and 2 3-16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

A handy carrying case comes with the *f*.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly; into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

Exquisite in Appearance!

Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and gray—as well as black. (*f*.3.5 model comes in black only.)

Almost always improvements as great as these not only justify a high price, but make that high price necessary in order to cover their cost. Model BB, however, instead of being given a high price, has been given a LOW one.

Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate.

Model BB comes in black with *f*.3.5 lens at $75 (case $9 extra); with *f*.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at $140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost $15 extra. New *f*.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

KODACOLOR FILTER

LENS FOR TELEPHOTO EFFECTS

Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'être*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the *f*.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

Movies in Natural Color!

The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with *f*.1.9 lens an even more precious possession. With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

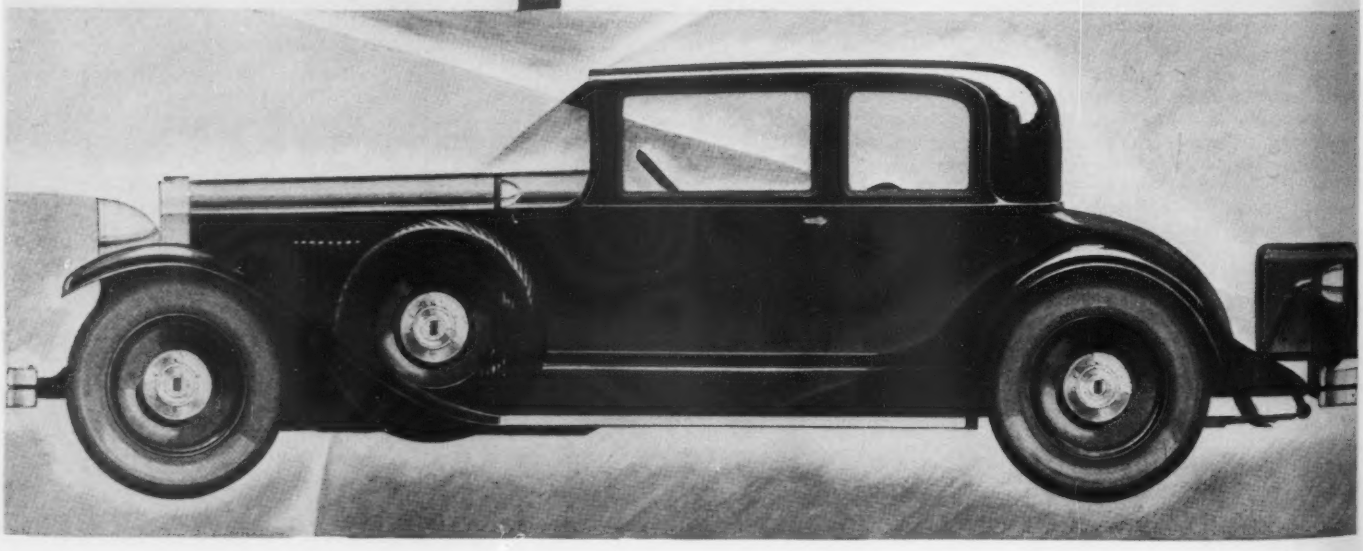
EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

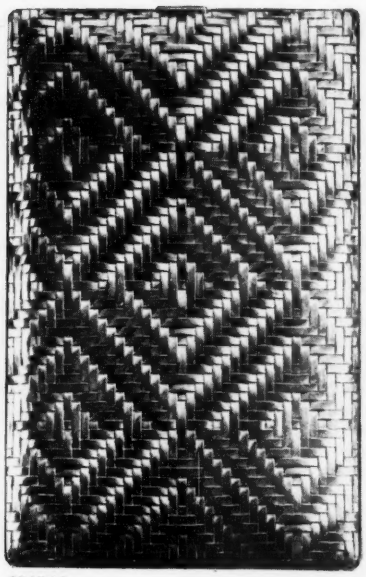
She can't quite decide which is the more exciting (bystanders say it's fifty-fifty with her verve) . . . jumping horses or driving a powerful car. So she does both . . . with a flair. Rides to hounds at Lake Forest and flits to France for the hunting at Pau. Drives her HUPMOBILE wherever the road leads. Owns Au Paradis, a clever shop devoted to modern decoration. And owns an absolute gift for amateur theatricals. Collects modern jewelry and her pieces by Paul Brandt and Fouquet of Paris are something to write articles about. Vionnet and Nicole Groult make her clothes. Agnes creates her hats, and smart as they are it's sinful to hide her white hair. Carol & Roberts of London make her riding habits. She drives a car as she hunts or works or plays . . . and that's *hard*. So it takes a HUPMOBILE. She likes it because it's fast and spirited as her best hunter, masculine in its rugged strength, feminine in its suave, silky, luxurious ease.

AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED DRIVERS
OF THE NEW CENTURY HUPMOBILE

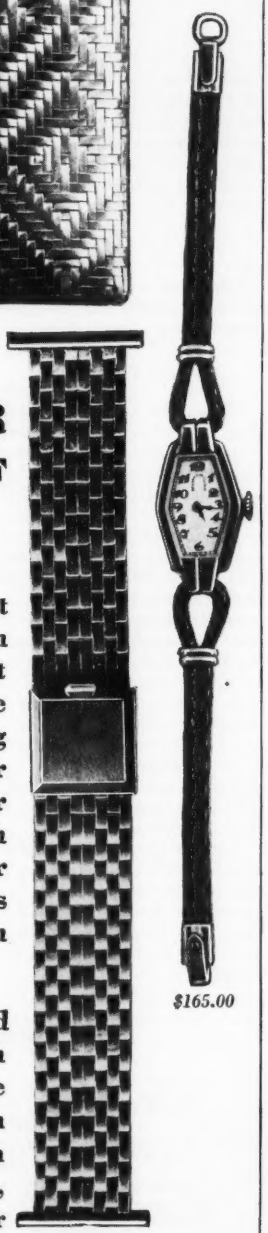
Mrs. Howard Linn

(NÉE LUCY BLAIR)





$365.00



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FOR YOUR HOURS OF SPORT

JAUNTY sport watches for men and women that staunchly bear the strain of swinging racquet, club, or mallet. In gold or platinum cases with swagger leather straps, they are as correct in style as in time-keeping.

The braided gold watch strap is made to fit any watch and give it added distinction. The unique cigarette case is of woven white and green gold strands, with sapphire clasp—soft as leather, durable as steel and too swanky for words.

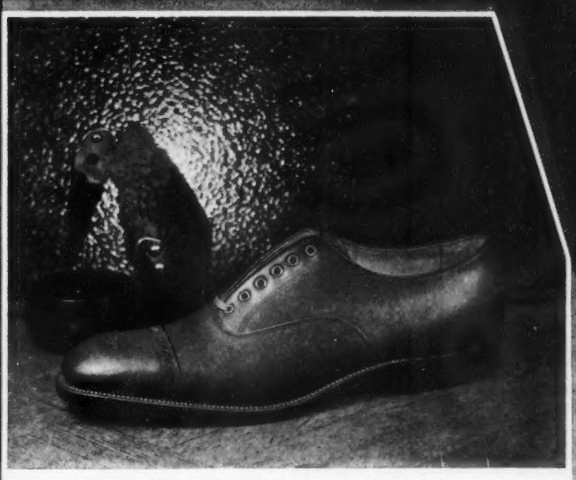
$85.00

THE
BRAND
CHATILLON
CORPORATION

773-775 Fifth Avenue New York City
Savoy—Plaza

French, Shriner & Urner

SHOEMAKERS FOR MEN



Style 69 tan calfskin—Style 70 black calfskin

LEADING the march of gentlemen's shoes for this season are the distinguished new models by French, Shriner & Urner.

Smartly styled, they rival custom footwear in craftsmanship, fit and comfort.

From sports to formal function, there are French, Shriner & Urner models designed to correctly express the well-bred smartness that marks the well-dressed man's apparel.

At any of our shops below, you will find these exceptional shoes—including the famous "Twin-Grip" oxfords for golf

This mark identifies shoes as genuine Goodyear Welts

ALBANY
Reinhart's
469 Broadway

BOSTON
212 Washington St.
430 Stuart St.

BROOKLYN
367 Fulton St.
Browning King
Fulton & De Kalb Ave.

CHICAGO
106 Michigan Ave. (S)
16 So. Dearborn St.
Browning King
Monroe & Wabash

CINCINNATI
Browning King
4th & Race Sts.

CLEVELAND
1935-1945 E. 9th St.
Browning King
419 Euclid Ave.

DETROIT
230-234 Michigan Ave.
Browning King
Washington Blvd. at Grand River

KANSAS CITY
1002 Walnut St.
Browning King
Grand Ave. at 11th St.

MILWAUKEE
8 Wisconsin Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
3 South 7th St.
Browning King
Nicollet at 8th St.

NEW HAVEN
Browning King
Chapel at High

NEW YORK
350 Madison Ave.
153 Broadway
131 West 42nd St.
365 Broadway
1263 Broadway
1843 Broadway
Browning King
1265 Broadway
1 E 45th St. at 5th Ave.

OMAHA
Browning King
15th & Douglas

PHILADELPHIA
100 So. 16th St.

PROVIDENCE
Browning King
Westminster & Eddy Sts.

SEATTLE
1214 Fourth Ave.

ST. LOUIS
Browning King
916-918 Olive St.

ST. PAUL
339 Robert St.
Browning King
Robert at 6th St.

Superiority Built In FRENCH SHRINER & URNER EXTRA QUALITY *Not Rubbed On*

Galleries of Vanity Fair

EXHIBITION
GARDEN FURNITURE
April-May

Wrought iron wall pocket, can be finished in any color. Wrought iron jardinière with hand hammered copper bowl. Garden table, collapsible iron stand, painted metal tray in any color. Garden chair—wrought iron frame, wooden seat—can be finished in any color. Cantagalli tea set.

MRS. EHRICH CO.
36 East 57th St., N. Y.

C. W. KRAUSHAAR
ART GALLERIES

"PORTRAIT" BY ANDRÉ DERAIN

Modern Paintings
Etchings & Sculpture

680 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

More Notes on Love

(Continued from page 65)

he knows that if he were deceived, he could immediately find two or three women ready to love him, and when he feels that, perhaps he might love them in return.

Don Juan was never jealous.

§18

A Don Juan leaves his heart at home when he sets out for conquests. He does not win his battles with his heart.

§19

Love is like General Motors stock: when it goes up, the whole market rises.

Love has its strikes and lockouts, like any industry. It has its panics, its bear markets, and very often its years of depression.

§20

If you wish to marry, it is best to look for a woman whose tastes resemble your own. In choosing a mistress, have no fear of utter contrasts.

§21

"I give you my heart, my soul, my body, everything ineffable and secret that is in me, but don't touch my bank-account or I'll send for the police!"

§22

Is it ever possible for a lover to feel perfectly at ease? Even when he is confident of the present, has he not the past to consider, and the future?

§23

People at a distance are harder to deceive than people involved in the daily course of our lives. It requires no very great skill to create such a state of mind in those about us that unconsciously they give the innocent meaning suggested by ourselves to the most dangerous advances, actions, gestures, and words. But strangers, who believe only their eyes, are apt to see the truth.

§24

Society says, "Men may love where they choose, but it is better for women to love within the limits of their own caste."

Men and women love where they are able.

§25

Society is justified in treating love as an enemy. It freely oversteps the barriers which have been so carefully erected between the different social orders, and it does not even respect the thing that society holds most sacred —money.

§26

Liberty of action is an illusion, but one which contributes vastly to our enjoyment of the game of love.

§27

Melancholy dreamers have declared that love, even when recompensed, brings only disillusion. These philosophers have led dreary lives and have never learned to look at the world about them.

They would have seen, it is true, that love may go blindly astray or be disregarded. But they would also have seen that when two beings love and possess each other, neither of them can bear the thought of separation. Lovers know that nothing can replace the joy they find in each other.

In most cases the crimes and the dramas of passion occur after possession. Do our melancholy philosophers believe that men wager their existence, that they sacrifice honour and life itself, for a negligible thing, an emptiness, a disillusion?

And let it not be said that lovers risk themselves for a mirage, a phantom of the imagination. No, it is rather for something real, for something they have known, for something that calls to their oldest and deepest instincts.

(Continued on page 123)

The Shops of Vanity Fair

THERMOMETER
(or *life* candles)

A most engaging birthday-cake novelty... 14-inch delicate white candles with pink and gold thermometer scale ...and a gold star to designate the age in question! $1.00 each, with special holder, Mail orders filled... (Parcel Post extra)

Louis Sherry

300 Park Av... 5th Av. *at* 35th... 5th Av. *at* 58th
Madison Av. *at* 62nd... New York

"FOR THE HOSTESS"
a handbook for entertaining

IT'S just off the press in time to start you successfully on a new season—the sort of book you've always wanted—the only kind a smart woman could be persuaded to buy—a summary of the whole art of entertaining!

Training the servants—planning the menus—setting the table—everything is covered thoroughly but without a wasted word. Things as practical as the budget, and marketing. Things as unusual as the favourite recipes of well-known hostesses, epicures and chefs . . . and what does it cost? This is the part you can't believe—**a quarter**!

72 pp. 25c postpaid

Order from
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS
GREENWICH, CONN.

WEDDING STATIONERY
DISTINCTIVE AS WELL AS CORRECT

Wedding Stationery, in order fittingly to express the importance of the occasion, should be distinctive as well as correct. Chryson's are creators of truly artistic wedding invitations and announcements. Exquisite papers, rare artistry of design, consummate skill in engraving . . . give to Chryson's creations an accent of distinction and individuality. A brochure of Chryson's designs will be sent you upon request.

REPRESENTATIVES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

CHRYSONS
IN HOLLYWOOD
California, 6926 Hollywood Blvd.

trousseaux • linens • lingerie • trousseaux

A Silver-Grey Dinner Set

A rich, silvery grey dinner cloth, softly lustrous, panelled with a classic design of white cherubs, dragons and scroll-work—an ideal choice for the smartly accoutred dinner table.

Size 62 x 108, with 12 monogrammed, oblong dinner napkins, including French hand-hemming and laundering, $90.50; Size 63 x 126, $98.00

Mail orders filled . . . . . Write for illustrated brochure F

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844 madison avenue • new york

The Shops of Vanity Fair

EST. 1750

By Appointment *By Appointment*

SWAINE & ADENEY, Ltd.

Specialists in
Fine Leather Goods
Lists mailed on Application

Dollar Bill Case with Coin Purse in Crocodile, Russia or Suede Leather.

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. I. ENG.
Cablegrams: "SWADENEYNE LONDON"

The Duncan needs no breaking in

Walk Over

Shops at 1432 Broadway

And other convenient locations

LOUNGE SUITS

The Huntwood

A deep-chested double-breasted garment, with the broad shoulders so popular along Bond Street.

Tailored-to-measure
Or Ready-to-wear

$65 *and* more

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue
Entrance 46th St

More Notes on Love

(Continued from page 122)

§28

In choosing her lover, a woman lets herself be guided solely by the profound and mysterious instinct of the race. She will yield only to the imperious voice of love.

§29

A woman's principal duty is to please a man, to win him first, and then to keep him. She feels that this is her appointed task, that her life should be shaped by love, and that her happiness depends on her success. Here it is that she must conquer or die.

The rest? . . . The rest is unessential.

§30

Jealousy, in many cases, is the attitude of a weak, defenceless creature holding desperately to what he has. He feels that should it be lost, he would be left with a terrible void which he could never fill.

§31

A woman once told me:

"Your analysis of jealousy is full of loathsome details."

"Quite true, but you must also remember that the real reason why jealousy is a horrible thing is that it evokes ugly images. How could I discuss it—how could I convey the horror of jealousy—without displaying these images? You can rest assured that I spared you the worst of them."

" . . . Thanks."

§32

In litcrature as in life, the uniting of the sexes is the supreme finality. Once they are joined together, their Creator demands nothing more; and the man of letters, like the Creator, looks at his work, finds it good, and rests.

§33

We are victims of the warfare between society and nature. For centuries society has been strengthening its position, till at present it holds us enslaved by laws, by prejudices, by customs, and by the unwritten laws that bear more heavily on our shoulders than those of the penal code. Enwrapped in their innumerable fetters, modern man is slowly suffocating.

How shall we regain our liberty? Where shall we rediscover nature?

§34

There are women who are created to have children. There are women who are created to have none—even in the hypothetical and contradictory interest of the children themselves. At some future day, both types will be publicly recognized. And no moral coefficient will be attached either to motherhood or sterility, since both are necessary functions.

§35

Passionate love is infinitely rare. It requires a certain quality of soul; it can never develop in persons full of vanity and self-seeking. Still, every one boasts of feeling this emotion. An animal, if it could speak, would say to its mate, "I love you madly."

§36

What chain is more difficult to break than that forged slowly, ardently, between two people by sensuality?

§37

There is a moment in her life when the ugly girl becomes almost beautiful. For a few hours she has a sort of vague perfume, an aura that is delightful. And she pleases men, during this brief period; she can even make them hers. . . . But let her hasten to profit by the generosity of nature, for, once this little time is ended, she is fated to resume her original and final ugliness.

§38

There are men whom women do not betray, and yet these men are often jealous. Perhaps the one they loved has belonged to others before she became theirs—a terrible thought for a lover!

§39

One does not choose a sweetheart. She falls from the sky—"Like a brick," some men would comment.

§40

To love is difficult. To be loved is fatiguing.

§41

The dreamers often claim that they alone can love, and that love exists only in the midst of tears. But women are not of their opinion.

§42

Jealousy is the most effective antidote for love, and kills it infallibly . . . in the other.

§43

This man lacks money and influence, but he loves, he is loved in return, and the gods themselves envy him.

§44

Some people are jealous and remain silent. Others are jealous and burst forth. We unhesitatingly prefer the first. If your life has been poisoned, it is useless to poison that of your mate.

§45

"But I have an immortal soul," Mme. Dubois sighs plaintively.

"Is it your soul, dear madame, that conceives your children?"

The Shops of Vanity Fair

The Egyptian Heron Price $35.00
Daphne Price $18.00
The Swallow Price $20.00
The Greyhound Price $15.00

TANQUARY

Individualized Radiator Cap

MASCOTS

on the best appointed cars in America. Each a sculptor's masterpiece, hand-tooled bronze finished in silver, chromium or gold to fit all caps.

Write for booklet of entire selection

TANQUARY MASCOTS
351 S. Norton Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.

Fortnum & Mason, Ltd.
Est. 1710

By appointment to
H. M. George V

RIDING Boots, Golf Shoes, Shooting Boots as well as Town Shoes of superb quality. . . . All imported by Fortmason for the choice of the discriminating!

Send for Catalogue 8
Ladies' & Gentlemen's Shoes

BRITISH BOOTS INC.
FORTMASON
FORTNUM & MASON, Ltd., PICCADILLY · LONDON

AT 719 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
(between 63rd and 64th Streets)

The New York Shop of Fortnum & Mason, Ltd.
Piccadilly, London

DRAGON SMOKERS

for smart homes

ARTISTIC—COLORFUL

yet, with the tip-lid container they keep the ashes out of sight, extinguishing lighted smokes automatically. Always clean and odorless.

FOR HOME, OFFICE, OR CLUBS

On display at leading department and furniture stores. Write for circular V in colors—with price list.

SCROLL ART STUDIOS
Bridgeport, Conn.

The Shops of Vanity Fair

ALFRED NELSON CO.
Established 1888
TAILORS
580 FIFTH AVENUE
N. W. Cor. 47th Street
NEW YORK
Ladies' Man-Tailored Cross-Saddle Riding Kit

ENGLISH SHORTS
as interpreted by Hutchinson

Our English Shorts are styled after observations that first prompted us to introduce them in America. Tailored by hand, from our patterns, in our workshop. Solid colours, stripes and plain white imported fabrics. Utmost regard is given to superior appearance, wear and fit—note illustration of small button-down belt in back. Fine white Swiss-knit Shirts combine ideally. All ready-to-wear. Samples on request.

(back view)
Showing Button-down Belt

Hutchinson & Company
Established 1899
15 East 40th St., New York
Shirtmakers—Importers—Haberdashers

Taylor-Stone, Inc.
TAILORS
Clothes of exceptional character and distinction for men of taste.
634 Fifth Ave. • New York

Manhattan and Morocco

(Continued from page 90)

Islam). He had not seen his aged parents since he was a boy, and there was no chance of his seeing them again, unless he displayed a pass with his photograph pasted on it. None the less he was adamant. "What!" he cried. "Shall I have a face here under my turban and another face in my wallet? And give *Shaitán* the chance he has been waiting for all these years? Never, by the Prophet's beard!"

Now Ali was a widower and he had married his deceased wife's sister, as the Prophet recommends, so that she should help him look after the exquisite bevy of daughters his wife had left him. This second Lady Ali I hardly ever saw, though we lived at such close quarters. I was merely aware from time to time of a perambulant heap of clothes among the hollyhocks. (She was about as mysterious to me as the lady buyer from Pittsburgh who occupies the next cell.) But the girls, Fatma and Betsul, ah, they were a different tale! Ali pointed to his two fierce pure eyes, then to his two daughters. "The apples of these eyes!" he said. He made it quite clear that the only condition upon which he let them wait on me was that I should neither seek to limn them with a brush nor direct upon them the abominable devil-machine, the camera.

It was a very painful condition, for the maidens were of such astounding beauty that I cannot hope that the unaided pen will render even a ghost of them. Fatma (who was seventeen) was gayer, Betsul (sixteen) was subtler. What eyes those girls had! How they carried themselves! A pail of water balanced on their heads was converted to the semblance of an amphora. How clean and cool Betsul kept the rooms, how spotless the linen! What a cook, what a ravishing cook was Fatma! By what miracle could she so reconcile opposites that out of tapioca she made a *soufflé* light as thistledown! What coffee and eggs poached or scrambled greeted me on my awakening! And on my word, should I endeavour to describe Fatma's *crème parmentier*, you would think this was the handiwork of the Chef at the *Restaurant Marguéry* I was describing, not of little Fatma, a large-eyed Moorish maiden, with silver anklets on her arms all the way to the elbow! And who on earth taught her that raisin-and-chopped-almond stuffing for her roast pigeons? As well ask who taught Burns to write lyrics and the thrush to sing them!

But Ali was quite convinced that the Prophet would not have two of his handmaidens actually waiting at table upon an infidel gentleman! Cooking and bedmaking were well enough, for these operations are performed in seclusion. But how should the *roumi* refrain from eyeing the damsels too curiously as they set down the fried millet or the chocolate *soufflé* upon the table? Hence it was appointed that little Skurri should wait on us, a Moorish boy from the Riff hills, divinely ugly like a piece of Matabele wood-carving and divinely wise as Buddha himself! He wore a turban and pantaloons the colour of Fatma's coffee ice-cream and a magenta waistcoat like a bank of bougainvilleas. And what trouble he took over my table-manners! How careful he was that I made no *faux pas* when Lady Wilkins or the American Vice-Consul came and called on me. And when Ubara, a negro dervish from the soudan, honoured me with a visit, clashing his cowrie-shells and gnashing his arctic teeth, how lucidly Skurri explained what it all meant, in his ten words of English, twelve of Spanish and his marvellous gestures, subtle as Duse's, eloquent as Bernhardt's!

And there were dinner-parties. And we sat out after dinner on the terrace, facing the dark mass of Gibraltar, above the mingled-rumours of Atlantic and Mediterranean waters. And there will be more dinner-parties here in Manhattan, and we shall knock at a grilled door secretly to get to them and pass in, whispering watch-words, and file down dark corridors. But in Morocco, we were on a mountain-top high up amongst the stars. Arcturus and Vega winked hospitably. What coffee Fatma made and Skurri poured out for us! Down in the garden under the pine-trunks, Ali kept watch over us, wrapped round in his glimmering *burnous*. . . .

And I shall be housekeeping in Manhattan for some months and putting my clothes into the Servidor furtively and taking them out again. But before summer walks forth with swords out of the Sahara, I shall be housekeeping in Morocco again, with Betsul to put lavender between the sheets, Fatma to cook my *soufflés*, my pigeons, my *crème parmentier*, and Skurri to tell me how to carry myself when Lady Wilkins calls, or the American Vice-Consul.

The Exclusive Managers

(Continued from page 58)

on the argument to vacate the aforesaid temporary injunction. The Shuberts won the first round, lost the second in the Appellate Division, and won the third in Albany. In the case of Alexander Woollcott, Appellant, against Lee Shubert *et al* (not to be confused, mind you, with A. H. Woods), Respondents, the Court of Appeals decided (by a vote, I think, of 5 to 4), that whereas a theatre was in some aspects a quasi-public institution and had indeed been so far invaded as to make it illegal in New York State for a manager to exclude any person because of his creed, colour or occupation, there was, as a matter of fact, no existing statute which forbade his excluding a playgoer on any other ground. By the way, the law which protects Negroes in such matters is, insofar as it affects the orchestra seats, as blandly nullified by the average New York manager as if he were a Georgia election inspector and the dusky playgoer were a voter actually trying to exercise his rights under

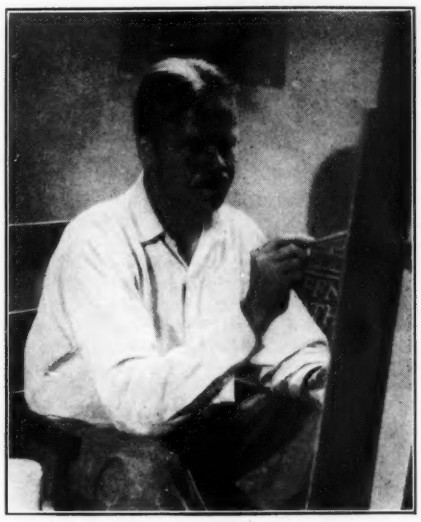
(Continued on page 130)

This advertisement is NO. 3 of a series on What well known artists say about COLOR

JAY HYDE BARNUM'S colorful illustrations of men's fashions always show a marked harmony between the wearer, his clothes, and the occasion for which they are worn.

"Every man," he says, "should dress in a colorful manner. His clothes should reflect his personality, his mood, and still be in keeping with the occasion. Clothes for lounge wear should be soft, comfortable and lively in color . . . sports clothes, by color and weave, should suggest the country. Nor should business suits be dull and drab. The keenest business men have colorful personalities which their clothes should mirror."

Barnum



Strong, Hewat & Co. have prepared a series of charts showing color harmonies for various types of men. Yours is ready for you . . . just fill in the coupon below.

STRONG-HEWAT *Virgin Wool* FABRICS

Alex Hewat *President*

STRONG, HEWAT & COMPANY, INC., 25 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Please send me your Color Harmony Chart . . . I have checked my color of hair below.

☐ Light hair; ☐ Dark hair; ☐ Auburn hair; ☐ Black (and gray) hair.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

5-29

This Shoe Fits Here

No matter how much a shirt pleased you otherwise, you would not wear it if it didn't fit neatly at the collar.

What about your oxfords — do they fit at the "collar", around the ankle?

You are assured a snug, trim ankle-fit in Nunn-Bush *Ankle-Fashioned* Oxfords. They're built to hug the ankle — no gapping, no slipping at the heel.

$8.50 to $13.50. Style Book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold at exclusive Nunn-Bush Stores in:

New York, Boston, Norfolk, Cleveland, Detroit, Dayton, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco

Nunn-Bush

ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS

New York · Milwaukee · San Francisco

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

a Universal
Electric Percolator
for the Well Appointed Table

"What marvelous coffee!—
How do you make it?"

Are you among the many who answer this question by pointing proudly to their UNIVERSAL Electric Percolators or Urn Sets—their perfect coffee makers?

If not, you are overlooking the most satisfactory method of preparing coffee yet discovered—the UNIVERSAL Patented Percolating Process, which extracts from the coffee berry all the delicious volatile oils and aroma before beverage comes to a boil. When introduced twenty years ago the UNIVERSAL Method revolutionized coffee-making—many imitations followed, but none equal the original—most are but boiling devices, and coffee resents boiling—bitterly.

Percolators
$6.00 to $32.50

Toasters
$3.95 to $12.50

Waffle Irons
$9.50 to $16.75

Household Irons
$3.75 to $7.75

Heating Pads
$4.75 to $9.00

Urn Sets
$18.50
to
$87.50

The fashionable designs of UNIVERSAL Electric Ware are enhanced by their unexcelled electrical and mechanical features which are guaranteed to give a life-time of satisfactory service.

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LANDERS,
FRARY & CLARK
Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century
New Britain Conn.

Country Town Notes

(Continued from page 112)

where the black was denser. It stopped raining. "The sky is not black, it is deep purple," said my father.

He called attention to the deeper purple of the water. Near the shore, where we were lying together naked on the grass, it was actually black.

I remember also the lightning playing across the sky, the rumble of distant thunder.

Again—I am a newsboy on the streets of our town. A strange lady, beautifully clad, has come to town. She is changing cars there, getting off a Lake Shore and Michigan Southern train to take the I. B. & W. The I. B. & W. later became the Big Four—a branch of that system.

I am a newsboy, a slip of a boy at the railroad station and there is that lady. My father comes into the railroad station, a little drunk. "Do you suppose she could be a princess?" I asked. Another man would have laughed at me but not father. "I think very likely she is," he said. We walked together up and down the railroad station platform looking at the lady. He discovered a principality for her, I remember, in a strange green land, far away over seas. There was a white castle on the side of a hill.

And so my father drank, and we ate corn meal mush, and mother sorrowed often but two of my brothers painted and a sister, who later died, wrote sometimes rather delicate little verses, that never got printed.

But what has all this to do with farmers?

Just this. I fell to thinking of my childhood, sitting in my little print shop in Marion, Virginia, and of the farmers who come in here. I was thinking of how, as a boy, I went often with my brothers to work on farms. We set out cabbage plants, acres of them, and later cut and hauled cabbage to market; we hoed, cut and shucked corn, we picked strawberries in a strawberry field, cut firewood in the forest in the winter, helped to pick and pack apples in the fall.

I am thinking only that imagination can be applied to the land as well as to my own trade of writing.

Here we have politicians talking of "Farm Relief." Well! Farmers going on in a set way all their lives. They plant corn—if all their neighbours plant corn, or cabbage, or cotton. Once they begin to plant one crop, they go on and on.

I think my own father did, for all his faults, of which I myself have more—teach his children a kind of self-reliance. "Use your imaginations. Stand on your own feet."

"Trust God and give 'em Long Melford," said old George Borrow, a manly man who knew a lot. By "Long Melford" he meant an unexpected punch with the left.

And so I am thinking that every farmer should have on his farm a few experimental acres. He should talk these experimental acres over with his sons, with his hired men, as my father talked to me of the colour of a night-sky over Fenn's Pond in Ohio.

"We are raising corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco—what-not." Let us set these few acres aside. We will play with them, experiment with them.

"We will throw manure on this land, plow it deep."

Why should every farm not be a college, too? O, the nonsense talked about education!

Books, books, I am weary of books. I am weary of the gabble of congressmen and presidents.

My own education was got on the farm, on the night streets of a town, in factories, with women I have loved. Nearly everything I have learned—and I have not learned much yet—has come by a thrust out into an experimental field.

For example, my running these country weekly papers in a Virginia town, has been an experiment in my life. I do not know how much the people here have got from them but I have got a lot.

They have been experimental acres on the farm that is my life. I have plowed deep, put in this crop and that. I myself have never been much of a farmer, but I have always loved the land. Many of my best friends are farmers. I think the modern age has sold the farmer out. The industrialists have got—from government—a lot, labor has got something, the farmer has got talk, nothing else.

I think he will continue to get—talk.

The farmer is an individualist like the artist. His one chance, I believe, is in experimenting. As I have said, every farm should also be a college.

A few acres should be set aside each year for Experimental Land Education. It should be the land on which the imaginations of the farmer, his wife, his sons, his hired man, are let loose, as my father let loose my imagination, swimming at night in Fenn's Pond and walking near a railroad station in a town in Ohio.

On the Riviera

(Continued from page 118)

the deeply mourned, who was so talkative, and so proud of the orange trees he had had brought from Spain.

Is the *Côte d'Azur*, the Riviera, of which the guide books, the society magazines, the travel agencies, talk so much, then nothing more than this? Certainly. A hundred miles in length, it rises to five or six hundred feet, at most, above sea level; above that begin the Alpine fogs, and it is already the North.

There is none of the lovely, calm assurance, the splendid fruit, the equable climate, the serene sky, of California. Or, rather, here is a California decidedly worried, distinctly timid, never sure of to-morrow, like everything in Europe that represents pleasure, or even well being; a little ashamed of being singled out for favour, nervous lest it be, henceforth, discovered by so much of the world; spoiled by its new prosperity. In a world of struggle, of rain, of mud, of grey steel, it is the one region which strives to guard, in a softening air, the secret of doing nothing, and the sweetness of living nobly, that is to say, idly and slowly.

Table Delicacies for Vanity Fair Readers

At country place or wherever guests foregather.... entertainment displays a benevolent sophistication when POLAND WATER is served

CORN IN VINEGAR

A unique vegetable-in-glass product... indescribably delicious. One of the countless delicacies of the Sherry kitchens, or importations with Sherry approval, available through this latest Sherry service.

75 cents per glass jar
...$8.75 per dozen
Mail orders filled
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TABLE DELICACIES SHOP
Madison Avenue and 62nd Street
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the Frozen Chef

from your electric refrigerator

For those quick frozen desserts, here are French Marrons, Assorted Fancy Fruits, and Rhum Punch Flavor in a chef's combination—Raffetto NESSELRO—ready to mix in or spoon over ice cream. A collection of bridge party recipes in this enticing glass jar . . . ready at your dealer's or send 85 cents for 13-ounce jar by mail (enough for two quarts). G. B. Raffetto, Inc., 412 West 13th St., New York City, N. Y.

RAFFETTO NESSELRO
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FIG BRAN is a delicious breakfast food rich in the three great food elements every growing child needs.

Young Appetites

SPECIALISTS in diet at Battle Creek have combined three great corrective foods in one delicious breakfast food. Luscious California figs, parched bran and yeast extract, Savita. Fig Bran is a great food for growing children. Its lime makes better bones and teeth. Its iron puts roses in the cheeks. Its Vitamin B stimulates growth. In a healthful, normal manner it aids in regulating body functions and makes it easy to keep fit. Both young and old enjoy its wholesome, natural flavor. Fig Bran is served daily at the Famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. You will find it at all Health Food Centers, usually the leading service grocer of the community. Write for "Healthful Living," a 64 page illustrated booklet describing with recipes the Battle Creek Diet System.

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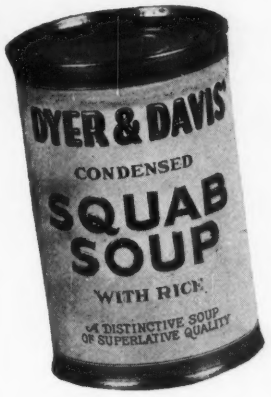
Dept. 165, Battle Creek, Michigan

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS
for Everybody



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SQUAB SOUP

A condensed soup with a flavor of surpassing delicacy. Rich in phosphorus and lecithin for invalids. A supreme event on any menu. At your dealer's or by mail 35c for each 10½ oz. tin.

Other Dyer & Davis' Squab products are—Whole Roast Squab in Jelly. Large tin $1.25, medium $1.10. Pâté de Luxe, a superfine squab paste for sandwiches, etc. 1¾ oz. jar 45c, 3 oz. 65c. Express prepaid.

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY
Sole Distributors
94 Pine Street, New York City

those irresistible Caviarettes

"He's coming!"
"I can read, too"
Mother, 1—1—1—1
Dear Nancy I'm coming for tea Paul
'He is so fond of Caviarettes"
And they had Caviarettes ever after

. . . and here's one way to win everybody. Put a Caviarette on the plate. Then put the caviar on the Caviarette. And that's all. A Caviarette, dear friends, is a diamond-shaped "raised edged" biscuit crisp which comes in a gaudily colored tin. It's a throne for caviar or, if you please, for pâté, meat and hors d'œuvres tidbits. Fie on fussy preparation.

CAVIARETTE
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At most high grade shops. If you do not locate Caviarettes, send dealer's name and 90 cents to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn., and a sealed tin of 36 Caviarettes will be shipped to you postpaid; three tins $2.25. The hit of the season.

MEYER & LANGE
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"Au Gourmet" Caviar *"Grand Duke" Caviar*

AMERICAN CHEESE—*from the famous Wisconsin cheese country!*

Rolling meadows—clear, sparkling brooks—fat healthy kine—no wonder rural Wisconsin gives the world such wonderful cheese as Glendale!

By the distinctive Glendale method, rich creamy milk is made into genuine old-style American Cheese with that delightful tasty tang.

Rare-flavored and delicious, you and your guests will agree this is the finest *fromage* for entrees, salads, hors d'œuvres, and all cooked dishes. Not pasteurized or blended. Will not get stringy or lumpy. Special select grade. Foil-wrapped, 2½ lb. package, $1.50 postpaid. Send money order or check for any number of packages. Specify whether you prefer the white or yellow cheese.

GLENDALE DAIRIES, *Manitowoc, Wisconsin*

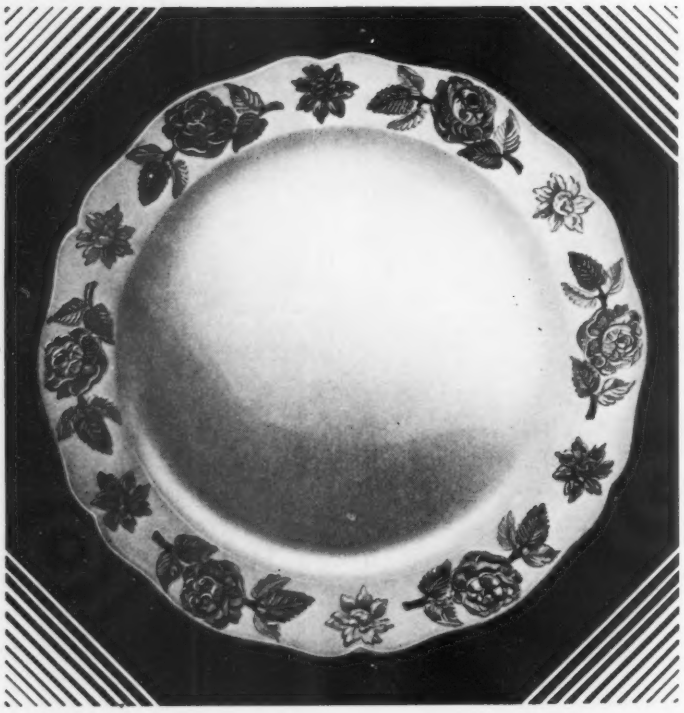
SO EASY

to KEEP An indispensable reserve food supply among your emergency shelf goods.

to PREPARE Serve cold instantly. Heat through and brown for baked ham.

to SERVE Slices from end to end—no bone, no skin, no waste of any kind—all ham.

At leading stores—or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



Nowhere else in America can this pattern be seen

Old York, in the celebrated Wedgwood Queensware, is another pattern available *only* through this shop. Another Plummer panacea for all who decry gift duplication, all who shun the commonplace be it in cars or clothes or china. Old York was first made in England about 1780 for use generally and on semi-formal occasions in the family life of old Yorkshire. The renowned Wedgwood Factory of England has reproduced it directly from originals found in York and is now making it *exclusively* for Plummer's. Thus patrons of this shop are presented a china veritably *individual*—the opportunity for a distinctive gift or a service for their own tables. The pattern consists of flowers in high relief, placed on the rim and decorated in various pleasing colors. Available in separate pieces or complete services. Prices: Dinner Plates, $20.00 doz.; Bread and Butter Plates, $14.00 doz.; Tea Cups and Saucers, $22.00 doz.; Tea Set, 23 pieces, $34.00; Dinner Service, 97 pieces, $160.00. Mail inquiries attended to promptly.

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Near Fifth Avenue

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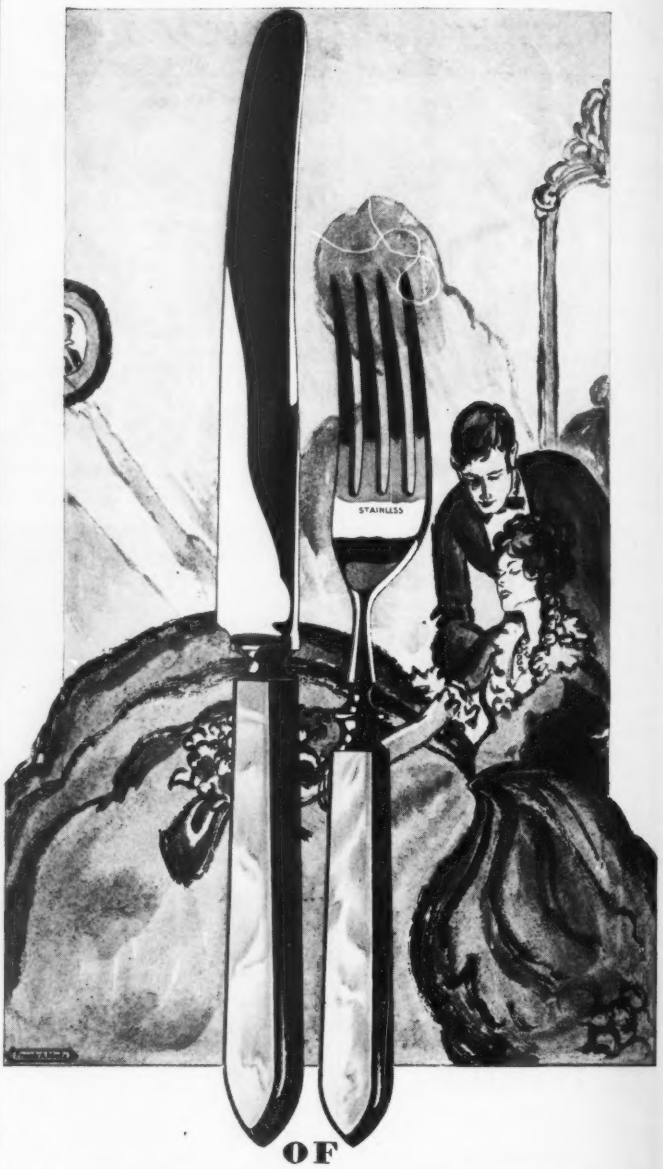


OF LUSTROUS STAINLESS STEEL

PEARLY white and jet black . . . . restrained dignity. . . . always proper . . . . for plain, dignified surroundings . . . . or for colorful surroundings . . . . Pyro-Pearl brings a welcome combination of brightness and shadow.

A full assortment . . . . long lasting, charmingly artistic . . . . blades, tines and handles, too, that last and last.

Medium size and smaller knives and forks . . . . fruit knives . . . . butter spreaders . . . . salad forks . . . . spoons . . . . cheese and pie servers . . . all will delight you.

Identified by the Russell trademark exclusively. Every blade sharpened lastingly as only Russell can sharpen stainless steel. And in perfect balance.

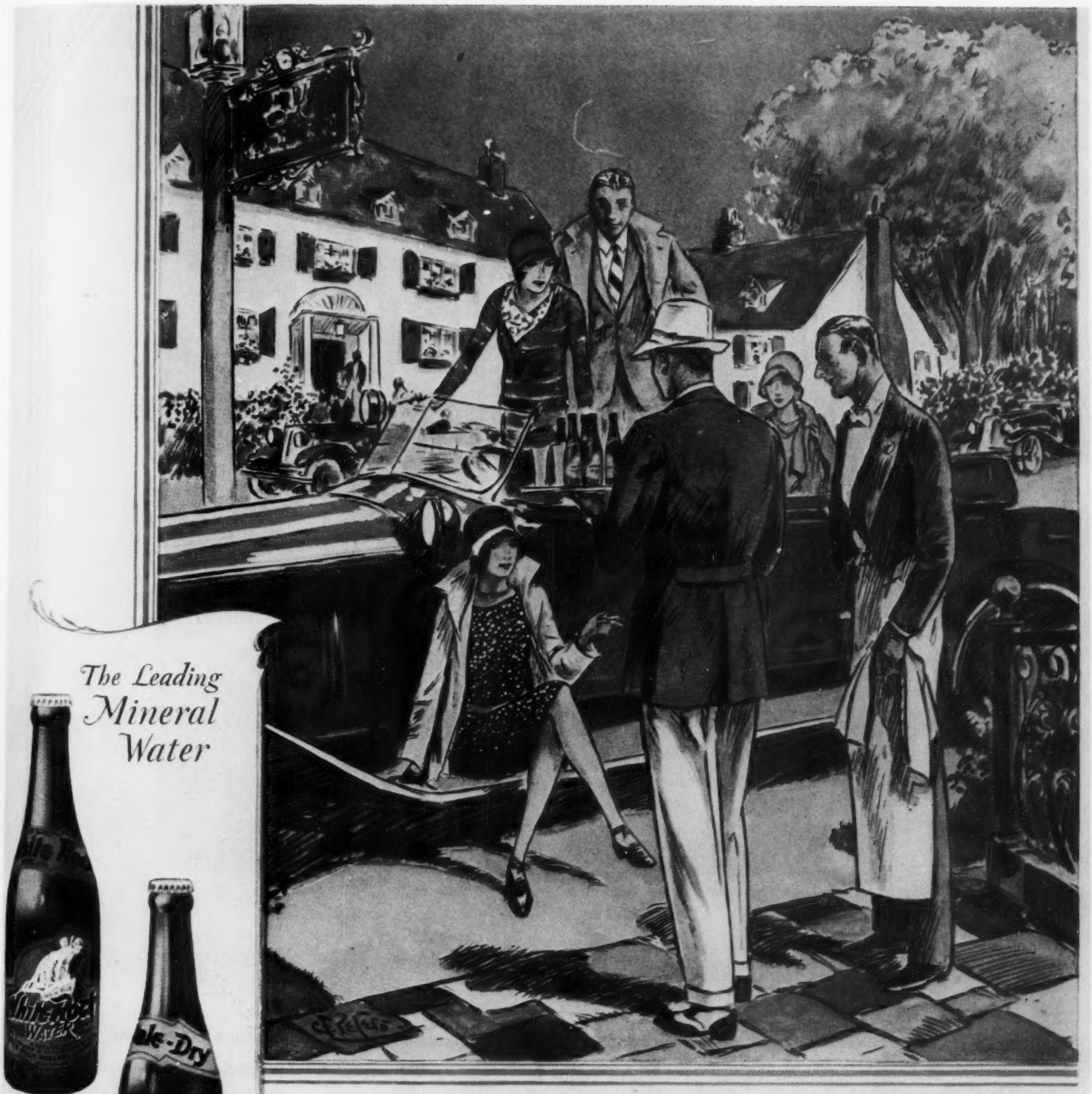
Handles in solid colors, too . . . . red . . . . green . . . . blue.

And ask to see also the complete Russell Kitchen-Kraft Sets of stainless steel. They are ever so attractive and useful. "How to Tell Good Cutlery" depicts these lines and gives valuable information on how to set the table. This charming booklet costs you nothing.

Russell Cutlery is Priced only Slightly Higher

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY

TURNERS FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS



The Leading Mineral Water

Pale Dry Ginger Ale

A BREATH of spring . . . the open road . . . the urge to explore new trails . . . with old companions. And what better friends could greet you en route than White Rock . . . or White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. The first—the bubbling natural water . . . refreshing . . . satisfying . . . the favorite of aristocrat and autocrat. The second—made from White Rock Water . . . for those who desire the ultimate in delicate ginger ale flavoring. Both quench the thirst . . . and revive the spirit. Both are White Rock!

White Rock

BATHROOM beauty does not necessarily mean large expenditures. In proof, this room is offered. The hangings are inexpensive, the walls painted plaster, the floor oak. Not a square of costly tiling is used. Yet it would be hard to find a room more colorfully charming. Or possessing more modern plumbing comfort and quality than this one, with its Nile green lavatory, dressing table, and bath, from the newest Crane *Corwith* group. Suggested for remodeled houses, where it will add value far past the cost, this room will be inspiring also in planning new houses.... Many other Crane ideas for beautiful bathrooms have been collected in the book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms.* Ask for a copy. See your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor about plans and estimates.

150 Pounds Pressure

CRANE

2500 Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago ✦ 23 W. 44th St., New York ✦ Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

A Mother's Day Suggestion

This Mother's Day, surprise that wonderful woman—Your Mother—with one of those startlingly new packages of Almond Roca. Thousands have tried to describe this confection — without success. Hundreds have tried to imitate it — and failed. It is neither cream, chocolate nor hard candy. Exquisite! Nothing else exactly like it! The West "went wild" over it — the East acclaimed it. The amazing new process under which it is packed — the greatest advance in years and years of candy packaging — places this original creation in the hands of the one whom you favor with a package, in perfect condition.

The package price (NEVER sold in bulk) of Almond Roca is a dollar and a half—with the understanding that you get your money back if you know another confection its equal.

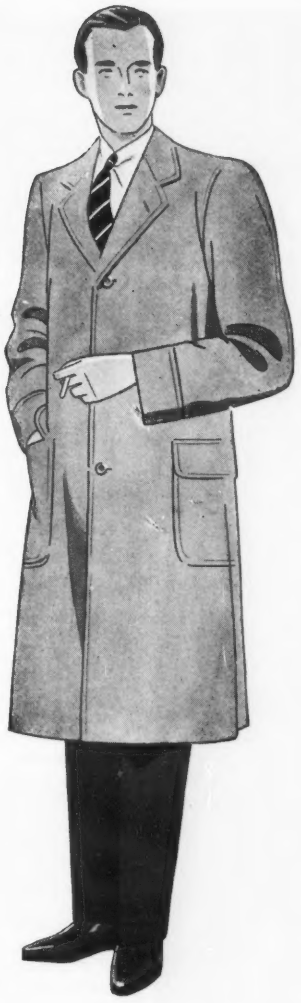
If no near-at-hand dealer has it, we will ship direct, prepaid. Kindly include dealer's name

Brown & Haley's

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

Brown & Haley Tacoma, Washington
Confectioners to the Elect



Mt. Rock Alpacian TOPCOATS

The well-dressed man who buys a Mt. Rock Alpacian Topcoat because of its obvious style and luxury should be warned that practical men are buying them because they wear like iron!

Sold in the best men's shops everywhere.

ADLER·ROCHESTER Clothes

LEVY BROS. & ADLER - ROCHESTER, INC.
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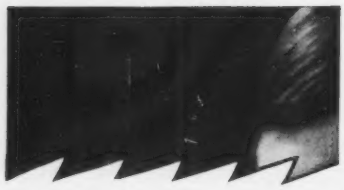


AT LAST...
NON-LIQUID
LIGHTER FUEL

IT'S called Lyterlife and it lasts six times longer than liquid fuels.

Handy tube is clean to use with any type pocket or table lighter.

Lyterlife won't leak or evaporate . . . can't explode . . . burns clear and white, without smoke, carbon or residue. Get a tube today . . . at any good store. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.

A RONSON PRODUCT
LYTERLIFE
THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL

Lyterlife, the non-liquid fuel, is protected by U. S. patents pending. Our original U. S. patent No. 1084386 covers lighters using solid lighter fuel. U. S. and foreign rights covered by other patents pending. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

The Exclusive Managers

(Continued from page 124)

the 15th Amendment to the Constitution.

So the Shuberts won the legal battle. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. For the *Times* continued its glacial silence until, after an interval of several months, Lee Shubert wrote, asking that I resume comment on his *opera*. Even then the advertisements were omitted, until Mr. Shubert in person brought the copy around to the *Times* office. So peace was declared at last, and I heard no after-rumour of that mighty battle until a dozen years later, when during my incumbency of the critic's seat at the New York *World*, Mr. Shubert became indignant at my occasionally slighting his productions on congested Mondays by asking either Alison Smith or Lord Jeffery Amherst to review them in my place. Finally he, who once had sworn to affidavits accusing me of prejudice, bias, hatred, malice, and, indeed, all the bad qualities of the head and heart except possibly mayhem, wrote to the ex former executive editor of the *World*, insisting that he did not want his art works reviewed in its columns at all unless they could be reviewed by me. *Eheu*, as I so often say, *fugaces!*

It will be asked, perhaps, if in the intervening thirteen years there have been any moves made toward the creation of a protective statute such as the Court of Appeals in 1916 had plainly adumbrated as admissible. I know of none. For it would take the combined efforts of the New York newspapers to get such a statute onto the law books, and (fortunately, perhaps, both for themselves and for all of us) our newspapers rarely combine on any project of any kind whatever. Maybe they were further discouraged in this instance by the thought of what the opposition could do with a legislative committee by the judicious use of a few complimentary tickets and a chorus girl or two.

Besides, it doesn't matter. A newspaper as doughty as the New York *Times* needs no statute to protect its critic. A newspaper weak and servile enough to tremble for fear of displeasing such considerable advertisers as our theatrical managers are, would not feel any the more independent if the Assembly were to make the exclusion of a critic punishable by death.

Even those onlooking newspapermen who most heartily applauded the *Times's* course felt at the time that it left something to be desired. That course, while bold, high-minded, characteristic, and, in the long run, salutary, seemed to some too inconsiderate of the reader's immediate rights to complete information. Instead, it would be so easy, if any excluded dramatic editor were given free rein, for him to organize a flying squadron of expert and pseudonymous critics, and by freely publishing the kind of disconcerting news and reviews to which the theatres most violently object, so to conduct his department that his readers would double in number and within a few weeks, instead of months, the Shuberts would be shrieking for a merciful restoration of the *status quo ante*.

I keep mentioning the Shuberts because they have conducted most of the guerilla warfare against the newspapers in later years. My own private memories do not go back to the days when the once powerful Klaw & Erlanger fell like a ton of bricks on young Walter Prichard Eaton. Nor do I recall all the circumstances of their ban against Metcalfe of *Life*, who, until his dying day, recalled with sentimental tenderness the time when, by preferring charges of conspiracy, he succeeded in having twenty-five theatrical managers arrested in one frabjous night.

There always have been and always will be occasional outbursts of such hostility, because it is psychologically impossible for a showman to see a newspaper's point of view. He wishes its columns given over to the discussion of his wares, but would limit such discussion to favourable comment. By repeated efforts to bring about such an agreeable state of calm, the managers have succeeded in so intimidating the flabbier newspapers that they prefer reviewers with minds like parsnips, and ask these depressed scribes only that they write nothing calculated to disturb anyone at all. Even the managers will not go so far as to read the insipid daily comment they have themselves inspired, and it would occur to any dispassionate outsider that the patronage of a play cannot be greatly increased by its hearty indorsement in a journal which, for the sake of peace and a little advertising, heartily indorses every play produced. You might think it would therefore dawn on the more intelligent managers that that newspaper is best serving the theatre whose dramatic department is at least spirited and readable enough to keep the matter of plays and players constantly under discussion wherever folks get together. But an appreciation of such derivative and imponderable values—even an appreciation, for instance, of such an imponderable as the thing called good will—would call for a degree of ratiocination of which the average theatrical manager is, so far as I have been able to observe, quite incapable.

All of which reminiscence has run to such inconscionable length that I have no room here to tell you of what happened to Percy Hammond in Chicago, when he quoted someone as forecasting that a new theatre there would be named The Onion, after one of the managers constructing it. Nor what happened to young James Whittaker when, as critic of the *Daily News* in New York, he was so tactless as to refer to the unfortunate Century Theatre as a mausoleum. What I have set down, however, is all true, to the best of my knowledge and belief, except for one flight of facetious fancy marring my otherwise pedestrian account of how Walter Winchell managed to see the first performance of *Animal Crackers*. The truth was more amusing anyway. The sober fact is that he found that entertainment delightful and wrote a rapturous article to say so. The article was not published in next day's tabloid, however, because, even as he was turning out a paean on his typewriter, his managing editor learned of the unseemly manner in which he had attended the performance, and warned him that the *Graphic* could not publish opinions gleaned in so hoydenish a fashion.

"No, Walter," he said in an immortal phrase, "it would not be dignified for the *Graphic*."

Rescue those "Tired Tastes"

Four to eight times a day, or more, there are opportunities to keep a jaded palate from saying, "I told you so."

A few drops of Amargo Bitters, the smooth bitters, keep a familiar taste, an oft-used flavor from being boring. Amargo livens meats, sandwiches, salads. The revived taste dances on the tongue and says, "I'm new, epicurean, distingué and stomachic all at once." Appetite responds, "Me, too."

Order from your dealer or, if he is out of Amargo, send us his name and $1.50 for bottle of eight *fluid* ounces. Made in Hamburg, Germany, by Egon Braun. Indispensable for perky cocktails. W. A. Taylor & Co., U. S. A. Agents, 94 Pine St., New York City, N. Y.

AMARGO
the Chef's bitters

SOLID SADDLE LEATHER

New Idea in Toilet Kits

HERE'S the handiest, best-looking toilet case you ever saw. A simple solid-leather box, *minus* the tricky loops and gadgets and cubby holes which waste time and patience. You just toss toilet articles in. No packing at all . . . everything *fits*. Made of the same choice, thick solid saddle leather for which Hamley Cowboy Saddles are famous. Sewed with heavy waxed saddle thread, with corners back-stitched by hand and guaranteed not to rip. Sent postpaid. If you do not like it, we cheerfully refund your money! Hamley & Company, Saddle Makers, 228 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon, U.S.A.

Medium	*(8⅛ x 3⅞ x 1⅛)	$ 6.00
Large	*(9½ x 4½ x 2¼)	7.50
Extra large	*(10½ x 5⅛ x 2¾)	10.00

** Inside measurements. Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.*

The HAMLEY KIT

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

The RONSON CHALLENGE
A NEW GAME
Have you met it yet, this challenge to a miss-and-out contest of cigarette lighters? All over the country Ronson owners, enthusiastic over sure-fire action of their lighters, are now suggesting this new game.

A GROUP OF SMART YOUNG PEOPLE PLAYING THE RONSON LIGHTER GAME, SNAPPED AT THE HEIGH-HO CLUB, FASHIONABLE NEW YORK CITY RENDEZVOUS

WITHOUT A MISS . . IT LIGHTED

255 CONSECUTIVE TIMES

Ronson owner routs pet lighters of friends in duel to a finish at Heigh-Ho Club

"A QUARTER each, miss and drop out, that was the bet.

"There were six at our table, with four makes of lighters represented. Mine was the only Ronson.

"At the count of 'one', each flint sparked; but only five wicks leaped into flame. The first man was out.

"Steadily the count mounted—'two', 'three', 'four', 'five', 'six'. At the count of 'nine', a second lighter dropped out. At 'seventeen', another fell by the wayside. At 'twenty-three', a fourth failed to light, and at 'thirty-one' I was alone.

"Just for the fun of the thing I went on to see how many times my Ronson would light without missing. To the amazement of everyone but myself, the total was 255. At that, I think my thumb grew careless on the 256th try."

Though this performance is good, it is not exceptional. And not only is Ronson a sure lighter, it's a speed lighter as well. One hand is all you take. One motion is all you use. Faster than the eye can wink, the wick spouts flame. A flip and it's lighted. Release and it's out.

With a Ronson there's no wheel to spin, no sore thumb, no smudge on finger or glove. Automatic, positive, instantaneous, each Ronson lighter is as precise as a Swiss watch, as sturdy as a steel die. There are styles for men and women, for business, sport and evening use, in scores of beautiful finishes, many priced at $5 and ranging up to $3,000 for jeweled presentation models. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada, Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ontario.

RONSON
De-light
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Browning King & Company

golf clothes

. . . born on the fairway . . . bred in the best traditions of the game

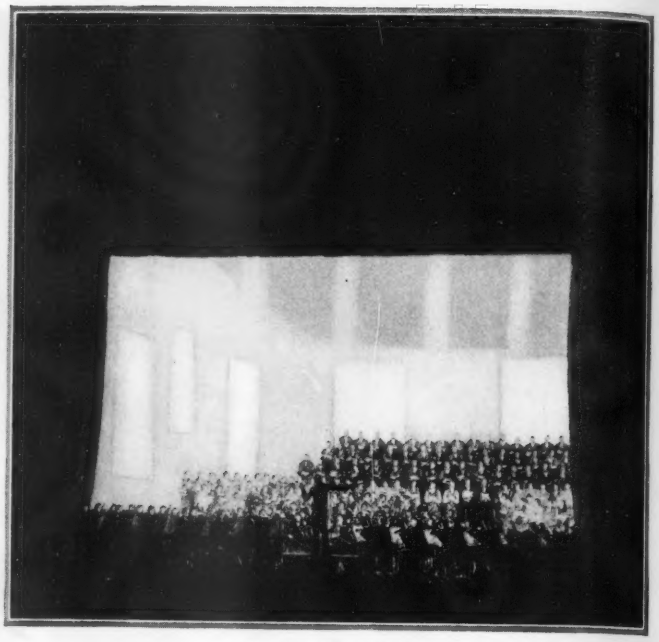
THE first American players swung their clubs in suits by Browning King . . . and a good proportion of today's longest drivers do the same. We've clothed good golfers for a century: the obvious *rightness* of our suits is based on *long experience*. And if you think even the most intelligent tailor can do this job equally well *without* such training and experience, just remember—if you'll pardon us—the first day you played golf!

Browning King golf suits are made in four pieces: hence double usage, double life . . . at a single trifling cost. We've the best and golfingest sweaters, hosiery, linen knickers and haberdashery, too . . . at savings that leave *plenty* for caddy hire.

BROWNING KING & COMPANY

Convenient Stores in

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and 22 Other Cities



NINTH SYMPHONY

The emphasis in Ralph Fábri's *The Ninth Symphony*, inspired by a performance of Beethoven's immortal work at the Metropolitan, and done in yellow and warm brown tones, is not on the individuals, but on the contrasting of masses

A Note on Ralph Fábri

RALPH FÁBRI, whose recent exhibition at the Art Center of New York attracted favourable attention in metropolitan art circles, is an artist whose ideal is to be modern in conception but classical in execution. His canvases, three of which are reproduced on this page, indicate that he is no less a skillful painter than he is a good draughtsman. Versatility is one of his chief characteristics and expresses itself not only in a wide variety of subjects, but also in divers mediums, for Fábri is a master of the pen and the pencil as well as of the brush. He is a native of Budapest and a graduate of the Royal Hungarian Academy of Creative Arts. He also studied in Italy, France, Austria, and England and is now a permanent resident of New York.

Perhaps this cosmopolitanism of his, acquired by his extended sojourns in many of Europe's most art-conscious cities, is responsible for the fact that, unlike most European artists who adopt this country as their own, Fábri is not depressed by New York's overwhelming proportions. He finds constant inspiration in that city.

(Right)
MARIA SAMSON

This is a portrait of a former soprano of the Budapest Royal Opera

(Below)
GIRL ON SOFA

Horizontal and vertical lines dominate the striking *Girl on Red Sofa*

Have you thought about a permanent towel trousseau for your bathrooms?

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DID you ever stop and count up how many bath towels, face towels, hand towels, wash cloths and bath mats it takes every week for your family, your guests, your maids? Do it; then double that number, and allow extra items for emergencies.

It makes a good many, doesn't it? Yet with Cannon towels you can have all the towel equipment you need. You can have towels you are always proud to see in your bathrooms, towels that wear wonderfully well. And you can buy them at astonishingly reasonable prices.

Here is an estimate of the number of towels needed for a bride's trousseau, figured for a six or eight room house with two bathrooms, and a maid's bathroom.

Towels for family and for guests	*Towels for maid*
Bath, 1 dozen fine	(desirable to have these in special colored border)
1½ dozen heavy service	Bath, 1 dozen heavy service
Small hand, 1 dozen	Wash cloths, ½ dozen
Small face, 3 dozen (many people like the same color but a different design for each member of the family)	Face, 1 dozen medium
Bath mats, 4	Bath mats, 2
Bath sheets (European type), 4	
Face cloths, 2 dozen	

About a hundred! Ample—generous—but not lavish. You might require more or fewer things for *your* permanent towel trousseau. Salespeople in department stores and drygoods stores everywhere will gladly show you Cannon towels. . . . You will find designs as Modern as the most Modernistic Bathroom, conventional stripes and decorative borders too. Cannon colors, rose, turquoise, jade, peach, maize, orchid *are guaranteed absolutely fast.* Cannon prices range from 25c to $3.00, depending on sizes and weights. Cannon Mills, 70 Worth Street, New York City.

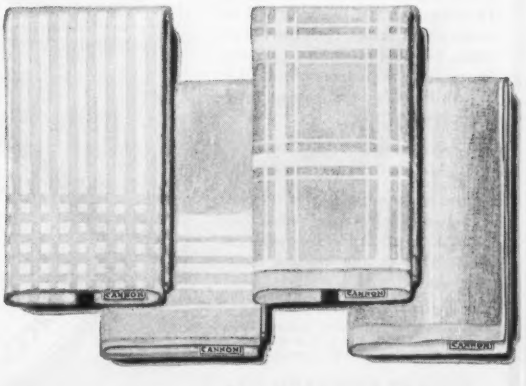
• • •

CANNON LAVENDER LAWN is a textile achievement, the finest cotton sheet in the world woven of real Egyptian cotton, famous centuries for its long staple. . . . It is packed scented with Yardley's English Lavender. Average size in white sells for about $5.00 each.

Cannon Lineen is a wonderfully substantial sheet, and a very fine buy. Average size in white priced about $1.75.

Cannon Muslin is an exceedingly satisfactory service-weight sheet. Average size, white, about $1.50.

All three grades are made plain and hemstitched, in snowy white, orchid, canary yellow, sea-shell pink, nile green, azure blue and peach.



These newest Cannon towels are reversible. There is no "wrong side." The smart colorful patterns show clearly on each side of the towel. In six new colors—rose, turquoise, maize, peach, jade and orchid. Cannon prices, even for these new towels, are amazingly reasonable. From 25c to $1.50.

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$83.50* *New Model B*

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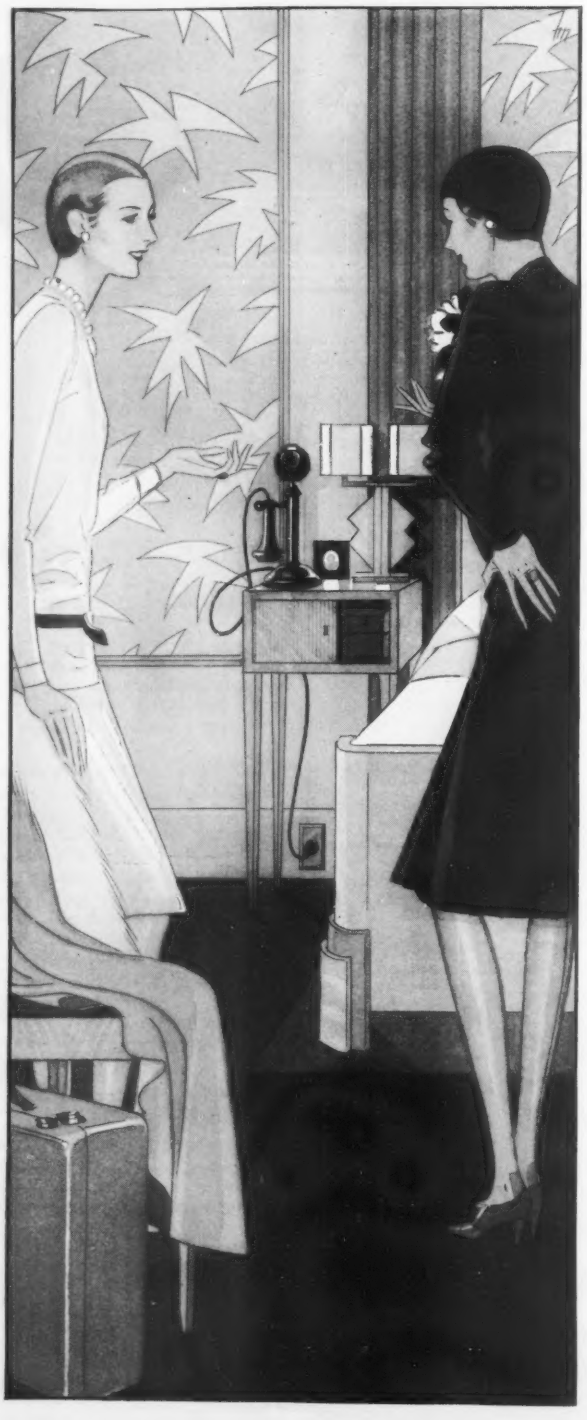

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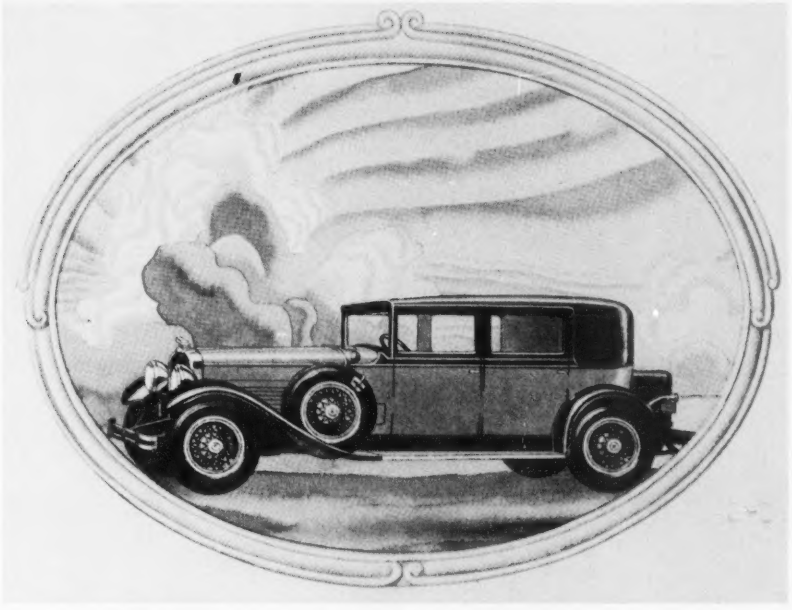

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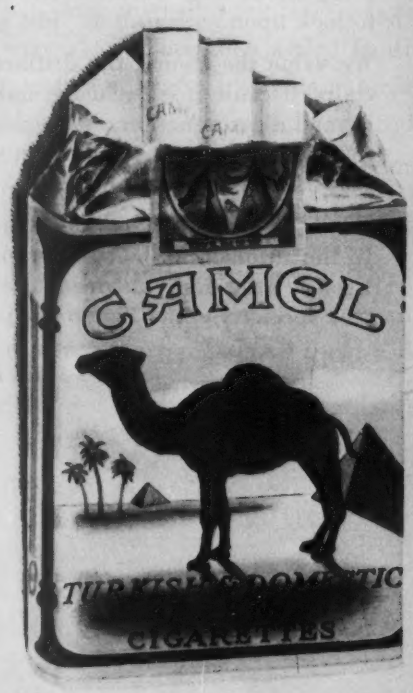
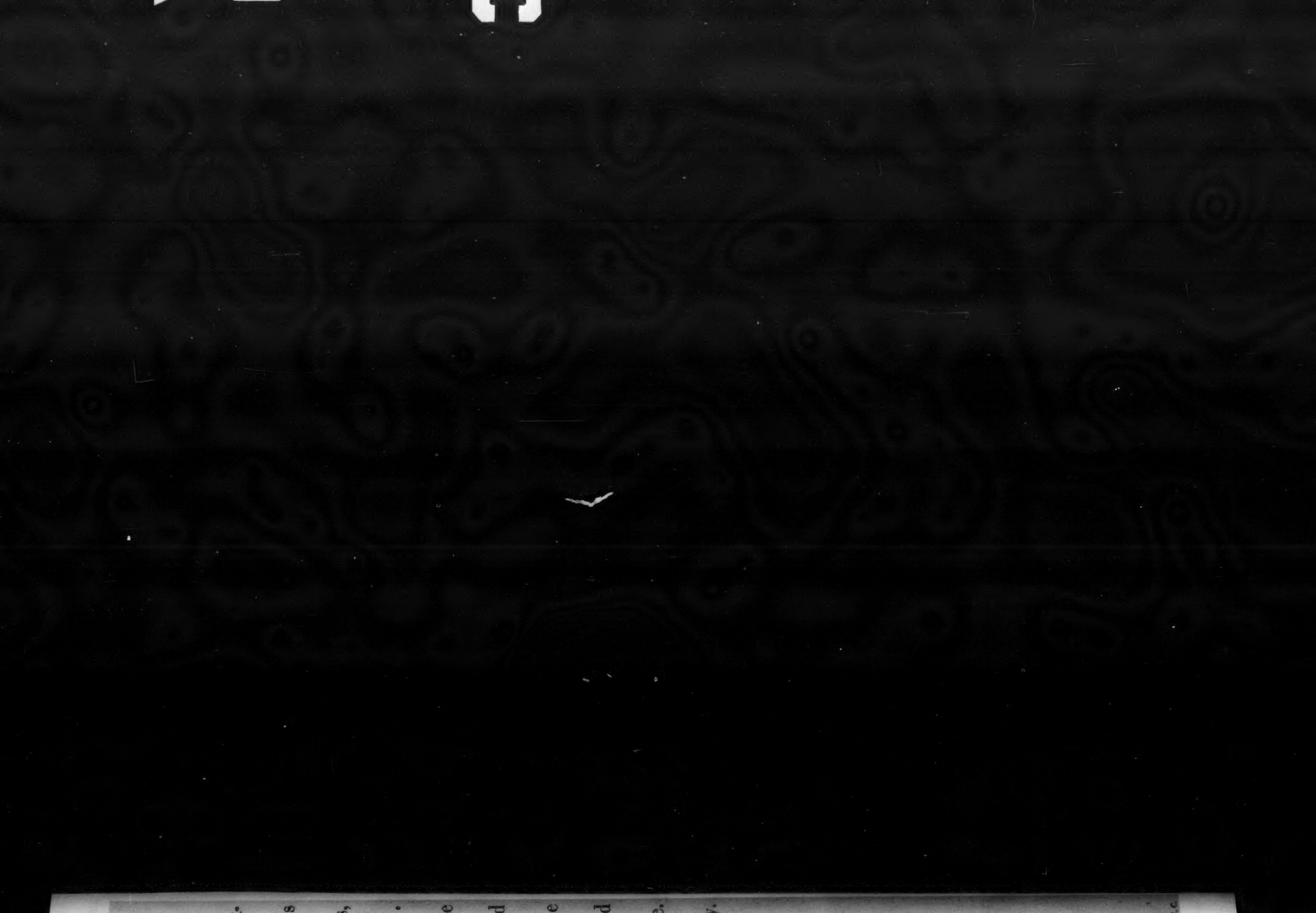
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